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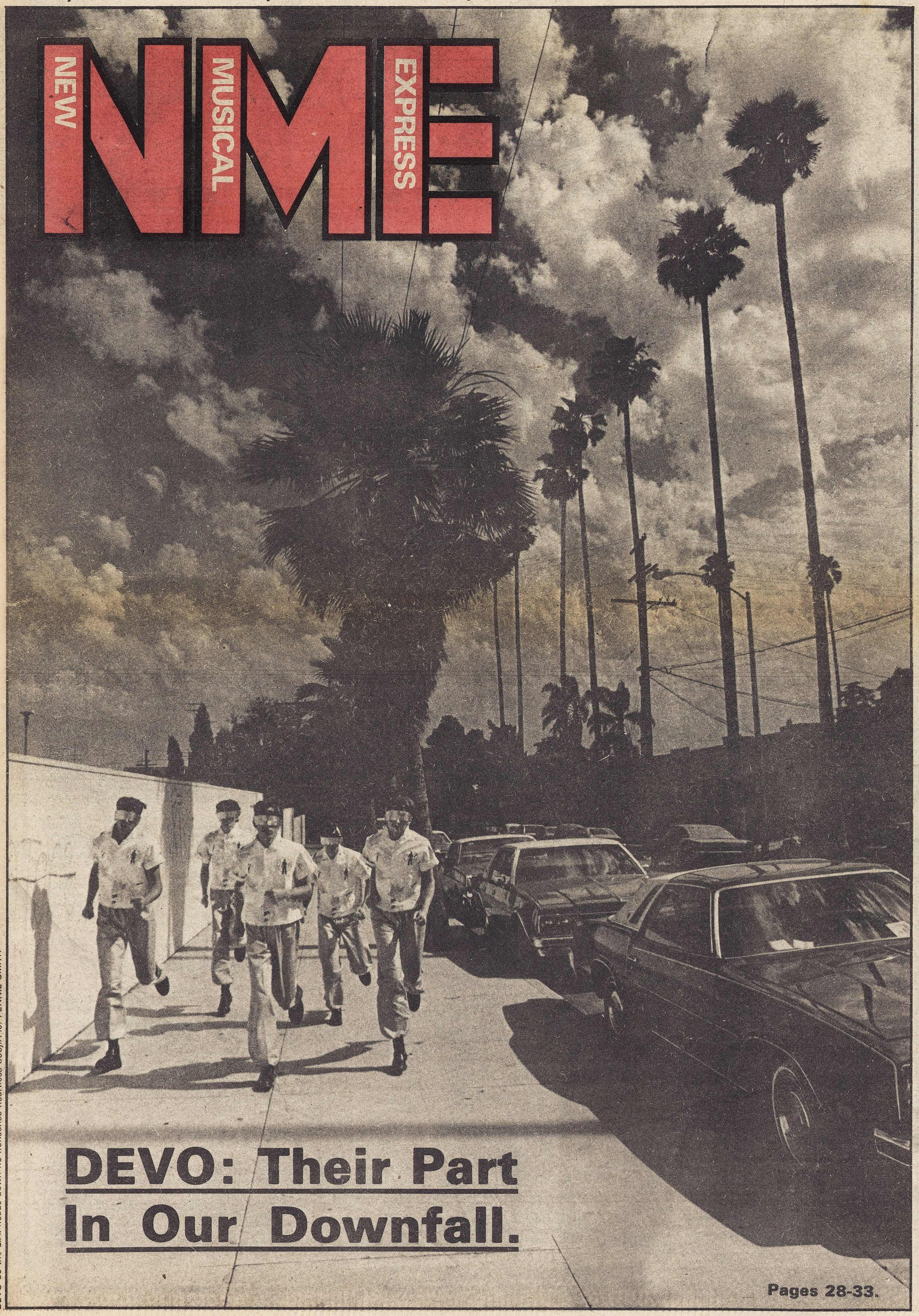

DEVO do the L.A. heads down no nonsense heartless booji/Pic: PENNIE SMITH

DEVO: Their Part In Our Downfall.

Pages 28-33.

CHARTS

Week ending July 14, 1979

uk singles

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**Are Friends Electric?**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	6	1
2	(3)	**Up The Junction**	Squeeze (A&M)	4	2
3	(1)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	6	1
4	(4)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth, Wind & Fire with The Emotions (CBS)	8	3
5	(7)	**The Lone Ranger**	Quantum Jump (Electric)	5	5
6	(9)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4	6
7	(15)	**Cavatina**	John Williams (Cube)	4	7
8	(14)	**Living On The Front Line**	Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	3	8
9	(13)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	5	8
10	(6)	**Dance Away**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	8	1
11	(8)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	7	6
12	(10)	**Theme From The Deerhunter**	Shadows (EMI)	8	5
13	(11)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	6	11
14	(5)	**Sunday Girl**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	1
15	(17)	**Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	15
16	(19)	**Who Were You With In The Moonlight**	Dollar (Carrere)	5	14
17	(—)	**C'Mon Everybody**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	17
18	(25)	**Babylon Burning**	Ruts (Virgin)	2	18
19	(23)	**Silly Games**	Janet Kay (Scope)	2	19
20	(18)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	3	18
21	(12)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	6
22	(22)	**Lady Lynda**	Beach Boys (Caribou)	2	22
23	(16)	**Masquerade**	Skids (Virgin)	6	13
24	(20)	**Gertcha**	Chas & Dave (EMI)	6	19
25	(24)	**Say When**	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	3	23
26	(26)	**Space Bass**	Slick (Fantasy)	3	26
27	(—)	**Maybe**	Thom Paice (RSO)	1	27
28	(—)	**Do Anything You Want To Do**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(27)	**Old Siam Sir**	Wings (Parlophone)	1	27
30	(—)	**My Sharona**	Knack (Capitol)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Playground Twist — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor); **Since I Don't Have You** — Art Garfunkel (CBS); **Can't Stand Losing You** — Police (A & M); **Chuck E's In Love** — Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros); **Wanted** — Dooleys (GTO); **I'm A Sucker For Your Love** — Teena Marie (Motown).

years 5 ago

Week ending July 9, 1974

1 She — Charles Aznavour (Barclay)
2 Kissin' In The Back Row — Drifters (Bell)
3 The Bangin' Man — Slade (Polydor)
4 Always Yours — Gary Glitter (Bell)
5 I'd Love You To Want Me — Lobo (UK)
6 Young Girl — Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
7 Band On The Run — Wings (Apple)
8 Rock Your Baby — George McCrae (Jay Boy)
9 The Wall Street Shuffle — 10CC (UK)
10 One Man Band — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)

10

Week ending July 9, 1969

1 Something In The Air — Thunderclap Newman (Track)
2 In The Ghetto — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 A Way Of Life — Family Dogg (Bell)
4 Living In The Past — Jethro Tull (Island)
5 Ballad Of John And Yoko — Beatles (Apple)
6 Break Away — Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 Hello Susie — Amen Corner (Deram)
8 Time Is Tight — Booker T. & The MGs (Stax)
9 Oh Happy Day — Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
10 Proud Mary — Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)

15

Week ending July 10, 1964

1 House Of The Rising Sun — Animals (Columbia)
2 It's All Over Now — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 Hold Me — P. J. Proby (Decca)
4 It's Over — Roy Orbison (London)
5 You're No Good — Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
6 Someone — Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
7 I Won't Forget You — Jim Reeves (RCA)
8 Hello Dolly — Louis Armstrong (London)
9 Kissin' Cousins — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 Ramona — Bachelors (Decca)

uk albums

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(8)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	39	1
2	(5)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	4	2
3	(1)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	1
4	(2)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	2
5	(6)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	12	3
6	(3)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	5	3
7	(7)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	10	1
8	(4)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings (Parlophone)	3	4
9	(16)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	16	2
10	(11)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	5	10
11	(15)	**Bridges**	John Williams (Lotus)	2	11
12	(13)	**Reach For It**	Sky (Ariola)	5	9
13	(12)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	16	4
14	(10)	**Lodger**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	6
15	(14)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	3	14
16	(24)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	17	2
17	(—)	**Love Killers**	Queen (EMI)	1	17
18	(19)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	15	1
19	(9)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	8	2
20	(—)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	16
21	(20)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	8	8
22	(—)	**Cool For Cats**	Squeeze (A&M)	2	22
23	(18)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	11	2
24	(21)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album**	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	8	10
25	(17)	**This Is It**	Various (CBS)	6	5
26	(—)	**Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols**	(Virgin)	19	2
27	(23)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	9	9
28	(26)	**The Kids Are Alright**	The Who (Polydor)	2	26
29	(—)	**Best Disco In The World**	Various (WEA)	1	29
30	(—)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	6	18

UP AND COMING: Candy O — Cars (Elektra); **Best Of The Dooleys** — The Dooleys (GTO); **Street Life** — The Crusaders (MCA); **Rust Never Sleeps** — Neil Young (Reprise); **Mirrors** — Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia); **The Story's Been Told** — Third World (Island).

Blackbeard's biggest hit to date Janet Kay, whose Dennis Bovelle production scales the heights some two years after its initial release.

us singles

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(4)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
5	(5)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
6	(9)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
7	(7)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
8	(8)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
9	(11)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
10	(12)	**Gold**	John Stewart
11	(6)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
12	(14)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
13	(15)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
14	(10)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp
15	(17)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
16	(18)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba
17	(19)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
18	(20)	**I Can't Stand It No More**	Peter Frampton
19	(21)	**Heart Of The Night**	Poco
20	(22)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
21	(13)	**You Take My Breath Away**	Rex Smith
22	(24)	**Days Gone Down**	Gerry Rafferty
23	(25)	**Do It Or Die**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
24	(27)	**Getting Closer**	Wings
25	(—)	**Good Times**	Chic
26	(—)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
27	(28)	**Shadows In The Moonlight**	Anne Murray
28	(—)	**One Way Or Another**	Blondie
29	(—)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
30	(—)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Last Week			
1	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(1)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
3	(3)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	
4	(5)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
5	(6)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(4)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
7	(8)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
8	(18)	**Candy O**	The Cars
9	(9)	**Monolith**	Kansas
10	(11)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
11	(13)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
12	(16)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
13	(7)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
14	(12)	**Songs Of Love**	Anita Ward
15	(15)	**Winner Takes All**	The Isley Brothers
16	(22)	**Communique**	Dire Straits
17	(19)	**Where I Should Be**	Peter Frampton
18	(10)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
19	(14)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
20	(23)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty
21	(20)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees
22	(17)	**Minute By Minute**	The Doobie Brothers
23	(27)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels
24	(25)	**Look Sharp!**	Joe Jackson
25	(26)	**Lodger**	David Bowie
26	(—)	**The Kids Are Alright**	Who
27	(30)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
28	(24)	**Sooner Or Later**	Rex Smith
29	(29)	**Flag**	James Taylor
30	(—)	**Streetlife**	Crusaders

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

All 12" singles. *Denotes import.

1 **Bad Girls** — Donna Summer (Casablanca)
2 **Ring My Bell** — Anita Ward (TK*)
3 **Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now** — McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia Int*)
4 **Bring The Family Back** — Billy Paul (Epic)
5 **We Are Family** — Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
6 **You're Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else** — Jones Girls (Epic)
7 **Stars** — Sylvester (Fantasy)
8 **Get Another Love** — Chantell Curtis (Pye)
9 **Good Times** — Chic (Atlantic)
10 **Born To Be Alive** — Patrick Hernandez

Chart courtesy HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1.

reggae

1 **Can't Stop Rasta Now** — Ras Midas (Jay Wax)
2 **Youth Man Promotion** — Ranking Joe (Promotion)
3 **Black Man Foundation** — Augustus Pablo/Hugh Mundell (Rockers)
4 **Abortion** — Black Uhuru (Taxi)
5 **My Conversation** — Greg Isaacs (Earthquake)
6 **Mind Blowing Decisions** — Big Youth (Nicola Delita)
7 **Only Love Can Conquer** — Prince Allah/Nazarine (Freedom Sounds)
8 **Nyah Keith** — Burning Spear (Spear)
9 **Cricket Lovely Cricket** — Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
10 **Hog and Goat** — Trinity (Joe Gibbs)

Supplied by Daddy Kool, Dean St London W1.

NEWS

SHAM'S FINAL FAREWELL AT THE RAINBOW: PAGE 5

Stranglers in Who gig

THE STRANGLERS were this week confirmed as special guest attraction in The Who's big open-air concert at North London's Wembley Stadium on Saturday, August 18 — and, as forecast last week, Nils Lofgren and AC/DC are also confirmed for the event.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has — like his counterpart at Knebworth, Fred Bannister — had the greatest difficulty in getting a support bill together. Lofgren and AC/DC were tied up fairly quickly, but it was the second-on-the-bill spot that provided the main problem. And The Stranglers eventually provided the solution, by agreeing to interrupt recording sessions in Paris to play this one-off date.

So the running order at Wembley will be: 4pm Nils Lofgren; 5.30 AC/DC; 6.30 The Stranglers; 8.00 The Who; 10.00 Close.

● PETE TOWNSHEND, who is now working in the studios on his own solo album (reported last week), has announced the line-up of his outfit for the Rock Against Racism benefit at London Rainbow tomorrow (Friday). With Townshend on guitar and vocals, the others are Tony Butler (bass), The Who's Kenny Jones (drums), Rabbit (keyboards) and Peter Hope-Evans (harmonica).

● THE WHO are being rumoured for a one-day Loch Lomond Festival at August Bank Holiday, to be staged on the same site as the initial two-day event at Spring Bank Holiday, according to reports from Scotland this week. This conflicts with earlier reports that the organisers had abandoned plans for a second concert this year, as they were unable to find suitable headline attractions, their previously-reported attempts to secure either Stevie Wonder or Wings having fallen through. No confirmation of the rumours could be obtained — we shall just have to wait and see!

JOHN ENTWISTLE

● JOHN ENTWISTLE flew to Los Angeles last weekend to start work on his new solo album with current Eagles guitarist Joe Walsh and ex-James Gang guitarist Joe Vitale. It's provisionally titled 'Batteries Not Included', and a major recording deal will be announced shortly. There are plans for Entwistle and Walsh to promote the album later in the year, by playing several selected concerts together, though it's not yet clear if any of these would be in Britain.

Rush top big Bingley bash

RUSH, whose sell-out British tour earlier this year was heavily over-subscribed, return here in the late summer to record their next album at Trident Studios — and they have agreed to play just one major concert during their visit. It's at Stafford Bingley Hall on Friday, September 21 — the largest venue at which they have performed in this country.

The band, whose sell-out UK tour earlier this year was heavily over-subscribed, will be presenting their complete U.S. show — which involves more lights and back-projection than in their previous gigs here. They'll be supported by one of the newer breed of American heavy metal bands, probably April Wine. Promoters are Straight Music.

Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, including VAT — from the venue's box-office and from Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham; Sundown Records of Wolverhampton; Lotus Records of Stafford; Piccadilly Records of Manchester; and Mike Lloyd Record Shops in Hanley, Newcastle-under-Lyme and Tunstall. London outlets are Premier Box-Office, Edwards and Edwards and London Theatre Bookings. It's stressed that no agency commission will be charged by any of these outlets.

ZEP AT KNEBWORTH: IT'S RUNDGREN, ASBURY JUKES

FOUR OF THE five support acts for the two Led Zeppelin concerts at Knebworth — on Saturday, August 4 and 11 — have at last been confirmed. CHAS & DAVE open the show, followed by the MARSHALL TUCKER BAND, then come SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES (their first UK appearance since 1977), with TODD RUNGREN & UTOPIA in fourth spot.

Promoter Frederick Bannister is in the process of finalising a special guest attraction, to precede Zeppelin on the bill, and this will be announced next week. Compare is Nicky Horne.

As already reported, the delay in settling the bill has been due to so many acts being unavailable, for one reason or another — and this situation hasn't been helped by the promoter's determination to present the same programme at both concerts.

The American artists involved in the bill are on exclusive Knebworth contracts, which means they won't be playing any other British gigs during the week between the two Zeppelin shows. Says Bannister: "They'll either have a holiday at our expense, or pop over to the Continent to do some midweek dates."

TODD RUNDGREN

Initial reaction to the second Zep show has been "very good indeed" and, although obviously it won't sell out as quickly as the first concert, it looks like being close to capacity by the day of the gig. It's already apparent that many people are going to both shows, and there are likely to be more foreign visitors at the August 11 event, now that box-offices have opened in several different countries.

With postal bookings for the August 4 show heavily over-subscribed, unlucky applicants are instead being sent tickets for the second date — but if these are unacceptable, they may be returned and a cash refund will be made. Mail orders were treated on a first come, first served basis as received from the Post Office — and, with the recent GPO problems in the London area, deliveries were very erratic.

Wire, Cure, Punilux, Only Ones: sci-fi music event

WHAT'S DESCRIBED as "the world's first science-fiction music festival" is being staged at Leeds Queens Hall on Saturday and Sunday, September 8 and 9, under the name of 'Futurama 79' — and Wire, The Cure, The Hawklords and Adam & The Ants are among the many bands already booked to take part.

Besides music, the event will also feature side shows, lasers, robots and sundry "weird experiences" — plus all-night sci-fi films after the live music stops at 1am. It starts each day at noon, and among acts conformed so far are:

SATURDAY: Wire, The Cure, Punishment Of Luxury, The Invaders, The Edge, Cabaret Voltaire, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Sheeny & The Goys, Joy Division and Gotham City Swing Band.

SUNDAY: The Hawklords, The Only Ones, Simple Minds, Adam & The Ants, Fischer-Z, The Human League, The Mekons, The Monochrome set, PragVec, The Teardrop Explodes, Echo & The Bunnymen, Screens, Agony Column and Scritti Politti.

Many other acts — some of them big names, of the calibre of Red Noise and Ultravox — are still being negotiated. Tickets are not yet on sale, but full booking information is promised in two weeks. The organisers say that, if it proves successful, they will bring the show to London — bringing in some of the bands who aren't available for the Leeds event, but would like to have taken part, such as Magazine and XTC.

WIRE headline a couple of shows in London's West End on Thursday and Friday next week (July 19 and 20), when they play at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square.

POP GROUP'S GIG AGAINST BANKRUPTCY

THE POP GROUP are in debt, and in an effort to overcome this problem (partially, at least) they're playing a 'Bankruptcy Benefit' at London's Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square next Wednesday, July 18. Tickets are £1.50 in advance, from Rough Trade and usual outlets, and £2 on the door. The show marks the debut of a new form of Pop Group — with, they say, "fluctuating numbers of musicians and guests". Early next month, the band have a 12-inch EP out on Rough Trade Records, consisting of demo tracks and their John Peel session last year.

MORE B–52s GIGS AND FREE SINGLE

THE B–52s have been set for more dates on their return to Britain later this month. As reported last week, they were forced to pull out of their first two scheduled gigs because their drummer was ill, but they played London Lyceum last Sunday before flying off to the Continent. They return on July 21 to play their revised date at Liverpool Eric's, and their re-scheduled gig at Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall is now put back one day to July 23.

Newly confirmed dates this week take the band to Sheffield Limit Club (July 24), Leeds Fan Club (26), Retford Porterhouse (27) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (29), with one more still to be finalised. Their album 'The B–52s' is now scheduled for July 20 release by Island, and the initial pressing contains a free copy of their original 'Hot Lobster' single, which they issued themselves last year and which has since been a hot UK

PISTOLS ODDS'N'SODS ALBUM; SHAM SINGLE

NOT SO MUCH an album, more an amalgam . . . that's the new Pistols release on July 27, under the title of 'Carri On Sex Pistols . . . Some Product'. It's a compilation of previously unissued snippets of live music, outraged public, baffled interviewers, banned radio ads, the Vicious philosophy of life, Cook and Jones being unpleasant on U.S. radio, a 60-second radio commercial for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, an extract from 'Tubular Bells' and — say Virgin Records — "quite a few other things we deem it unwise to announce"! The LP sells at £3.20.

Despite their imminent demise, Sham 69 have a single issued by Polydor on July 27 titled 'Hersham Boys', coupled with two live tracks recorded at London Roundhouse — 'I Don't Wanna' and 'Tell Us The Truth'. The 12-inch version features a longer A-side and two additional live tracks, 'Rip Off' and 'I'm A Man I'm A Boy'.

● More Record News, page 4.

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BOB DYLAN Street Legal	£3.25
THE WHO Who Are You	£2.00
BOWIE Songs of	£4.95
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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

RECORD NEWS

● The new **Zones** single is 'Mourning Star', written by vocalist Willie Gardner and released by Arista on July 20. It's the final track from their debut album 'Under Influence'.

● **Winston Rodney,** probably better known as **Burning Spear,** has signed to EMI Records. All future releases will appear on the Spear label, and he is currently recording a new album with The Wailers at Bob Marley's Tuff Going Studios in Jamaica. One of the tracks 'Jah No Dead' will be featured in the upcoming reggae film 'Rockers'.

● As a result of interst stimulated by its use in the Ladbrokes Hotels TV commercial, **Roger Chapman's** version of the Jagger-Richard song 'Let's Spend The Night Together' is released by Acrobat (distributed by Arista) this weekend.

● **Mud,** complete with lead singer Margo Henderson (replacing Les Gray), have signed with Carrere Records and have their new single 'Drop Everything And Run' issued on July 20. They'll soon be undertaking a string of live dates.

● In the wake of the recent glut of Dracula movies, Acrobat release 'Drac's Back' by **Andy Forray** this weekend — available as a conventional 7-inch or as a 5½-minute 12-inch.

● 'Equinoxe Part 4' is the new **Jean Michel Jarre** single, issued by Polydor on July 27. The other side, just to complicate matters, is 'Equinoxe Part 3'.

Subs follow-up and live album

● **UK Subs** follow up their current 'Stranglehold' single with the release by Gem Records on September 1 of 'Tomorrow's Girls'. And in addition to being filmed for a cinema documentary (reported last week), their London Lyceum gig this Sunday is being recorded on a 24-track mobile unit for an upcoming live album.

ALL-STAR UNICEF CONCERT LP OUT

● The all-star UNICEF concert, staged at the United Nations in January, was recorded and is released as a Polydor album this weekend. All proceeds go to the Year Of The Child fund. Among those featured on the set are **The Bee Gees, Rod Stewart, Earth Wind & Fire, Donna Summer, Abba, John Denver, Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge, Andy Gibb, Olivia Newton-John** and **Henry 'The Fonz' Winkler.**

● Finnish band **Wigwam,** who disbanded last year, have a retrospective double album issued by Virgin on July 20 titled 'Rumours On The Rebound'. Virgin also announce that **The Ruts'** debut album, currently beign recorded, is planned for early autumn release.

● **Nazareth** have their new single 'Star' released by Mountain this week. Currently nearing the end of their headlining U.S. tour, the band return to Britain at the end of this month to start work on their next album.

● Mountain Records release a new single by **Voyager** on July 20. Titled 'Judas', it was produced by Gus Dudgeon.

● **Bo Hansson's** classic 1972 album 'Music Inspired By Lord Of The Rings' is reissued this week by Charisma in a new sleeve, to coincide with the film version of Tolkien's trilogy.

● **Charisma** are the latest record company to peg prices at under £5 for albums and under £1 for singles, despite the recent VAT increase. Their LP range is now from £4.65 to £4.99, while singles sell at 95p.

● A&M's latest British signing **Live Wire** are in the studios recording their first album 'Pick It Up', with Glyn Jones producing. To coincide with its release, the four-piece band will be playing British dates in September.

● WEA have scheduled September for the release of 'Duck Lips', the final album from **Little Feat** prior to their disbandment and subsequent death of their founder Lowell George.

● Mute Records have signed new band **Fad Gadget,** who make their live debut at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club on July 18. Their first single is due for August release.

● The third album in the trilogy of instrumental works by guitarist **Paul Brett,** titled 'Eclipse', is out this week on RCA — together with a single taken from it called '1999'.

● **Rikki Sylvan,** former leader of Rikki & The Last Days, has signed a three-year deal with Pete Townshend's Eel Pie Productions. He is currently recording his first solo single 'What's That Sound', with Townshend producing.

● Chart duo **Dollar** have their debut album 'Shooting Stars' issued by Carrere this weekend, followed on July 27 by their third single 'Love's Got A Hold On Me'.

Cochran deluge

● **Eddie Cochran's** earliest tracks 'Skinny Jim' and 'Half Loved', recorded in 1956 and never before issued here as a single, are released this week on the Rock Star label (distributed by Lightning). And in view of The Sex Pistols' current success with 'C'Mon Everybody', United Artists reissue Cochran's original version in their Silver Spotlight series. Another oldie reissued this week is **Gene Chandler's** original 1961 recording of 'Duke Of Earl', on Lightning's Old Gold label, to compete with **Darts'** revival on Magnet.

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NEWSREEL

McCULLOCH'S NEW OUTFIT

JIMMY McCULLOCH, former guitarist with Wings and Stone The Crows, is one of the members of a new all-star band called The Dukes — also featuring vocalist and guitarist Miller Anderson (who has worked with T Rex, among others), keyboards man Ronnie Leahy (ex-Stone The Crows) and bassist Charlie Tumahai (previously with Be-Bop Deluxe). They've been signed to a worldwide deal by Warner Brothers, with a debut single due next month, to be followed by an album in September — and they'll be going on tour to coincide with the LP's release.

WINTER: NEW LONDON DATE

JOHNNY WINTER and Chuck Berry are late bookings for Capital Radio's six-day Jazz Festival being staged at the Alexandra Palace in North London, from next Tuesday (17) through until the following Sunday (22). Winter joins the bill on July 19, while Berry comes in as replacement for Fats Domino — who has to go into hospital for an operation — on the last two days of the event.

TWO OUTINGS FOR GILTRAP

GORDON GILTRAP will be headlining an autumn tour of Britain with his band, in support of his new album due out at the same time — titled 'Peacock's Party', it's a musical interpretation of Alan Aldridge's new book of the same name. Then at the end of the year, he'll be playing a solo acoustic tour backed only by keyboards man Eddy Spence, and visiting 15 smaller theatres and art centres.

ROD SET FOR AMERICAN TV

ROD STEWART, Thin Lizzy, The Boomtown Rats, The Sex Pistols and Supertramp are among British acts set to appear in a new 26-week U.S.-TV series called 'Jukebox' starting in September, hosted by Britt Ekland — but although it's being sold throughout the world, it's unlikely to be seen in the UK because of Musicians Union rulings. Rod Stewart has also begun taping his first American TV special for NBC, with Blondie and Kris Kristofferson among the guests.

OLDFIELD LP, MOVIE SCORE

MIKE OLDFIELD's music provides the score to Tony Palmer's film 'The Space Movie', to be screened by ITV on July 20 (the tenth anniversary of man first landing on the moon), prior to going on cinema release in wide-screen form later in the year. And on July 27, Virgin release a live double album titled 'Exposed', from the recent European and UK tour by Oldfield and his 45-piece band.

HOLTON BAND ARE VILLAINS

GARY HOLTON, former Heavy Metal Kids vocalist , has got together a new band to play a handful of gigs during the next ten days. Going under the name of The Villains, and replacing his previous outfit The Gems, they comprise ex-Vibrators bassist Ben Brian, lead guitarist Bruce Irvine on loan from The Tyla Gang, ex-Judas Priest drummer Alan Moore, and keyboards man Mark Robbins from The Gems. They play Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), Birmingham Barbarella's (July 19) and London Music Machine (20).

ADVERTS ARE TICKING OVER

THE ADVERTS are playing a selected series of occasional summer dates — "To keep them ticking over until the autumn," according to their spokesman, who explained that they will be going out on a major headlining tour in early October to coincide with the release of their new album. Meanwhile, they'll be ticking over at Nottingham Sandpiper (tomorrow, Friday), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (Saturday), Newcastle Mayfair (August 17), Liverpool Eric's (18) and Sheffield Top Rank (19). Above: T.V. Smith.

POLY TAPING SOLO ALBUM

POLY STYRENE of X-Ray Spex is in the throes of cutting a solo album, NME learned this week, though our source was unable to supply any information on whether other Spex members are involved in the backing. The project is supposed to be totally hush-hush, though the reason for such secrecy is unclear.

SHAM: RAINBOW FAREWELL

SHAM 69 are to play one final British concert before their official disbandment — at London's Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, July 28. They'll be featuring the original line-up which played at their recent Glasgow Apollo show and, as on that occasion, Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook will also be involved.

The show is co-promoted by Richard Cowley of Cowbell and Harvey Goldsmith, and tickets at £2.50 including VAT (standing in the stalls) should be on sale today or tomorrow, Thursday or Friday — from the theatre box-office (01-272 5169), the Harvey Goldsmith box-office at Chappells in Bond Street, and the usual agencies.

Sham's Jimmy Pursey told NME: "People were always asking why we didn't play London, and it was simply that we couldn't get a gig in town. But now we have, and I want to make it a really special show, with four or five other bands supporting." Pursey also appears on the panel of BBC-1's 'Juke Box Jury' the same evening.

WHITESNAKE TURNS PURPLE AS IAN PAICE JOINS

IAN PAICE

IAN PAICE has joined Whitesnake on drums, and this means that three former Deep Purple members are now back together again in the same band — the other two being David Coverdale and Jon Lord. So widespread reunion of a Purple reunion, which have persisted for over a year, are beginning to have some foundation — specially as it's understood that another ex-Purple man may join the line-up before the end of the year.

Paice replaces David Dowle on drums, and the rest of the band is now Coverdale (vocals), Lord (keyboards), Bernie Marsden and Mickey Moody (guitars) and Neil Murray (bass). The new line-up make their first live appearance together at the Reading Festival on August 26 and, as already reported, Whitesnake begin a major 18-venue UK tour on October 11.

Dowle's departure was — we are assured — "mutally amicable". His last work with the band was in their upcoming third album 'Lovehunter', in which Paice did not participate. Commented Paice: "I had to do something. I was starting to get very happy being stagnant out in the country, doing nothing. Apart from the odd three or four gigs, it's getting on for three years since I last played full-time."

Shadows: 21 concerts

FOLLOWING their two major chart successes this year, The Shadows are going out on a headlining concert tour in September, exactly a year since their last outing. They'll be playing 21 dates at 17 major venues, and their new album — currently being recorded — will be issued to coincide with their tour. Tickets are on sale now at all venues, which are:

Brighton Dome (September 1), Croydon Fairfield Hall (2 and 3), Oxford New Theatre (7 and 8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Derby Assembly Hall (12), Blackpool ABC (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Stoke Jollees (19 and 20) , Wakefield Theatre Club (21 and 22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (28) and Southhampton Gaumont (29).

Deeply Vale line-up

THE ORGANISERS of the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival (August 2-7) have now named most of the acts lined up for the event, which takes place on common land at Owd Betts, about a mile from last year's site and on the A680 Rochdale-Edenfield road. The Duchy of Lancaster authorities have given permission for the festival to be staged there. Although still waiting for a final word from The Buzzcocks, the promoters claim to have had confirmation from the following acts (among others), though a running order hasn't yet been arranged:

The Ruts, Siouxsie & The Banshees, The Good Missionaries, John Cooper Clarke, The Mekons, Misty, Keith Christmas, Here & Now, The Out, The Manchester Mekons, The Martian Schoolgirls, The Accelerators, The Tunes, The Donkeys, Victor Brox Blues Train, The Pop Group, The Fall, The Restricted, Bitch, Victim, Anniverary, The Rejects, The Trend, Body, The Losers, Hot Water, Picture Chords, The Eyelids, Saddletramp, Foreign Press and Katchies.

Tribesman's lengthy tour

TRIBESMAN — who, as already reported, will be touring solidly from the middle of this month through into the autumn — have now confirmed the first dates in their lengthy schedule. They are Sheffield Limit Club (July 18), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (21), London N.14 Club Noriek (28), London Oxford St. 100 Club (August 2), London Cubies (4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11), London Kensington Nashville (21), Slough Langley College (September 28) and Watford Wall Hall College (October 6), with many more still to be finalised. The nine-strong reggae band have just released their second single for The Label titled 'Finsbury Park', with an album to follow at the end of July.

DEAD AND BURIED

IT NOW appears almost certain that there won't be a Garden Party at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London this year, after all. This is the result of The Grateful Dead (who were to have headlined the event) apparently maintaining their policy of agreeing to play British dates, then subsequently pulling out. They had seemed set for the late-summer Bowl show, but have now evidently decided against it.

This comes as no great surprise, in view of their history of UK cancellations — the only real surprise is that British promoters persist in trying to book them! In view of the limited time available, there won't be any attempt to find a replacement — which means that, for the second year running, the Garden Party looks doomed to become a non-event.

SPECIALS RE-OPENING ELECTRIC BALLROOM

LONDON'S Electric Ballroom in Camden Town has now been approved for rock gigs, having been newly soundproofed, and re-opens on July 21 with a 2-Tone night featuring The Specials, Dexy's Midnight Runners, Madness and The Selector — all bands signed to The Specials' own 2-Tone label (distributed by Chrysalis).

First release on the label is the single 'The Prince' by London band Madness on August 10, and later next month there'll be a single from The Specials, with their debut album set for October. Coventry band The Selector go into the studios shortly to record a single for September release.

The Specials are also set for a benefit show at London Hammersmith Palais on August 21, with Linton Kwesi Johnson and a yet-to-be-named guest act. And in September and October they'll be headlining a major UK tour.

THE TOURISTS, who headline at London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday), will spend much of the rest of the summer rehearsing and recording a new album — but they will be going out on a major UK tour in the autumn, to coincide with the LP's release. Meanwhile, their new single 'The Loneliest Man In The World' is issued next week by Logo Records, with a limited edition in picture-disc form.

ADAM & THE ANTS have added three more dates to their current UK tour — at Port Talbot Troubadour (August 2), Newport The Village (3) and Nottingham Sandpiper (4). And two of their gigs planned for next week are put back a fortnight — Exeter Routes moves from July 16 to 31, and Plymouth Woods from 17 to August 1.

XTC are currently being lined up for a major UK tour in September.

New Poodle

THE FABULOUS POODLES have recruited a new keyboards player, Chris Skornia who was previously with The Boyfriends. They are currently rehearsing with their new member, and will shortly be going into the studios with producer Muff Winwood to record a new album for Pye. Meanwhile, they're working in the new man by way of two charity gigs at London Deptford Albany Empire (July 17 and 18), followed by dates at London Camden Music Machine (19) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Skornia is pictured with the band left, seated (the guy not the dog).

Enid: Marquee stint

THE ENID headline three successive nights at London's Marquee Club from July 25 to 27. This is the highlight of their current gig series, promoting their recently-released Pye single 'Dam Busters March / Land Of Hope And Glory'. Other new bookings are at Plymouth Fiesta (July 17), Torquay Town Hall (18) and Slough Fulcrum Theatre (20).

HERE COME DE JUDGE

JUDGE DREAD appears at Sheffield Hof Brauhaus (July 17), Hull Scamps (18), Leicester Scamps (20), Chatham Scamps (24), Croydon Scamps (25), Luton Sands Club (26) and Newport Scamps (August 1).

Rubinoos, Fahey play The Venue

THE RUBINOOS and near-legendary guitarist John Fahey are the latest bookings for London Victoria The Venue, in addition to the list of attractions announced last week. Fahey flies in at short notice to appear this Saturday (14), while The Rubinoos are set for July 28. Other newly-confirmed acts this month are Lee Ritner (25) and the Woodstock Mountain Revue (26).

Invaders on the warpath

THE INVADERS, who devote most of July to Polydor recording sessions, set out on an extensive national tour at the beginning of next month. Dates so far confirmed are Port Talbot Troubadour (August 2), Lincoln A.J.'s (3), Manchester Mayflower (4), Dumfries Stagecoach (5), Deeply Vale People's Free Festival in Lancashire (6), London Marquee (9), Norwich Boogie House (10), Doncaster Thorne White Hart (12), Swansea Circles (13), Chesterfield Fusion (16), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (17), Carlisle Wigton Market Hall (18), York Pop Club (22), Derby Ajanta Club (23), Bradford Princeville (27), Birmingham Barbarella's (30), Scarborough Penthouse (September 7) and Leeds Queens Hall (8).

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MORE RECORD NEWS

● Sheffield-based band **They Must Be Russians** have a four-track EP out on their own label. Rough Trade are distributing, but it's also available by post (£1 including p&p) from Russell Davies, 43 Bower Road, Sheffield 10. Also being marketed by Rough Trade is four-track EP by Slough band **The Mystery Girls**, on their own Strange Records label.

● **Scott Fitzgerald**, whose 'If I Had You' duet with Yvonne Keeley was a smash hit, has a solo single out this weekend on United Artists — titled 'Pascale'.

● **Gene Parsons**, ex-Byrds and Flying Burritos, is currently finishing work on his solo album 'Melodies'. He's featured on vocals, guitars, bass, drums, harmonica and banjo, as well as producing the set, which is for U.S. release by Sierra Briar, with British distribution through Projection Records in September.

Nugent's annual single released

● **Ted Nugent**, who has restricted himself to one single per year since 1976, has his solitary 1979 single out on Epic this weekend. It's his version of the George Harrison song 'I Want To Tell You'. The two tracks on the B-side are 'Paralysed' (from his current album 'State Of Shock') and a reissue of his 1977 single 'Cat Scratch Fever'.

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16	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53	46	RICK WAKEMAN — RHAPSODIES	5.31	4.06
17	IAN DURY — DO IT YOURSELF	4.78	3.53	47	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
18	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75	48	THAT SUMMER — VARIOUS	5.00	3.75
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THE RISE OF THE RUTS

THE DAY after the Southall riot Malcolm Owen was returning home on the train from a recording session for 'Babylon Burning' when for no apparent reason he was hit in the face by another passenger.

"There was these two guys, and one of the guys got up to get off the train — this was Hanwell just before Southall — and the other one socked me in the face just like that." Owen thrusts his fists into his palm.

"I was wearing a RAR badge. If I hadn't been wearing it I think maybe they would have left me alone."

Did he think his attacker was a right wing loony or a member of Her Majesty's Police Force?

"Who knows? They were about 40. Know what I mean?" he says pointedly.

So he thinks they were coppers?

"They could well have been."

Several weeks later Owen and the rest of The Ruts were in Birmingham on tour with The Damned, a winning double if ever there was one.

"I normally like dive into the audience at the end, right," Owen goes on, "basically 'cause I wanna be wiv 'em. And I happened to just dive into 15 National Front skinheads who just beat me up. They were just 14-15 year old kids. That's why I didn't retaliate.

"They're all fucking hittin' me an' that. I thought, 'Hang on a minute, it's only because I'm doing RAR gigs these guys are beating me up'. And they're really angry at me. Do you know what I mean? And it really came over to me that there really are people out there who hate, hate, HATE!"

IT WAS on the third night of Rock Against Racism's Militant Entertainment tour that I first clapped eyes on The Ruts. In line with RAR democracy it was The Ruts' turn to headline, and after the mellowness of their good friends Misty, the Southall reggae band, The Ruts tore my head apart. I've often read of Kit Lambert's initial reaction to The Who after seeing them at The Railway Tavern, and without wanting to sound like I'm over-reacting my first impression of The Ruts stirred similar feelings in my mind and body.

I was too young to ever see The Who in person in those days, but I've read the books, seen the films and heard the recordings and it looks to me that on a good night The Ruts in essence resemble formative Who. They have that same anarchic spirit about them. Furthermore they're easily the angriest band I've ever seen, or at least they were on the night in question, Owen coming over with so much blazing aggression I could scarcely credit it. Attired in something which could well have been a bright green lurex jacket of the kind beloved by vintage rockers like Gene Vincent, his barnet hennaed and cropped close to his prominent hairline, Owen looked like the proverbial mean muther. Arrogant, contemptuous, with his shoulders held back just so, enough to delight a parade ground sergeant, this boy walked tall.

As a unit The Ruts had adrenalin splashed all over them. Pinned down by Dave Ruffy's intelligent drums, they displayed a musicality more in tune with pre-punk rock bands.

Guitarist Paul Fox, the only long-hair in the line-up, reminded me of a diseased Rat Scabies. Although much of The Ruts' music harked back to punk's earliest days — one-two-free-four see you at the other end, albeit with more muscle — his guitar style was downright psychedelic. The name of James Marshall Hendrix came to mind.

There were good songs here too, particularly 'Sus' and 'It Was Cold'; potent rock songs in anyone's book, both distinguished by truly inspired riffing from Fox.

Their command of reggae also astounded me. One moment there was this singularly aggressive hard rock band, the next an exquisite reggae combo whose understanding of the genre went beyond that of the dilettante.

SUNDAY NIGHT at London's Lyceum three months or so later, and The Ruts are second on the bill, an odd state of affairs considering that it's them and not bill-toppers The Cure who have a record high in the single charts — 'Babylon Burning'. Halfway through their set I start to wonder why I'm writing a piece about them at all. After all, I want to be positive — but the place is just miserable. The predominantly listless crowd — mostly punks, with a smattering of skinheads, revivalist mods and 'straights' — seem utterly dejected at the prospect of having a night out on the town.

As for The Ruts . . . After kicking off in characteristically high octane fashion with 'Was It Something That I Said', dedicated to some of their friends who were among the victims of the vigilante raid on a Kings Cross squat (see last week's *Thrills)*, their set slides downhill fast.

Initially mean, magnificent and moody in a drape jacket, Owen's charisma fades as the set proceeds. About a third of the way through the band appear to give it up as a bad job. The sound is worse than dreadful, Paul Fox's normally superlative guitar completely out of earshot. Moreover, I find myself having serious doubt about the band's handling of their audience. I know it's only rock'n'roll, but there's something undeniably unpleasant tonight about The Ruts' consciousness of violence.

Outlaw chic has since time immemorial been part and parcel of the great rock dream (sic), and it's precisely this that has led to incidents like Altamont and, nearer to home, though fortunately without such dire consequences, the Sham Army debacle. When Owen taunts an audience with 'You're Just A (Cunt)' I hope he realises just what kind of fire he is playing with. There are a lot of crazy people out there, as he probably knows better than I do; one fervent Ruts follower was robbed and beaten with a hammer in Archway tube station after a recent gig at The Archway pub.

While performers, be they footballers or musicians, can't be responsible for the actions of their fans, there is no denying that they can set an example.

"WE'RE NOT violent people," asserts drummer Dave Ruffy, The Ruts' most personable member.

"Not at all," agrees Owen. "I've been in loads of fights, not 'cause I go in there and . . . I normally get in first, you know what I mean? You've got to defend yourself a bit."

The scene is Virgin Records' Portobello Road HQ. Sprawled around the room are The Ruts, Paul Fox noticeably the worse for wear after a lunch-time drinking bout. My initial fear that the band's boisterousness would get the better of me are unfounded; they're a likeable bunch, and even off stage possess that indefinable chemistry that is the hallmark of a great group. Even without a mike to use Malcolm Owen, clad in worn jeans and an open necked black on yellow polka dot shirt, has energy to spare. I put it to him that he seems to attract violence.

"Yeah, you've got to, haven't you 'cause —"

Ruffy cuts him short, perhaps realising the folly of the singer's words: "There is violence around. It's everywhere. It's not us. It's not that we attract it."

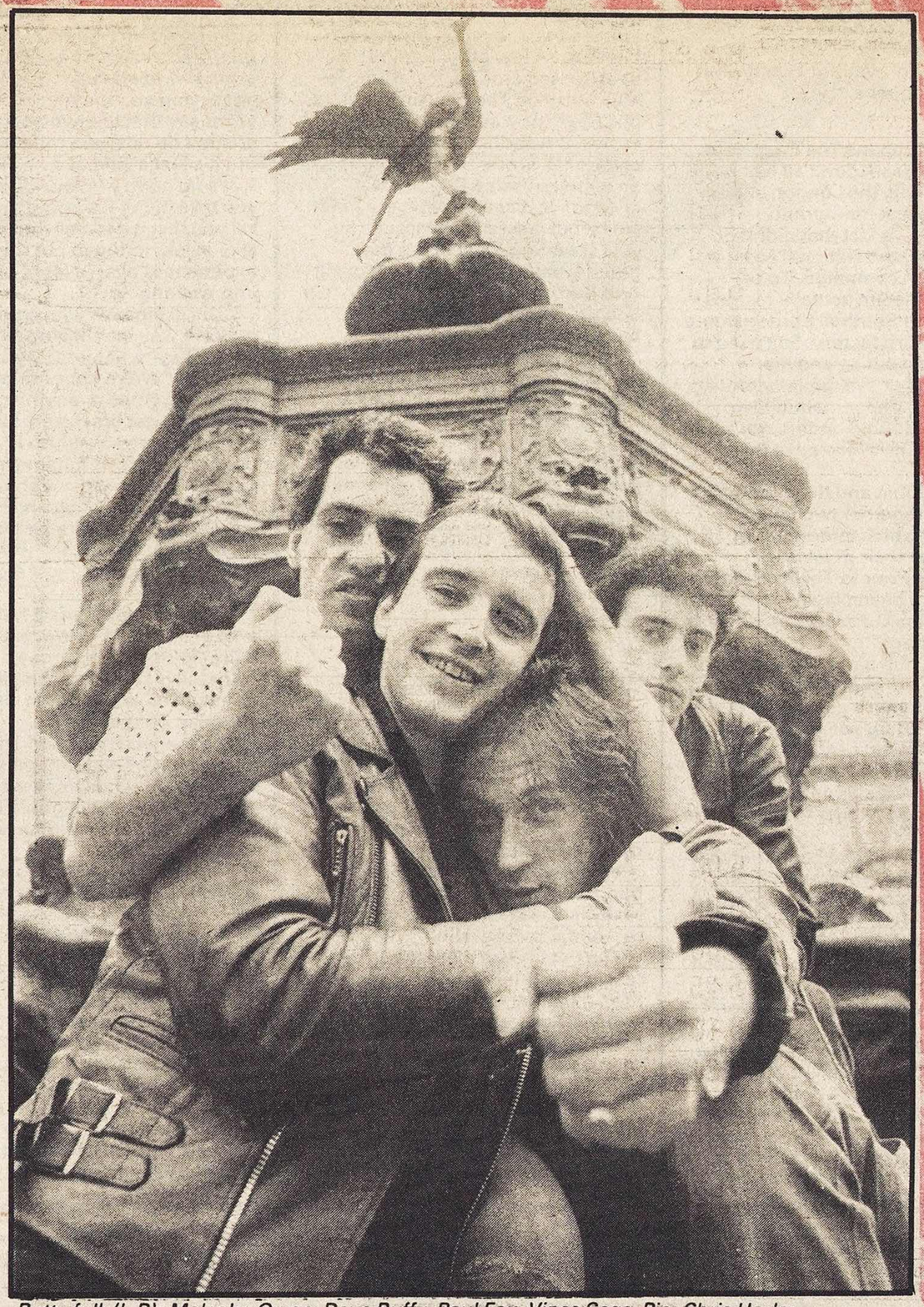
Owen: "If you stand up for your own thing obviously you get an opposition and the opposition can sometimes be very . . ." he pauses to find the right words . . . "pro what they're into."

To their credit The Ruts objected strongly when photographer Chris Horler requested them to pose aggressively for some pix to accompany this piece. Already they seem only too aware that unless they're careful they'll become known as an "aggressive band". And Owen says there is no way he's going to end up like Jimmy Pursey.

"If you're on a pedestal you're gonna get eggs thrown at you by a certain proportion of the audience. Let's face it, sometimes they're a lot bigger than me. I mean, I wrote a number about it called 'You're Just A . . .'." He quotes: "*'You give me a heart attack / You tell me what I lack / You tell me I look a fool / You tell me I'm uncool / You're just a . . .'* You know, whatever you want to say — a fucking cunt." The room cracks up.

"It was written about the general feeling of hate towards me. I can't obviously understand why people

■ *Continues over page*



Rutty folk (L-R): Malcolm Owen, Dave Ruffy, Paul Fox, Vince Segs. Pic: Chris Horler.

Documented by STEVE CLARKE

Red pic: Paul Fox by Vernon St Hilaire

RISING RUTS

■ *From previous page*

don't appreciate me, so fuck it I thought I'd write something back."

But surely meeting hate with hate isn't the way to go about it?

"Yeah. I know it's wrong, right? I don't do it all the time, but sometimes I crack, like everybody else cracks. I think 'Fuck it, I've had enough', right? And so it comes out. If you ignore the facts then it's even worse 'cause you're hiding something."

Yeah, but you are in a very responsible position.

"In a way," he concedes.

"But in the context of a gig," says Ruffy, "it's a different thing. Malcolm just explains what the song's about. He doesn't say, 'Do this'."

Owen: "Like in 'Sus' I say do the police a favour, beat yourself up." The song's a scathing attack on the notorious Sus laws under which police can arrest and charge a person for 'acting suspiciously'. It was written by the band's personal assistant, a black man who's had first hand experience of that particular law.

Bassist Vince Segs joins the conversation. "What it ('You're Just A . . .') is talking about is people picking on you because of what you look like. It doesn't say pull yourselves together, get an axe, carry it around with you and . . . It says, go home and go (gritting teeth) 'You're Just A . . .!!' The feelin's there, get it out at a gig."

But you're musically very aggressive.

Ruffy: "You have to be to make people hear. But we're also a musical band."

Owen: "It's a show, right? And the way I see it is obviously when the music comes on I can't stop myself doing what I do, right? I go berserk on stage. It's not a put on thing, it is a natural feeling. Like everybody says, 'Oh, I'm a different person on stage'.

"But also I used to think if we get all the aggravation out of the people while we're doing the gig, when they walk out of the gig they'll go, 'Phew' and they'll be empty. Like totally devoid of aggravation. That's what normally happens.

AS IT happens The Ruts, as is the legend, don't all hail from Southall, the London suburb with the largest immigrant population — a fact that didn't go unnoticed by the National Front in their election campaign. To be accurate Malcolm actually resides in Hayes on the Southall border, home of EMI's record factory. Fox used to live there too but he and his pregnant wife have recently moved to Norwood. The remaining two Ruts live in South London, not a gob away from Chris Miller aka Rat Scabies.

Come August and the band will have been together two years, something which undoubtedly accounts for their musical proficiency. Prior to The Ruts Ruffy and Fox had been playing in Hit And Run, a combo Owen describes as "a really naff band".

"It was a pub band. A band that played any old shit to earn a tenner a night 'cause these guys were broke. They were doing songs like 'Lady Madonna' an' that and Paul was going like that . . ." He makes a sound like a VB engine going flat out. "Paul was wiping the rest of the guys out."

Fox and Owen had been friends since they were young teenagers. And so it was that one day in August 1977 Owen, Fox, Ruffy (who then played bass) and Hit And Run's drummer Paul Mattock played their first rehearsal in a small studio in Rotherhithe, the heart of London's dockland.

Owen: "I remember getting on a train and this little chick I used to know, Lizette, said, 'I didn't know you could sing'. I said, 'No, nor do I. I'm going to find out if I can in half an hour'. I had about three numbers together, just the words. Me and Paul had been through a few chords together."

Like so many people, Owen's musical consciousness had just received a severe overhaul courtesy of the punk rock explosion.

"I was really delighted when punk happened 'cause all I was buying was American imports 'cause there was absolutely nothing happening in England. I was into Bootsy Collins, Parliament albums and a lot of jazz. George Duke, Weather Report, Stanley Clarke. That's all there was at the time. I never play them at all now. 'Cause obviously I'm into something else.

"As far as I was concerned all the English rock bands were just a load of old shit. Led Zeppelin had just gone too far over the top. You could never see them on gigs. I was a regular at the Vortex. I used to be tied up in all sorts of . . . (bondage gear). I just totally went along with it. And it turned me on so much 'cause it was so energetic.

"And I thought, fuck this, this is England for God's sake. It's all come back. So my album collection started to change totally. The first album I bought was The Damned. Obviously. Which I went absolutely berserk over. It was such an adrenalin rush, I thought, I want to be in a band like this."

"At the time I thought we could do it better than all of them," chips in Paul.

"Our first rehearsal," continues Owen, "we just went literally — it's a bit of a cliche — one two free four. And it stuck. We thought, 'Hang on, we've got something bigger than what we thought'."

The Rotherhithe rehearsal produced four songs: 'Rich Bitch', in Owen's words "an exceptionally sexist song", and 'Lobotomy' (both of which have been dropped from the set), 'I Ain't Sophisticated' and 'Out Of Order'. With the sole exception of Phil Lynott's 'Eat Your Heart Out' The Ruts have always stuck entirely to their own material; the Lynott song (Phil is a friend of Owen) is no longer included in the set.

After six weeks drummer Mattock quit the band, by then christened The Ruts. A few other names had been tossed around, for example Malcolm And The Skulking Loafers, but The Ruts was decided on seeing as how it was short, sharp, simple and ironic. Vince Segs, who'd served an apprenticeship in telecommunications with the Post Office but jacked it in because he was spending most of the day getting wasted, had roadied for Hit And Run. And on Mattock's departure was invited to join on bass, Ruffy switching to drums.

"Paul was really a soul man, and he said he couldn't do it any more," remembers Ruffy. "Vince was a natural bass player. He picked it up in no time."

In the early days The Ruts played it by the rules, and like so many other bands got a tape together, hawking it round the record companies in the hope of clinching a deal. No one wanted to know so The Ruts shelved the idea of recording and got down to playing.

THEIR FIRST gig was at a pub in Malcolm's manor, The Target in Northolt. "We just did three or four numbers, which was all we had. Like ten per cent of the audience were punks, our friends, and the rest of them were into heavy disco and they all turned round. It made them go berserk."

Vince, who hadn't yet joined the band, was in the audience. "It was really lots and lots of energy. I thought, Fucking hell!"

The Ruts broke themselves in at local community centres. Owen had their manager Chrissy, and the two bands soon started to play together, more often than not at gigs organised by Rock Against Racism.

The Ruts are surprisingly defensive about their involvement with RAR and are at pains to emphasise that although decidedly anti-racist they are not politically motivated people.

"The whole thing why RAR gigs happened was because we wanted to play other places except little tiny pubs, etc," says Owen. "We never thought of it as a political thing."

The first RAR gig The Ruts played was at Southall Community Centre. Also on the bill were Misty and XTC, among others.

"It was a shambles, but it was fantastic. There was all these pogoing Pakistanis. I mean, the spirit of the thing was great. So we obviously got into the thing of doing more RAR gigs 'cause they seem to be working. We had a really good audience. None of us are Socialist Workers. What it's down to is we don't like racists 'cause they're stupid — absolute blockheads."

Vince expands: "We don't go along with the attitude 'Another RAR gig tonight, we'll convert a few more'. We just go out and play. We give people a good time. We really talk to a lot of punters after the gig, we don't stay in the dressing room. We're always at the bar — before *and* after the gig. Everything they want to know we'll tell 'em, 'cause you convert people that way.

"You don't convert people by saying, 'The National Front are bastards'. You get kids who come along and go, 'I'm a skinhead, I'm into The National Front . . . I think'. They don't know. They see us and all these people having a good time and they go home and they think, 'Yeah, well . . .'

"You talk to a kid who's wearing swastikas and you don't say 'You bastard' and beat them up. You ask them why they're wearing it and they say 'I don't know'."

Owen: "Skinheads haven't got particularly strong feelings and we're not trying to mould them into any one particular thing. That would be against what we're doing anyway. Like our numbers, take 'H Eyes' about the smack, right? It's not saying 'Naughty, naughty, you mustn't ever ever take smack'. It's an observation of a guy I knew who died from smack.

"I've taken it before. I wouldn't write it otherwise — it's just: *"You're so young/You take smack for fun/It's gonna screw your head/You're gonna wind up dead'*. You know? It's not saying you mustn't do it. I'd never say that to anybody: you mustn't do this, you mustn't do that. But it's just a kind of a . . . let's face it, it's no good for you. It's nice when you take it, but it's going to fucking kill you if you get well into it. That's all. I'm just trying to put my own experiences over, a lot of people are impressionable . . .

"The skinheads who come to our gigs are well into having a good time. They're not into aggravation."

Vince: "We're not running down the music press or anything, but you do tend to get bracketed. Like all skinheads are NF, which is a load of bollocks. In Birmingham we were talking to skinheads afterwards who thought we was great and there were people trying to pick fights with them just because they were skinheads, and they just didn't want to know."

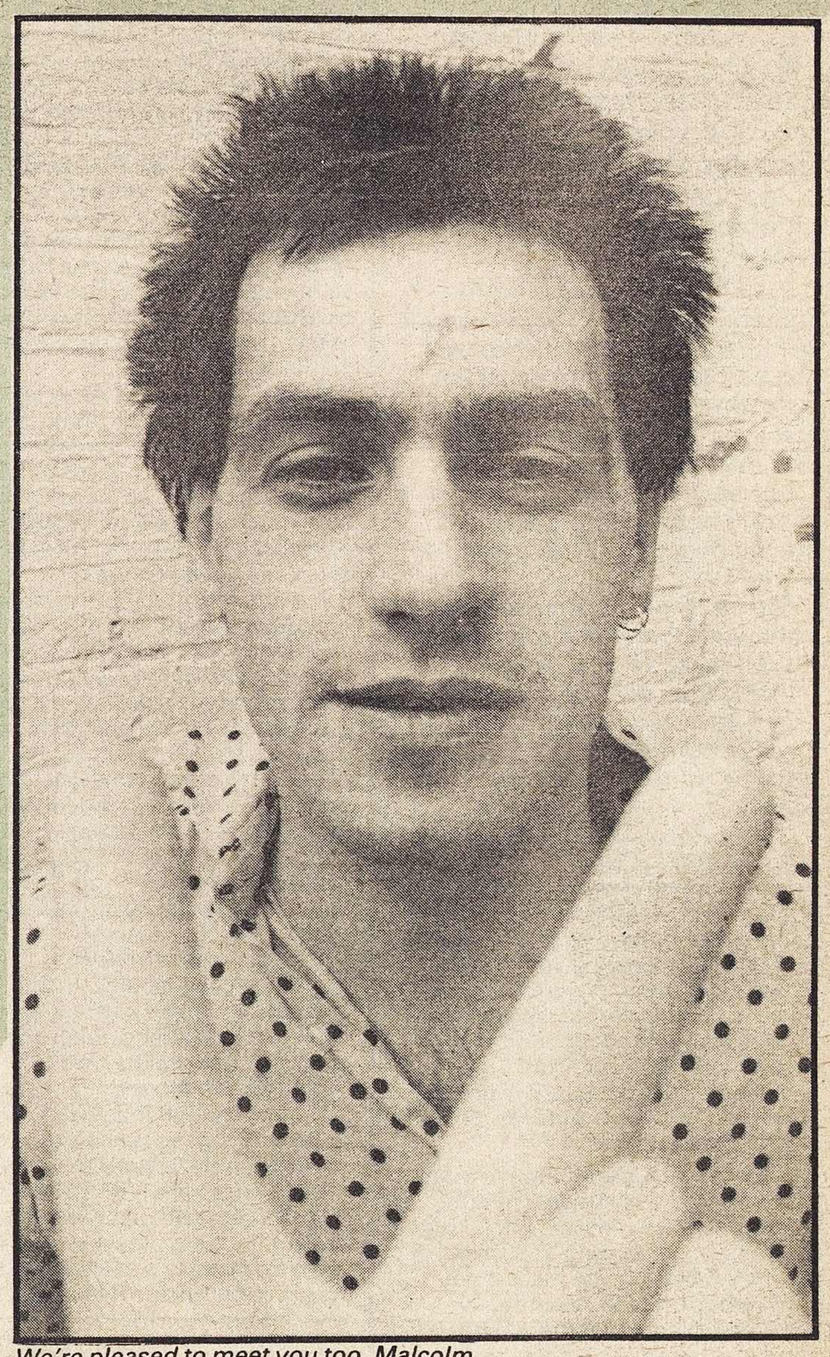
Nevertheless, the fact remains that a lot of skinheads are attracted to extreme right wing groups. Hopefully, The Ruts won't find themselves with a Sham '69 situation on their hands.

The audience reaction The Ruts evoke is, like The Damned's, very much a traditional punk response — pogoing and a lot of gob. The Ruts happily defend an audience's right to spit at them.

"If you spit back they love it 'cause that brings you down to a human level," opines Vince. "As far as I'm concerned they can do what they like."

Ruffy: "They pay two guid to get in, 60 pence for beer, get pushed round by bouncers. I think they deserve a little respect, right? It's a kind of show on both sides."

The Ruts' ages cover the 23-25 bracket. While Segs and Ruffy have held down steady jobs, the latter working in a specialist record store in the city for a period, Fox and Owen have had less conventional backgrounds.



We're pleased to meet you too, Malcolm . . .

"I've been on the dole since I left school at 15. I've done two jobs in my life and the only reason I didn't like . . . Not being a shirker, there's no way I could get into work," reveals Owen. "Honestly I ain't been collecting dole all the time, actually. I've been just living all over the place, just taking it all in.

"On leaving school I worked as a toolmaker for six months which I couldn't handle because it was like being at school all over again with some bastard telling you what to do. The next one was when I was desperate for money 'cause I wanted to leave the country and go to India and get absolutely stoned out of my head.

"So I worked selling televisions. That was for another six months, in Hanwell which totally cracked me up even though I got into it a bit. I used to go round the corner and get stoned every afternoon and go back to work and forget what I was doing."

At one time he and Paul lived in a commune in Wales. Sounds perfect for Blackmail Corner.

"There was about 15 of us in this big rented house. This was like '73/'74. At the time it was the best thing we could possibly do. We had a barn which was a music studio. Everybody was happy. It wasn't a heavy commune, it was just a place where people lived 'cause they wanted to get out of London 'cause it was cracking them up.

"You're talking about the acid period. I've taken a lot of acid in my life, yeah. I started taking it when I was 15."

I thought there was something psychedelic about the band.

"We are. We're all into getting really out of it."

Vince: "We're not just into getting out of it and just laying down in a chair. Which is great 'cause if we get out of it we write songs."

Owen: "The difference between cocaine and speed, right? Speed will give you one hell of a rush and you'll talk your head off. You'll go so far over the top that when you come down you'll wonder what the hell you've been talking about. But coke is so subtle. You do a line of coke and it gives you yourself amplified in your own head, and you can see . . . All right, it doesn't lie. That's what an old song says. It's sweet, it's melodic . . . Speed makes you selfish and fucks you up."

Paul Fox has been earning his keep as a musician as best he could since he left school, doing the odd job here and there in building and carpentry. His favourite players span the past 15 years, from the Mayall/Clapton album right through to the Pistols. I wondered if he ever got any stick about his long hair?

"You get kids, punks coming up to you and saying, 'You're like a fucking hippy'. I go 'Good'. Know what I mean?"

Owen: "The most outrageous thing to do is to freak out a punk. If the punk can't handle it, that's it, the punk's fucked. If they're freaked out by long hair, short hair, anything, they've just joined the army."

The Ruts are not, then, yer run of the mill punks.

'IN A RUT' — their first record — was finally released in January, on Misty's People Unite label. It had taken them seven months to get the record out.

One problem was lack of funds. Misty paid the £100 or so for the recording, done in a small four-track studio in Hayes. The Ruts' manager Andy financed the pressing. Despite poor distribution and a total lack of advertising 'In A Rut', one of the band's most enthusiastically received stage numbers, sold 20,000.

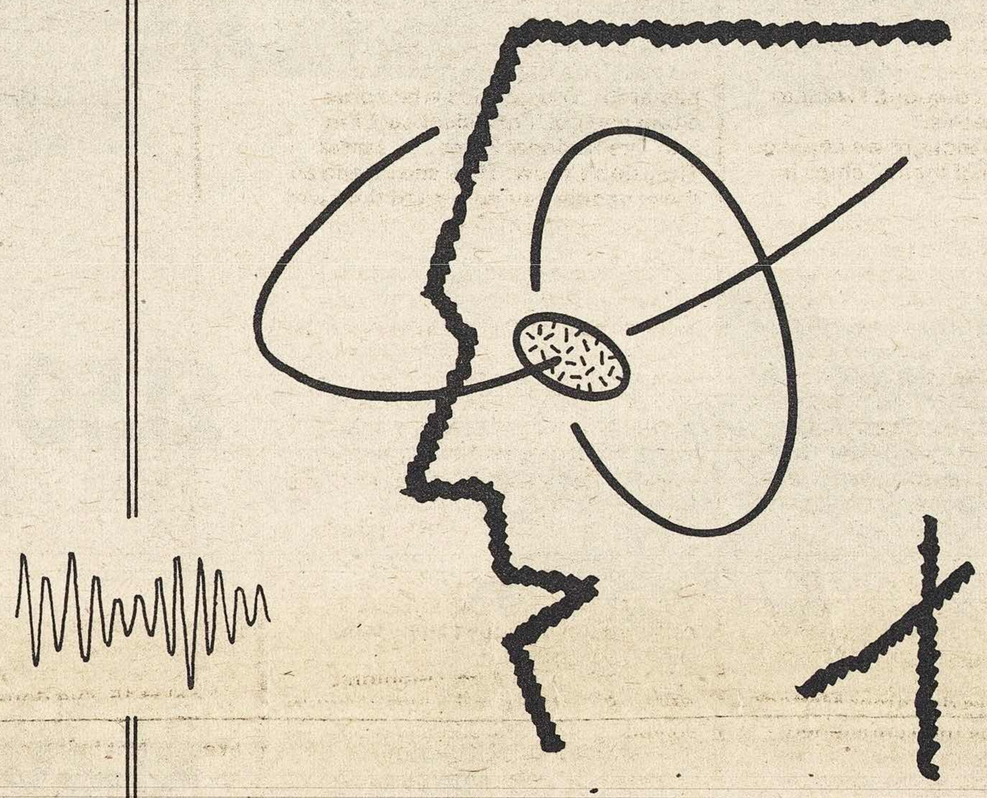
In the spring The Ruts' reputation as a hot new band was further enhanced when gig-goers outside The Smoke had a chance to see them on RAR's Militant Entertainment Tour. Appearing at the end-of-tour bash at London's Ally Pally, The Ruts nigh on stole the show. A stint as opening act for The Damned followed; shortly after they were in the charts with 'Babylon

■ *Continues page 45*

Green pic: Malcolm Owen by Vernon St Hilaire

HERMAN BROOD IS IN A BAD MOOD

BUZZCOCKS



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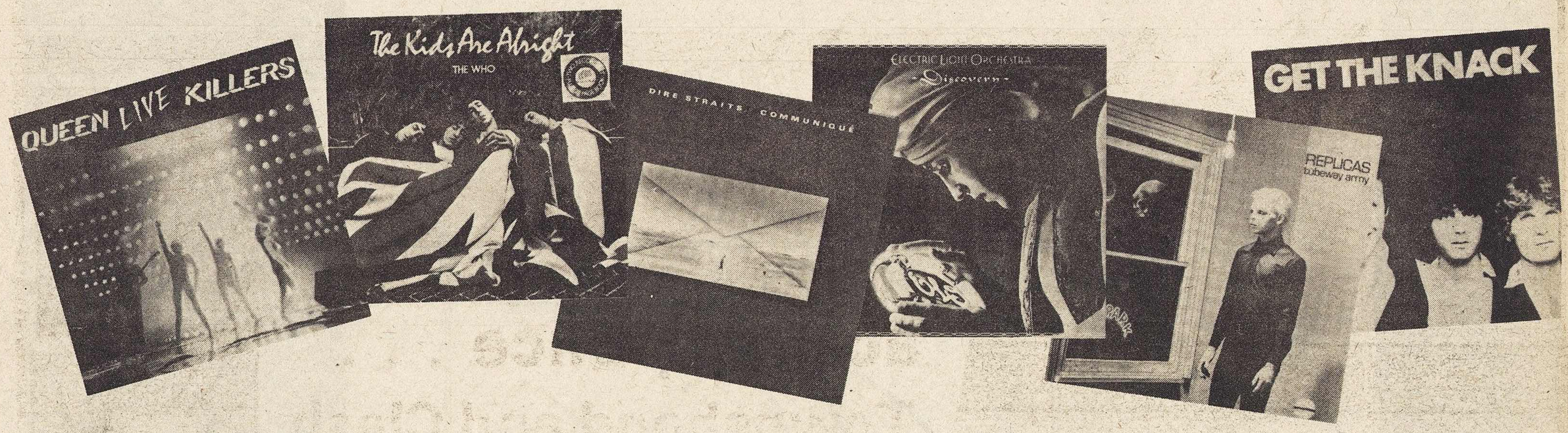

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WELCOME

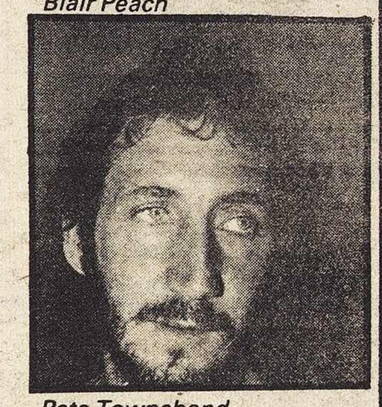
THRILLS

SOUTHALL

RAR and Commission for Racial Equality accuse police . . .

Townshend and Clash play for arrested kids

Blair Peach


Pete Townshend

Hammer McNee

BYSTANDERS BEATEN unconscious, an Asian community leader suffering from a pelvic fracture after being dumped from a moving Special Patrol Group van on the M40 motorway, a 19-year-old youth having to be castrated during surgery as a result of injuries inflicted — these are just a few of the allegations being made against the SPG by solicitors retained to defend many of those arrested during the anti-National Front disturbances in Southall on April 23 which led to the death of school teacher Blair Peach.

Of the 342 people arrested by the police, only 34 have been granted legal aid.

As a result, Rock Against Racism have launched the Southall Kids Are Innocent campaign. Under this banner Pete Townshend and The Clash will each headline benefit shows at the Rainbow Theatre on July 13 and 14, the proceeds of which go towards the defence fund and the Southall community group, People Unite.

Despite the fact that it may cost up to £8,000 to remove and replace the Rainbow's stalls (a precaution against damage at the Clash concert) plus unavoidable overheads like VAT and hall rentals, RAR anticipate a profit in the region of £5,000.

Even though all the artists are donating their services (Townshend is also throwing in the PA), whatever profit is made will by no means cover all the legal costs or anticipated fines. RAR are hoping that these shows of solidarity will motivate other rock artists and showbiz celebrities to come to the aid of Southall's interracial community.

The events of April 23 — and the aftermath — continue to cause much concern amongst those who fear conspiracy or a legal cover-up.

At a press conference last week, RAR spokesman John Dennis read the following statement:

"Concern over SPG conduct has, rightly, so far mainly concerned the death of Blair Peach. We have however a particular interest in the Southall Community Arts Group People Unite and the reggae band Misty who have supported RAR on many occasions. For this reason and with the aid of the solicitors acting for Misty and the youths of Southall, we have been piecing together eye-witness statements and photographs of the events at 6 Parkview, which was the centre of People Unite activity and became a place of shelter during the anti-National Front disturbances.

"Our evidence, which includes statements from a solicitor, doctor and ambulance man at No 6, suggests that after a baton charge by mounted police, some 40 members of the SPG led an attack on No 6, where frightened and in some cases injured people had taken shelter after the police had closed off the centre of Southall. After the force had broken down the entrance door, individuals thought by the SPG to be community leaders were systematically and severely beaten, truncheon blows to the head were made to many of the inhabitants and all sheltering in the house were forced to leave through a gauntlet of baton-wielding police.

"One of those so beaten, Clarence Baker, co-manager of Misty, after a perfunctory examination while in custody, made his own way to hospital where he was detained in intensive care for ten days suffering from a sub-dural haematoma (a blood clot on the brain).

"After the house had been emptied, we allege that the police went on a destructive tour of the arts centre, inflicting a total of some £3,000 to equipment and premises. They not only destroyed costly recording and PA equipment but even took care to break up a pedal bike and remove records from their sleeves before cracking them.

"The SPG action was more characteristic of a punitive army action than a police exercise in crowd control. We believe it gives further force to the demand for a public enquiry, rather than the internal review promised by the Home Secretary.

"We are forced to the conclusion that the death of Blair Peach, rather than an isolated exception, was simply part of a police action which became brutal and illegal. We are fowarding our evidence to the Home Secretary for consideration in his review of the SPG, pointing out that although Commander McNee has announced 'If you keep off the streets of London and behave yourself, you won't have the SPG to worry about', those in No 6 were both off the streets *and* behaving themselves at the time of the assault.

"For this reason RAR is earmarking the money to be raised at next week's benefit concerts by Pete Townshend, The Clash, Aswad, The Ruts, Misty, Bongo Danny, The Pop Group and The Members to assist with defence costs of the people arrested in Southall."

The tome and much of the substance of these allegations is repeated in a confidential report which has been prepared by the Commission for Racial Equality — an official government body.

Saturday's *Morning Star* and Sunday's *Observer* revealed that the CRE's 47-page report accuses the police of "two gross and inexcusable outbursts" — the first at the People Unite centre and the other in Orchard Avenue, where eye-witnesses testify to having seen Blair Peach struck on the head by

■ *Continues over*

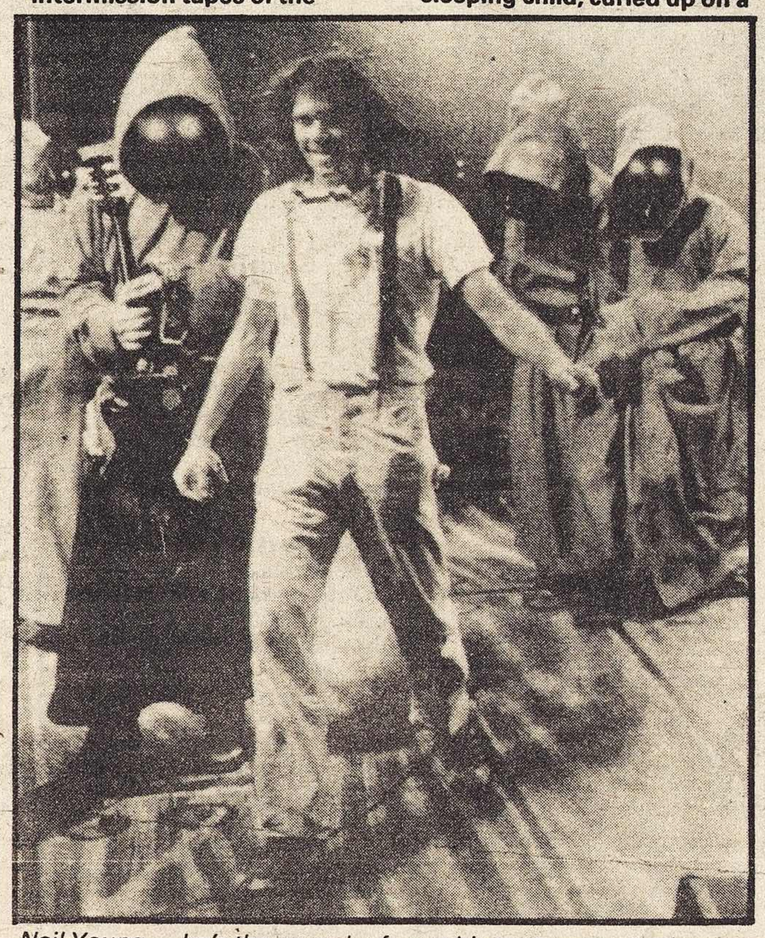
Neil Young covers his tracks

REPORTS STARTED circulating last year that Neil Young was at work on a complex, semi-autobiographical, fantasy/musical film to be titled *Human Highway*. The film was to be a mixture of live concert footage, from a variety of locations, and surrealist sequences, linked by a loose narrative. Some of the concert footage was to have come from Young's week-long engagement at San Francisco's Boarding House club last year.

One of the fantasy sequences that was shot for the film had the members of Devo cast as horrific technological brain-police baddies in a Neil Young nightmare. Real type casting, ya dig. There was also a sequence shot of Young and Devo performing together at San Francisco's Mabuhay Gardens, doing Young's bitter-sweet pill 'Out of the Blue'.

Somewhere along the way, though, the plans for *Human Highway* were scrapped, and Young had instead brought forth *Rust Never Sleeps*, directed by Young under his film-making pseudonym Bernard Shakey. The film is set to open in America in late July. English distribution has not yet been finalised.

***Rust* is a documentary record of one night's performance, at the San Francisco Cow Palace, from Young's arena tour of last autumn. It's a great show, if you overlook the numerous gimmicks and distractions Young laid on for the tour: intermission tapes of the Woodstock announcements ("Watch out for the brown acid"), giant stage props, and a crew of "Roadeyes" costumed as *Star Wars* refugees.**


Neil Young — he's the one who forgot his togs — escorted offstage by Crazy Horse in Rust Never Sleeps.

Young is first seen as a sleeping child, curled up on a giant amplifier. He wakes and sings 'Sugar Mountain' and 'I Am A Child' (from Buffalo Springboard days). The acoustic set ends with 'Out of the Blue'.

The joint starts jumping when Crazy Horse join Young. There are performances of new songs from the 'Rust Never Sleeps' album — 'Thrasher', 'Powederfinger', 'Welfare Mothers', 'Sedan Delivery', and powerhouse workouts on older Young epics like 'Cortez The Killer'. The electric version of 'Out of the Blue' ends things on a triumphant and cataclysmic note.

Unfortunately, Young as documentary filmmaker hasn't done much to mirror the excitement generated by the music; the idea of the Devo nightmare sequence gets a passing reference when a character in a yellow Devo suit (listed in the credits as Akron Rapeller) slides down a rope onto the stage and is hustled off by the Roadeyes.

But this is icing on the reportage cake. The original concept for *Human Highway* might have added to our perceptions about Neil Young. The film of *Rust Never Sleeps* won't add anything to the knowledge already gained from its vinyl version. Are you surprised?

RICHARD GRABEL

THRILLS

Clash (LR): Strummer, Simonon and Jones at RAR Hackney rally. Pic: Stevenson.

Humphrey Bogart

Frank Sinatra

U Roy

Robbie Robertson

Fashion Extra!

TRILBY CHIC

In the greasy-quiffed rock and roll revolution of the '50s there was no room for the classic male titfer of our times as brought to perfection in the '40s by the likes of Humphrey Bogart and later Frank Sinatra. The trilby was strictly for the squares, daddyo.

The style languished in obscurity through the '60s until our old friends (?) the Skinheads briefly resurrected it in the early '70s to set off the de rigeur crombie coat and silk hank.

While oddballs like Robbie Robertson, Peter Wolf and Penny Reel gallantly carried on the tradition, the tripy's real return to fashion came when UK punk rockers picked up on the aesthetic delights of le chapeau via their behatted Jamaican counterparts.

Soon everyone from Billy Idol to The Blues Brothers was leering from beneath the rim of a trilby, with sundry other styles from Blue Beat/Pork Pie to Fedora not far behind. Next week: Bowlers.

Paul Simonon

Tony Parsons

Paul Weller

Specials

SOUTHALL

■ *From previous page*

one or more policement. People seeking refuge in the Holy Trinity churchyard were also "rounded up and beaten by mounted policemen", says the report.

Further anxiety now surrounds the way certain aspects of the Southall affair are being conducted by the authorities.

Gareth Pierce, who legally represents Misty, is not only greatly disturbed by "the outstanding number of severe head injuries sustained by many of those arrested," but the fact that the Metropolitan Police solicitors have refused to assist the defence enquiries in any way.

The two things that most alarm the defence counsel are that before the cases have reached court Metropolitan Police Commissioner McNee has already commented at length on the activities of the Special Patrol Group, and Home Secretary William Whitelaw has also made extended statements on TV and published a document entitled *The Facts Of The Disturbance In Southall.*

According Ms Pierce, at no point does this document contain the word "alleged". As a result of this omission, the defence council view the document as being "contentious and in direct contradiction to a great deal of the defence". Furthermore, they argue, Whitelaw is prejudicing the outcome of 342 magistrate cases by publishing what he claims to be a statement of facts.

Meanwhile the police refuse to call the Blair Peach investigation a 'murder inquiry'. The Commission for Racial Equality comments:

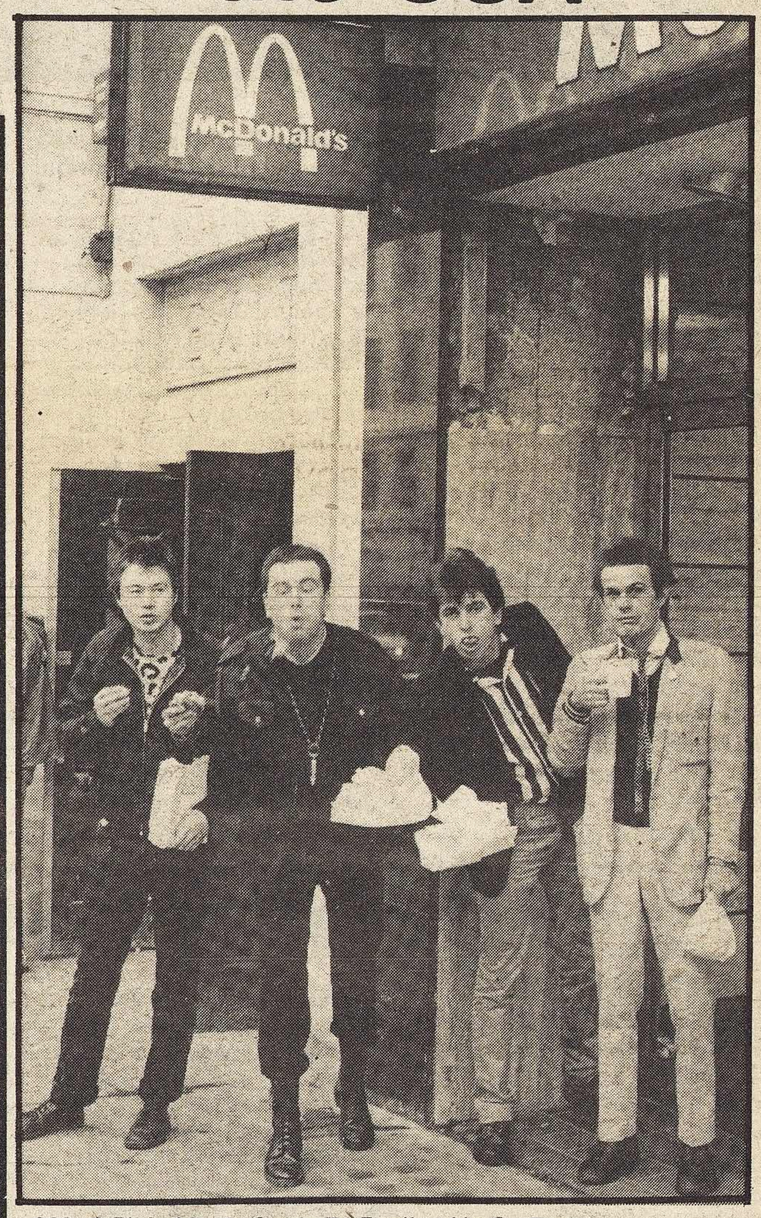
"Is it likely that had the person who struck the blows been anyone other than a police officer, or possibly a member of the armed forces, that there would be any reservation about using the term 'murder inquiry'?"

Anyone for justifiable homicide?

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Emergency in the USA



999: A Plain Man's Guide To Fouling Up On Tour.

AMERICA! Land of opportunity! Where rock spells dollars and success spells excess!

After the relentless rounds of the Great British Motorway Gig Curcuit where else can a young band's fancy turn but to . . . the Lesser American Highway Club Circuit.

. . . Where, in time, they too might one day experience the sublime thrill of a 'bullet' in the *Billboard* chart.

How to grab yourself a slice of this action?

Take some tips from punk rock group 999, currently in the midst of making their own kind of mark on the Marlboro country.

● Get held up at Heathrow for 26 hours. Arrive at the Philadelphia Hot Club for your first gig with a mere 35 minutes to spare.

● Have your luggage, money and passports stolen in New York.

● Fling pictures of President Peanuts Carter out of the 26th floor of your hotel in New York in revenge.

● Smash a $400 plate glass window in Boston with a flying bottle.

● Spend a night in police cells on a charge of criminal damage. Get bailed out the next day by your tour manager.

● Kick a San Franciscan heckler in the mouth on your previous visit, breaking his teeth. Then when the Feds show up at the Old Waldorf where you are playing looking for your guitarist, tell them, as calmly as possible since it's the truth, that you haven't the faintest idea where he is but you too would like to see him as you still have a number of gigs left to play.

Despite the strange jinx that is causing all these high and lo jinx, 999 say they are "happy with the way the gigs have been going."

Somebody give them a cheeseburger.

FREDDIE LAKER

THRILLS

From today, anywhere with a power point can be a recording studio.

Up till now, if you were serious about making high quality, two-track simul-sync recordings, you had to resort to sophisticated reel-to-reel equipment.

Up till now.

Because we'd like to introduce you to the revolutionary TEAC A-108 Sync.

It's the world's first-ever two-track simul-sync cassette machine.

And it'll produce beautiful synchronised stereo recordings just like a multi-track reel-to-reel, only with all the simplicity and convenience of a cassette deck.

For the aspiring star, the A-108 Sync represents a unique opportunity to get recording experience without the horrific expense of a recording studio.

While to the fully-fledged professional it means a lot of studio time could be more profitably (and more comfortably) spent at home.

What can the A-108 Sync do?

Take one look at the controls of our machine and you'll realise it's more a question of what it can't do.

For a start, head layout and circuitry has been so designed as to allow you to record left and right channels individually, one after the other, in perfectly synchronised stereo.

Let's take an example.

You lay down your lead track on the left channel. You rewind. Then, while listening to the lead track back through the cans, you can over-dub the bass track on the right channel.

Play back the result, and you'll find both channels have been recorded in perfect sync with each other.

Then, to get some idea of how the vocals would sound, the A-108 allows you to place your voice in the middle of the two-track recording.

You can even hear yourself simultaneously on the cans while using the music blend control to adjust the mix of the new track to exactly how you want it.

We didn't stop there.

The A-108 Sync also boasts a mic/line mixing feature which lets you record your own voice or instrument on to your favourite record (so you can show them all how it should be done).

And once your recording session is over, you only have to flip the 'Cross-Feed' switch to blend left and right channels together to give that 'live' stereo feel to the final result.

As you'd expect, a machine like the A-108 Sync has all the advanced features normally found on TEAC cassette decks.

Features like the finely engineered and highly reliable transport system; the sophisticated Dolby circuitry; and independent bias and equalisation selectors.

Nor have we forgotten the memory re-wind facility built into the tape counter.

Where we did stop.

There is, however, one feature of the A-108 Sync that's conspicuous by its absence: the hefty price tag.

Incredible though it may sound, you'll find the machine retailing at around £200.00 plus VAT.

The way we see it, that's a mighty small price to pay for indefinite studio time.

Please send me a free information pack on the revolutionary TEAC A-108 Sync cassette deck and its accessories.

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Address

Post Code

NME TD8

Harman UK, St. John's Road, Tylers Green, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8HR. Telephone: Penn (049 481) 5331.

TEAC

Petty cash runs out . . .

AS A RESULT of two law suits filed against him by MCA Records and Shelter Records alleging breach of contract, Thomas Earl Petty of *and The Heartbreakers* fame has voluntarily filed for bankruptcy, showing debts of $576,638 and assets of $56,845.

This whole affair began in March, when MCA Records purchased ABC Records (Shelter Records U.S. outlet), Petty claimed that his binder with ABC (through Shelter) was invalidated.

In turn, MCA claim that Petty's contract with ABC allowed them to assign their rights to Tom Petty (and The Heartbreakers) to whoever they wanted.

The Superior Court file indicates that Tom Petty signed with Shelter Records in June 1974 when still a member of Mudcrutch. The following year, Shelter pacted Petty as a soloist and, under the California employment code, paid him the legal minimum annual salary of $6,000.

Subesequently, Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers recorded their first album for a guaranteed $50,000. An album was released in America under the Shelter-ABC pact (which also covered J J Cale and Dwight Twilley) and licensed in the UK by Island Records. It was a good seller.

At this stage Petty became the focal point of a litigation action and successfully re-negotiated his original contract, he received $250,000 in the form of a non-returnable advance against royalties for his next album: half paid on signing the new contract, the remainder upon delivery of master tapes.

The terms of this new contract also stipulated that if the album (subsequently entitled 'You're Gonna Get It') sold in excess of 200,000 copies (which it did), ABC Records would exercise an option for another album (which they did) guaranteeing Petty $350,000 as a non-returnable advance once again divided into two payments, plus $400,000 if further albums were required.

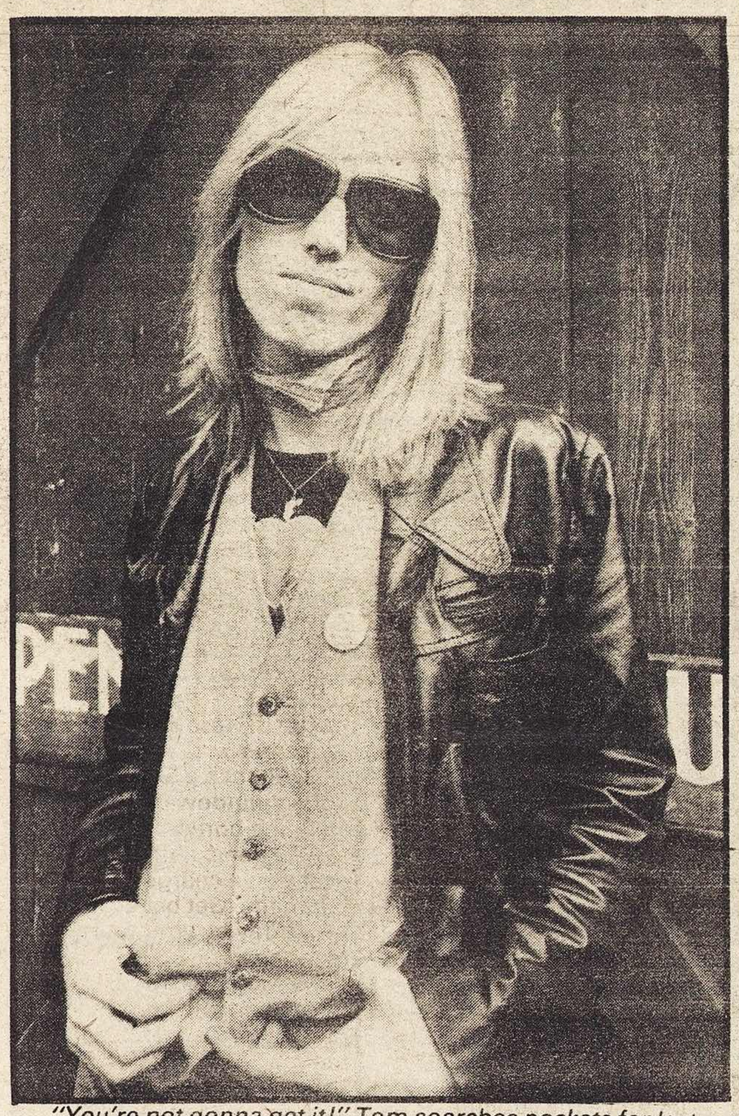
However, he failed to deliver a follow-up album which he'd recorded at the Cherokee Studios and, on March 12, Petty informed both ABC and MCA that his contract was non-assignable. He refused to record for MCA, and they sued him.

Meanwhile Shelter Records, who claim to be in the hole for half-a-million greenbacks as a result of subsidising Petty's live performances have also filed suit.

Though some of Petty's debts are being disputed, the flaxen-haird singer lists his assets thus: real property, $200; deposits in banks, Home Savings and Loan and Credit Union, $24,735; household goods, $6,777; clothes $113; automobiles, $7,000; business equipment, $4,780; contingent and unliquidated claims, $7,235; interests in partnerships $5,969 . . . and $36 in his wallet!

ROY CARR INC.

THRILLS



"You're not gonna get it!" Tom searches pockets for last dime. Pic: Adrian Boot.

BREAKOUTS:

HERMAN BROOD & HIS WILD ROMANCE—(Ariola)

* **NO DICK**—2 Faced (Capitol)

IAN HUNTER—You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic (Chrysalis)

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND—Angel Station (WB)

"And I thought I had trouble!" quips William Syanecko III of Pennsylvania. He doesn't get his NME till it's two months old, poor chap, so he whiles away the hours spotting typos in Billboard.

LOWRY

"Well, how about this? What if the enemy broke into your home, assaulted your poor, dear, old mother and trod all over your blue suede shoes?!"

Arrest A Police Collectors' Item

Policemen. Pic: Denis O'Regan

FLASH IT and impress your friends! Whatcha mean, you did and got six months! What we're discussing here is the bees-knees in unconventional promo picture disc singles.

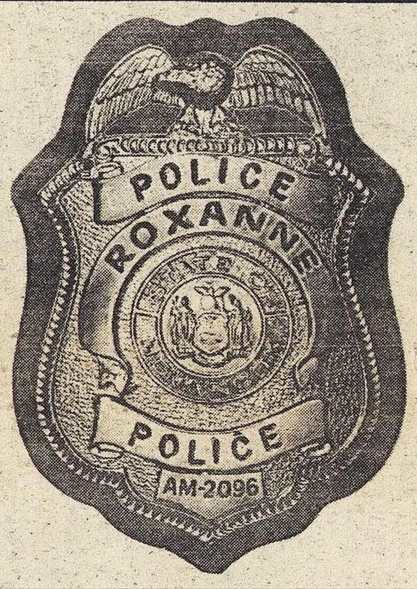
To celebrate their Stateside success A&M Records have pressed up the two Police hits, 'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You', in the shape of a king-size American police badge, sleeving it in a sturdy replica of a PD-issue wallet.

So impressed were the American offices of law and disorder that a Sergeant in the U.S. Capital Police Department, Washington D.C., requested copies for their archives.

With *NME*'s usual flair for extortion and intimidation we've obtained 20 copies of this pic disc — certain to become a valuable collector's item — together with six Police key-rings.

For why? Well, we're putting 'em up for grabs in one of our notorious *Caption The Cuckoo* Contests.

The outright winner will receive a picture disc, key ring, and bonus of the Police's 'Outlandos D'Amour' album. The first five runners-up will cop a pic disc and key-ring. And the remaining 14 runners-up will get the pic disc alone.



A-side of The Police picture disc (Yeah, really).

What you have to do is write humorous (ho ho) captions in the speech bubbles provided on the picture above, write your name and address in the space provided and post it to:

NAME.....

.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Roy Carr's Police Five (Inc.),
New Musical Express,
5-7 Carnaby St.,
London W.1.

The judge's decision will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into. The competition is open to readers worldwide with the exception of employees of New Musical Express and their families and the printers of *NME* and their families. Results will be announced in *NME* as soon as possible after the closing date.

The closing date for all entries is July 25, 1979.

In Next Week's NME
Your chance to claim the title of
BLOCKHEAD OF THE YEAR

Fantabulous prizes up for grabs include:

★ Sets of Mr Dury's new elpee in ten fetching shades of wallpaper

★ Free interior decoration

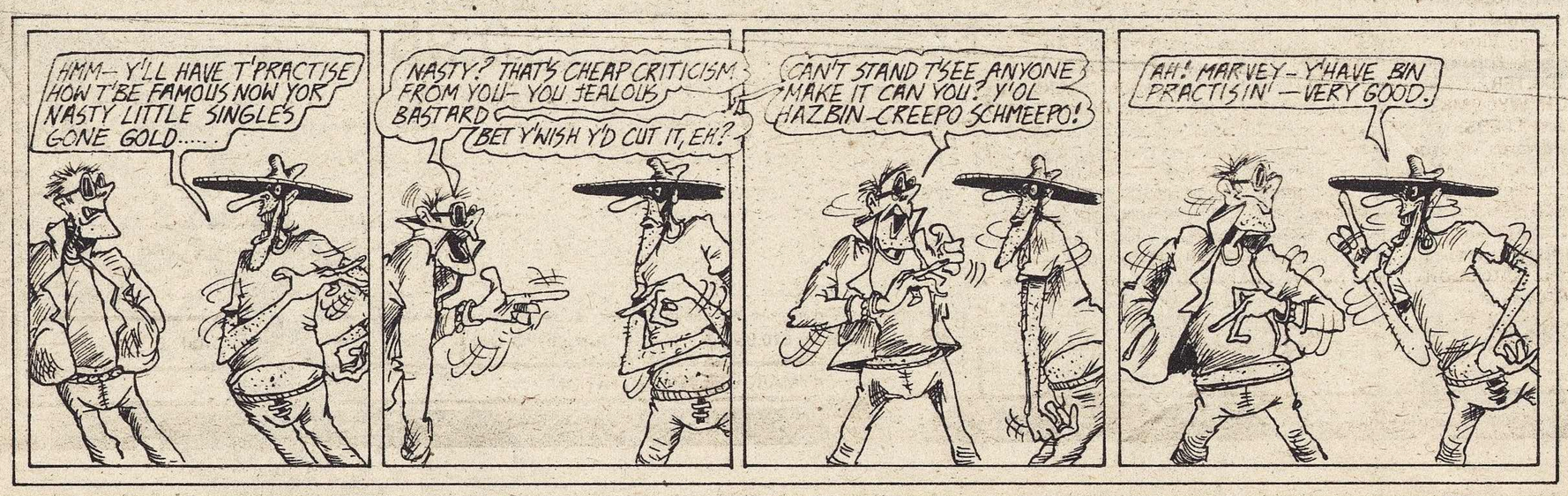
★ One of Chas Jankel's old shoelaces

★ Plus an exclusive blockhead poster for each and every entry in this vital '79 championship tussle.

It's easy, it's quick, it's pretty ludicrous and it's only in NEW BLOCKHEAD EXPRESS

So dense sounds can't penetrate!

The Lone Groover — *BENYON*


HMM— Y'LL HAVE T'PRACTISE HOW T'BE FAMOUS NOW YOR NASTY LITTLE SINGLE'S GONE GOLD.....
NASTY? THAT'S CHEAP CRITICISM FROM YOU— YOU JEALOUS BASTARD
BET Y'WISH Y'D CUT IT, EH?
CAN'T STAND T'SEE ANYONE MAKE IT CAN YOU? Y'OL HAZBIN-CREEPO SCHMEEPO!
AH! MARVEY— Y'HAVE BIN PRACTISIN' — VERY GOOD.

Remember Me This Way

REMEMBER Labelle? Three Atlantic soul rockets . . . volcanically raunchy stage act . . . 'Lady Marmalade', 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised' and all that revolutionary bump 'n' grind? Course yer do.

A third of Labelle — and most of its inspiration — has just wandered into the palatial Arista reception rooms. She's tastefully togged out in oversized blue plastic shades, high heels, and a turquoise-shrink cat-suit with a golly-wog pinned on the front — "I think they're cute; it's time they started making white ones."

She's Nona Hendryx, and she has not 'mellowed out her act'.

In the last year, she's written some songs, signed a new solo recording deal, and her disco/soul fusion 'You're The Only One That I Ever Needed' is currently knocking on the backdoor of the UK singles chart.

And all this since the demise of Labelle who's influence on the attitude towards both black and female performers was enormous.

Nona opines: "It got rid of all the taboos of how a female singer was looked at. You didn't have to wear wigs, gowns, tiaras, white gloves and pumps anymore; you could come on stage and be as aggressive as you felt at that time. And from the point of view of femininity, you didn't have to lose any of your sensuality. If you were trying to put across something that was strong and *ballsy*, you could do that, and not be just another pretty face.

"As for presentation, I think the door was opened for us by people like Jimi Hendrix — even though we were female — and that we continued to open the door for other black performers. If there hadn't been a Labelle, there wouldn't have been an Earth Wind And Fire.

"And with the choice of material, we didn't have to sing 'ooohs' and 'aaahs', we could get up there and sing 'We Won't Get Fooled Again'."

They called a halt when the three of them seemed to have merged into one person. "Also", she admits, "I have just that much more of a taste for the outrageous. I guess I'm a voyeur of decadence at times, I find the rest of life very boring."

Apart from a punk number entitled 'I Can't Start Loving', a one-chord wonder which has since been consigned to the dumper, she describes her new songs as "socially and politically orientated" with a backing of funk, rock and disco.

The idea that her music isn't an ideal political platform is swiftly despatched.

"That's how I say it best. It's so people can say 'Look, here's another person who feels this way too, so I'm not alone anymore'. That's what the whole thing's about anyway — it's the sharing of feelings and ideas."

Thinly disguised, I infiltrated the shooting of a video film for her current single; take it from me the sight of Nona hi-stepping it in a Samurai outfit, backed by a clutch of tawdry, zoot-suited sax players, is one that nags the memory for quite some time.

So, is she keeping the old theatrics in her new stage act?

"All of it, and MORE . . ."

That's how she says it best.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

19th NATIONAL ROCK FESTIVAL

READING ROCK '79

FRIDAY 24 AUGUST

THE POLICE

THE TOURISTS

WILKO JOHNSON

the CURE

DOLL by DOLL

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

JAGS

M/M CONTEST WINNERS BITE THE DUST

SPECIAL GUESTS

MOTORHEAD

SATURDAY 25 AUGUST

THIN LIZZY

STEVE HACKETT

INNER CIRCLE

GILLAN

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

THE MOVIES

ROOT BOY SLIM & THE SEX CHANGE BAND

YACHTS · FAME

SPECIAL GUEST FROM U.S.A.

CHEAP TRICK

SUNDAY 26 AUGUST

PETER GABRIEL

WHITESNAKE

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

MEMBERS

WILD HORSES

ZAINE GRIFF

SPEEDOMETORS

AFTER THE FIRE

FROM AUSTRALIA The Cobbers

SPECIAL GUESTS FROM U.S.A.

THE RAMONES

MOLLY HATCHET

Advance tickets from: **AYLESBURY,** Harlequin. **BARNET,** Harlequin. **BASINGSTOKE,** Harlequin. **BIRMINGHAM,** Cyclops, Virgin. **BOLTON,** Harker & Howarth. **BOURNEMOUTH,** Setchfields. **BRIGHTON,** Virgin. **BRISTOL,** Virgin. **BRENT CROSS,** Harlequin & Virgin. **BROMLEY,** Harlequin. **BURNLEY,** Electron. **CAMBERLEY,** Harlequin. **CAMBRIDGE,** Harlequin. **CARDIFF,** Welsh Sports, Virgin, Sound Advice. **CHATHAM,** Harlequin. **CHELMSFORD,** Harlequin. **COVENTRY,** H. Payne, Virgin. **CRAWLEY,** L. & H. Cloake. **CROFTON PARK,** CC Records. **CROYDON,** Virgin, Diamond Records, L. & H. Cloake. **DEPTFORD,** CC Records. **EDINBURGH,** Book Shop, Virgin. **EGHAM,** Runnymede Hi Fi. **EXETER,** Bill Greenhalgh. **GUILDFORD,** Andertons. **HARROW,** Harlequin. **HARROWGATE,** Nicholsons. **HIGH WYCOMBE,** International Travel, Harlequin. **HOUNSLOW,** Lowes. **IPSWICH,** Virgin. **KING'S LYNN,** Bayes. **LEEDS,** Virgin, Barkers. **LIVERPOOL,** Rushworth & Draper, Virgin. **LONDON,** Marquee Club, Edwards & Edwards, Harlequin Records, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Virgin Records. **LUTON,** Harlequin, F. L. Moore. **MAIDENHEAD,** Harlequin. **MAIDSTONE,** Harlequin. **MANCHESTER,** Barry Ancill, Virgin, Paperchase. **MARLOW,** Chiltern Sound. **MIDDLESBROUGH,** Hamiltons. **NEWARK,** Norman Pride. **NEWCASTLE,** Virgin. **NEWCASTLE-u-LYME,** Mike Lloyd. **NOTTINGHAM,** Virgin. **NORTHAMPTON,** Harlequin. **NORWICH,** George Wortley. **OXFORD,** Russell Acott, Harlequin. **PLYMOUTH,** Peter Russell's, Virgin. **PORTSMOUTH (Drayton),** R. A. Fraser. **READING,** Pickfords, Harlequin. **RICHMOND,** Harlequin. **ROMFORD,** Harlequin. **SALISBURY,** Ted Hardy. **SHEFFIELD,** Virgin. **SLOUGH,** Harlequin. **SOUTHAMPTON,** Virgin. **STAFFORD,** Lotus Records. **SWANSEA,** Sound Advice, Virgin. **SWINDON,** Kempster's. **TUNBRIDGE WELLS,** Music Room. **WATFORD,** Harlequin. **WELWYN GARDEN CITY,** Harlequin. **WEMBLEY,** Harlequin. **WEYMOUTH,** Clark's. **WINCHESTER,** Harlequin. **WORCESTER,** Music Centre. **YORK,** Sound Effect.

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NUT 5

No Riot In

The Urban Enemies in glamorous Ferguslie Park. Pic: John Henry

Our eye-witness reporter sees social conflict not happen

TOMMY KAYES looks like a younger James Bolam (Terry of *The Likely Lads)* but with silver hair. He wanders around the site of the mini-festival he has organised for Paisley Rock Against Racism half-smiling in a modest sort of way.

Other RAR people rush up to be frantic, detailing the latest disasters: five bands must play in 30 minutes; squadrons of riot police have arrived to quell incipient fracas; the worst rain since the great flood of '27 has endangered the electricity supply.

Tommy makes suggestions, talks with policemen, attempts deals with local authorities and God.

He remains serene. Something is happening in Paisley. Local bands and seditionaries are collaborating, independently of Glasgow, to form new options for young citizens. Even the instigators are having a good time.

Ferguslie Park is officially categorised as 'a deprived area'. Opinions in Glasgow vary from half-serious "It's a misprint of depraved" to the awed concern of "You're not going *there* are you?"

Members of Glasgow bands, no matter how extrovert they appear on stage, are generally quiet and friendly; the antithesis of their Paisley equivalents.

The Paisley bands, apparently, are made up of former gang members — all tattoos, scars, songs full of words which upset the police and singers who use anchor cables for vocal cords.

Tommy says there are about 25 bands right now. Mostly they can best be described as 'raw', but, with RAR as organisational catalyst and their own attitues to reciprocity and harmony, they will at least have some chance of developing.

Bouncer found guilty of Slade assault

Noddy Holder practicing karate chops. Pic: Joe Stevens.

WELSH BOUNCER Desmond Brothers was jailed last week for three months after being found guilty of inflicting grievious bodily harm on Slade's Noddy Holder.

Cardiff Crown Court heard how Brothers attacked Holder back stage at Stoneleigh Club in Porthcawl, South Wales, last August following a gig at which Holder stopped the music after seeing bouncers laying into fans at the front of the stage.

"They were punching them in the face," he told Thrills. "Okay, the kids were getting up and dancing but there was no call for punching them. We're used to having that reaction every night so we are used to controlling the crowd."

One bouncer, Desmond Brothers, was being particularly violent so Holder shouted through the mike: "You must be a big boy picking on people half your size." Brothers said he'd see Holder later but Slade resumed their set and Holder thought no more of the incident.

They had completed their set when Brothers came backstage and said: "I'm the fellow you were talking to." Seconds later he punched Holder, who still had his guitar strapped round his neck, knocking him to the floor.

Holder was taken to hospital and found to be suffering from a broken nose.

In his defence Brothers said that Holder had slapped him in the face and that one of the group's roadies had punched him in the ribs. He also said that Holder had humiliated him in front of the audience.

After the jury had reached their verdict Brothers, a former police cadet asked for one previous conviction for malicious wounding to be taken into account.

Holder told *Thrills:* "I think there's a minority of bouncers who are just out for a punch up and when they've had a couple of drinks they're looking for the first opportunity to bop somebody.

"In a way the club is as guilty as the bouncer is. They should know what sort of blokes they're employing and how they handle the job. About 80 per cent of bouncers can handle the audience how they should be handled.

"The bouncers who know their job can go in, break up a fight, take the offending guys out and nobody will realise what has happened. These bouncers do a good job.

"I think innocent kids that are hurt by bouncers should prosecute. That way bouncers might think twice before attacking an innocent party."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Paisley

Mini-punks (from festival fanzine)'

Ten bands play for free from the back of a trailer, making Ferguslie Park a little less deprived. But problems with police-enforced time restrictions mean that most of them only play for ten minutes.

Somebody waves from the stage and the next band wander over, ready to clamber onto the trailer and plug in while their predecessors jump off.

Children of six and seven, wearing chains and X-Ray Spex T-shirts, divide their time between dancing to the bands and playing on the swings. Exhibitionist punks dance ferociously. Some hippies stand off in the distance, interested but suspicious.

The older people from the area have no such fears about a bunch of fool kids — "Does your mammy know you're out lookin' like that?" — and policemen smile occasionally at the wittier extremes of punk foppery. There is no hint of any trouble.

It's late afternoon now. The torrential rain has stopped; a few clouds remain, but it's warm and sunny.

The event is a success. If Gerry Rafferty (a Paisley resident and a man once involved in a Stealer's Wheel album called 'Ferguslie Park') had played (he was.asked, but required high quality sound reproduction — impossible on the available budget) he would doubtless have been received with scant patience.

The rumoured Jimmy Pursey and The Angelic Upstarts would've been more appreciated, but that would've meant no time for local bands who had spent a lot of time and trouble playing benefits to finance the event.

The Mentol Errors *are* playing. A 15-minute time extension has been granted. An RAR person wanders over to tell me that when The Errors finish Sneex are going on without tuning up; then XS Discharge and they're maniacs and then the police'll launch a flying wedge or something with batons and they'll get it all on film and do I want a copy?

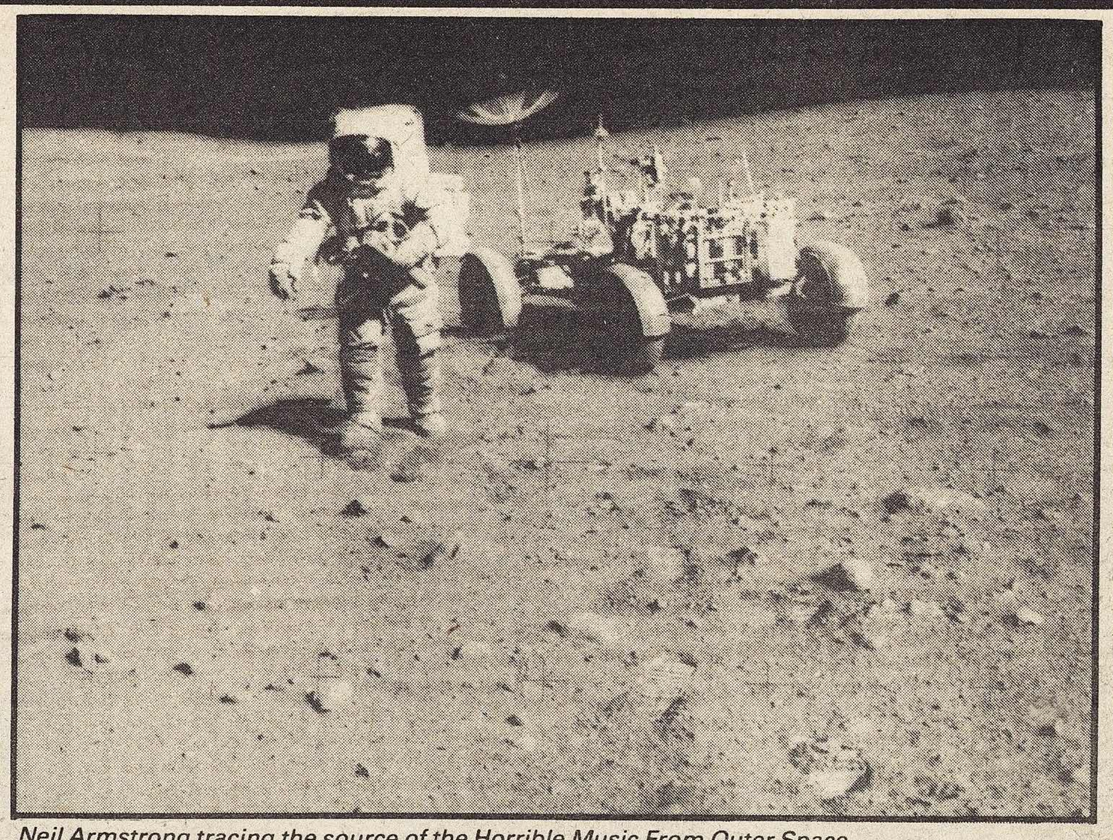
All the bands play. Nothing happens.

I'd remarked that central Scotland wasn't really an area noted for ghetto riots or for being a hot bed of racial tensions; did RAR feel their presence was justified, other than as concert promoters? They reckon their intention is more like Rock Against Classism, which is fair enough.

I'm asked to transmit thanks to everyone involved for advice and co-operation. To local authorities, councillors and M.P's; fanzines *The Stagnant Pool Of Disease* and *It Ticked And Exploded;* the bands without whom etc.: from Glasgow The Alleged, The Zips, The Dyelatiks and Liberty Bodice; from Paisley Urban Enemies, Defiant Pose, Sneex, XS Discharge, The Fegs and The Mentol Errors.

GLENN GIBSON

THRILLS



Neil Armstrong tracing the source of the Horrible Music From Outer Space

Oldfield ruins mankind's finest hour . . .

WHERE WERE you on July 20th 1969? Glued to the tube perhaps? . . . Glazed by booze and global goodwill, watching Neil 'One Small Step' Armstrong swinging golf clubs on the moon?

If so, prepare to shed a nostalgic tear this coming July 20 when ITV screen *The Space Movie* (Virgin Films) to celebrate a decade of lunar infiltration.

It's a smooth documentary on the Apollo 11 Moonshot, made up of the rare and stunning footage that director Tony Palmer has bravely salvaged from the dust-encrusted vaults of the US Space Mission.

After being scorched by a full five minutes of slow-motion lift-off, you can relax as the cosmonauts cavort, sing, play ball and get quite poetic, while discovering the joys of weightlessness.

But nothing's quite as weightless as the soundtrack.

When commissioned for the score two years ago, Mike Oldfield's creative powers were fully engaged in flying model aeroplanes. So apart from a snippet of unreleased 'Incantations', and a sizeable hunk of 'Portsmouth', 'Tubular Bells' gets another airing in endless symphonic garb.

The intrepid trio somersault to the 'Bells' theme; they space-walk, shave and 'dock modules' to it. They even guzzle phials of garishly coloured food while 'Bells' radiates around the capsule from ranks of sawing cellos.

The soundtrack swells proudly every time 'we have ignition', and rattles with ceremonial pomp at the merest hint of heroism. This tends to drown most of the intimate inter-space banter, but luckily leaves us such shrewd technical gems as "The moon isn't made out of cream cheese at all — it's made out of AMERICAN cheese!"

All of this and Oldfield too. See it and survive.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Skin trouble?

NOW - RIMMEL ANSWERS YOUR CALL FOR HELP

RIMMEL
1·2·3
skin helping face wash
1 Helps to cleanse the face of skin-harming bacteria
2 Helps to rid the face of blackheads, and of other 'greasy skin' blemishes
3 Helps to improve the look and condition of the skin

Here is the answer to the call for help made by the people with skin problems – from the adolescent boy or girl with 'spots', to the woman (or the man) with blackheads and other types of 'greasy skin' trouble.

HOW RIMMEL 1·2·3 HELPS

(1) It helps to cleanse the face of the bacteria which are harming the skin.

(2) It helps to rid the face of 'spots' and other 'greasy skin' blemishes.

(3) It helps to improve the condition and also the appearance of the skin.

Ask for Rimmel **1·2·3** Skin Helping Face Wash. At chemists and stores.

SIMPLY USE INSTEAD OF SOAP

What's Shakin'?

EVER SEE The Rezillos? They were great but in December they were cloven in twain, one half becoming the Fay & Eugene band (supposedly being premiered during the Edinburgh festival), and the other Shake, which comprises ex-Rezillos John Callis, Simon Templar and Angel Paterson, not forgetting their new pal Troy Tate on guitar.

I'm talking with the band plus Bob Last and Hilary from Fast in a secluded alcove adjacent to a toilet door. There are frequent interruptions from The Yachts and every music business person in Edinburgh, all somehow in the same bar. John and Simon do most of the talking.

John Callis: "I think people have really forgotten about The Rezillos. That was six months ago; now they all like The Members or whatever. Mind you, we (Shake) got more people in Dumfries that The Tourists."

Do you feel that you've given up being successful?

Simon Templar: "I'm sure some bands would just look at it from a commercial point of view and just plod on. I'm sure The Rezillos could be quite well off now. But if you're not getting on with the other people . . ."

John: "If we were obsessed with commercial potential we'd be like The Scorpions or The Cars. It's easy to contrive something."

Simon: "I feel there's more commercial potential with Shake than The Rezillos."

Shake. Pic: Laurie Evans

Having heard Shake's EP (available now!), he could be right. There are four loud, fast, catchy songs and a brief instrumental which sounds like it should be played over the closing credits of a detective series based in Paris. With an extra guitarist their sound is fuller, closer to mainstream rock than The Rezillos deranged vision of trashy pop through a broken radio.

"More boys equals more noise," as John says.

Shake are more accessible. They'll probably have to work harder but they have a secret weapon.

Unless the market for behornrimmed wimps has been saturated, Troy Tate could soon be a cult hero. He looks like the guy who played double bass with The Seekers *(Whaaat? Thrills Ed)* except that he's English and used to play in a Cheltenham-based band called The Index.

Talk moves onto whether they worry about developing an image for the group.

Simon: "We've found that you can't start to formulate real identity until you've started to play live. We're conscious of the necessity of an image, to promote certain aspects."

John: "Obviously we've got a lot of ideas. The important thing to us at this stage is to go out and have people come and dance, just have a good time."

John spends some time rambling about how they want to project characteristics in the same way a cartoonist would for the Bash Street Kids. "Like Plug with his mouth or the guy with the jumper up to his ears." (Their self-produced press handout is in the form of a children's comic.)

From Dan Dare to the *Beano?* I suggest.

But they don't wish to be categorised. John feels the comics aspect of The Rezillos was overplayed. For now they're back to basics; almost a local band again.

John: "For the first time yesterday we were going to have a *roadie,* but there wasn't any room in the van."

Shake exist now. You can buy their record and see them. A tour should start around mid-July. You'll find a whole batch of new songs, written mainly by John, plus a couple of Rezillos songs and a Mekons number. John and Simon share vocals.

In the autumn they'll record an album. By then it should be more apparent whether having the music and songs is better than being able to dance while touting an extravagant dress sense. An interesting test case.

GLENN GIBSON

THRILLS

There are two versions of what the dance means in Kuwaiti folklore.

In the official one, a witch doctor cleanses the mind of a girl possessed by the devil.

But in the other one, the girl is chatting up a likely suitor and is asking him to beat her with the Arab equivalent of a rhythm stick.

As the Queen turned to her programme to see what it was all about, the sheik leaned

The Daily Mirror further expounds on Blockhead philosophy. Submitted by Lunchtime Bender of the Monty Smith Fan Club.

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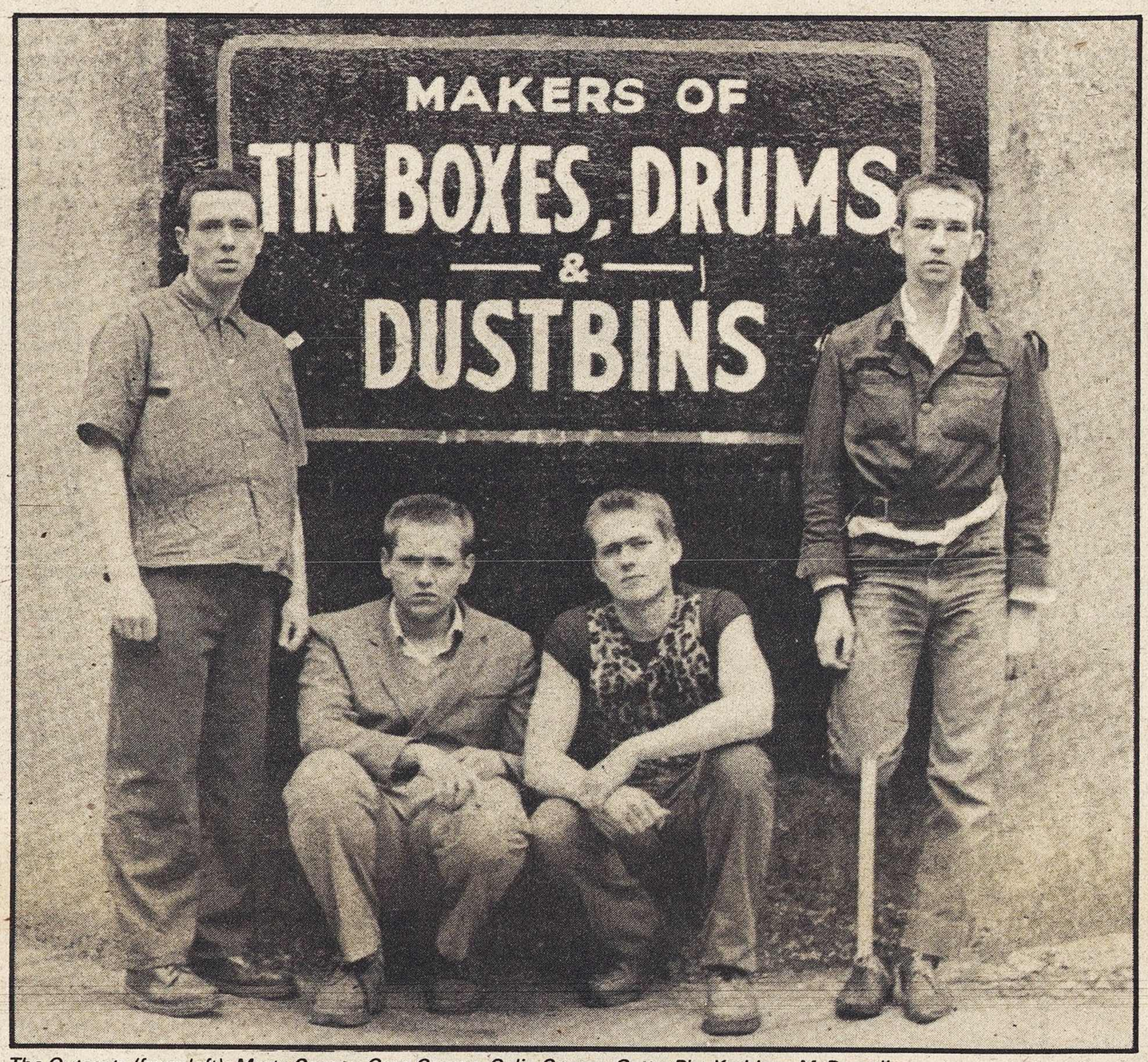
How I Interviewed The Outcasts And Survived



The Outcasts (from left): Marty Cowan, Greg Cowan, Colin Cowan, Getty. Pic: Kathleen McDowell.

Belfast's OUTCASTS, it seems, are not fellows who take criticism lightly. And you get a nasty feeling they might prefer direct action to writing a letter of complaint to their MP. GAVIN MARTIN was worried.

PRIOR TO this interview it had always been in my best interests to stay well clear of that strange breed of Belfast rockstar by name of The Outcasts.

After writing about the group when they played support to The Clash — a short, bitter two-line dismissal written, as the group will later point out, without any idea of the dirty moves played on them by the self-styled Working Class Heroes — I was plagued and threatened with a number of attacks whenever I had the misfortune to encounter Greg and his crew.

Never anything too serious — a push here, a boot there and the old beer can — but it always left the suggestion that next time a true kicking was on the cards.

An interview seemed the best way to clear the air. The group would have a chance to generally let off steam instead of resorting to violence. And I would perhaps be able to understand more clearly just what The Outcasts were all about.

During the interview (at Good Vibrations Records) it will be claimed that my previous criticism was the result of bias or pedancy. Personally I feel neither factor played a part in my dislike of the band, which actually stemmed from their preoccupation with tough poses and the unhealthy side of humanity — especially annoying since the odd number is structured so that, were the lyrics less irksome, it would be quite enjoyable.

But that's the exception rather than the rule — mostly I just find The Outcasts deliver what is available from groups all over the country in an uninspiring abundance.

However, their debut LP shows a definite change in style from previous recordings, underlining that The Outcasts in the studio are a different proposition from The Outcasts onstage.

They've taken much more care than on any of their previous singles. They've considered different ways of handling songs — the arrangements spiced by the augmention of saxophone, and keyboards giving increased depth.

Numbers on the album range from straight pop, the basic punk which is their stock-in-trade and also a tendency towards what I can only inexpertly label as a Banshee-type noise.

The band's versatility will surprise a lot of people already familiar with them.

For me the nicest surprise is the title track. Called 'Self Conscious Over You', it's easily the best thing they have ever recorded — the touchingly remembered story of a childhood crush, not handled ham fistedly — but with genuine affection.

The roughshod guitars sound almost graceful (but edgy) as they blend effortlessly into the song's tender flow.

Hell, *this* is marvellous — if The Outcasts could write songs like 'Self Conscious Over You' all the time I can't see why everybody wouldn't love them.

However from what I've heard the song appears to have been a one-off and elsewhere I found little to sustain my interest, although The Outcasts will undoubtedly find a large enough audience to applaud the album. Y'see, they sail past the post quite some distance ahead of all-comers to establish themselves as THE MOST POPULAR BAND IN BELFAST.

Their single 'Love Is For Sops' is Good Vibrations' second biggest seller (just behind The Undertones' 'Teenage Kicks' EP). They play regularly to packed houses. And on the evening before the interview they played to the largest audience ever at Belfast's Harp Bar.

Certainly with the hard core of Belfast's punk cognoscenti they are the most lauded of all the Irish groups.

FORMED IN June 1977, having hung about with the first coterie of fashion conscious new wave followers in Ulster for some time previous, The Outcasts played their first gig in August and received a one-off record contract with Portadown-based It records that autumn.

'You're A Disease' was the group's first and last release on It Records. The band — guitarist Getty and the three Cowan brothers Marty (guitar), Greg (bass, vocals), and Colin (drums), now talk bitterly about their association with the company.

Claims Colin: "We tried to sue them recently. They've only given us £70 for the single and Terri (Hooley) reckons it's sold 5000."

After the single The Outcasts continued gigging, trundling out a raw, gutsy, barely proficient noise wherever they went.

They had the odd gig closed down by the police or army.

In early 1978 they latched on to Good Vibrations Records, cutting the label's third single, 'Love Is For Sops' c/w 'Just Another Teenage Rebel', released in late summer '78.

They became the major band on Good Vibes, and are now unofficially managed by label owner Terri Hooley — to whom there is a deep sense of loyalty in the camp. Even Marty, who admires Malcolm McLaren and sees making money as the most important thing in life, is as adamant as the rest of the group that they'll never leave the label for a major company.

Greg: "We'll stick by Terri because he's stuck by us. There's no way we'll ever leave Belfast."

The Outcasts attribute their popularity to constant gigging even in places where few other groups have bothered to play. But do they think music has any part to play in combatting sectarianism?

Getty: "Not if you make a point of saying it's anti-sectarian.

"The thing is no-one comes to the Harp saying 'Right, we're going to be anti-sectarian.' Nobody even thinks about it. It just happens naturally through the music without anyone having to make a big point of it," elucidates Greg.

INEVITABLY we get around to talking about the band's songs and my own past criticism. And I begin to feel distinctly uneasy. The group's sole songwriter is eldest brother Marty who, just prior to the interview, had fired a few choice expressions in my direction and struck me as being a character who might answer a verbal taunt by placing a DM in the middle of the unfortunate person's mush.

Thankfully by this time Marty has cooled off and talk about his compositions develops quite free and easy; I can even lay one or two of my criticisms on him face to face without suffering any consequences.

I pick a specific song to start with — namely 'Cops Are Coming', the group's contribution to G.V.'s 'Battle Of The Bands' EP. It's the gory tale of a love affair ending in murder and final consumation comes through necrophilia. I mean how can you sing about wanting to make love to a corpse, Greg (the group's vocalist)?

"Ah, that's a joke. Playing live very little of the lyrics come across. You've got to keep them as simple and basic as possible. Who actually listens to the lyrics anyway?"

Aren't they ever worried about being offensive?

Greg and Marty look aghast, while Getty answers drily: "It doesn't matter what you sing about it'll always offend somebody."

I could take it as a joke (in bad taste) but the way the group present the song and the way the audience reacts suggests anything but humour. 'Sickeningly gleeful' strikes me as more apt.

It's a pity because it points your head in the wrong direction. 'Love Is For Sops' — actually an attack on media images of love — could be taken as little more than a puerile diatribe scorning something deep and meaningful, and 'You're A Disease', which I took to be about VD, is a song scorning religion, surely *the* most lethal disease in Ulster.

But all these quibbles are washed away when considered in the context of the image that comes across to me from their performance. On one hand they appear as laughably misguided punky macho-men, and on the other as exponents of contemptible gutter punk.

This may be due to lack of perception on my part, but it's how I see them.

The songs are not as banal as it would first appear, however, and compositional scope has also widened on the LP. There's 'Cyborg', a futuristic tale of a super human generation, 'Clinical Love', again Sci Fi in conception, about a time when orthodox modes of sexual relationships are replaced by something more impersonal.

Marty: 'People see us in The Harp and think that's what The Outcasts are, but there's another side to us. There's songs we couldn't play live because the audience wouldn't want to hear them."

They freely admit that they'll only play their fast "dance" songs live, exploring other avenues in the studio.

While Marty says most of his songs are personal experiences and have relevance to him, Greg hints that their stage act is not to be taken too seriously:

"We believe in entertainment, and we've invested a lot in visuals. It's cheap and tacky but we want to give people value for their money."

The thing I regret most about The Outcasts is that original slating in the Clash review; not that my opinion on the group has changed all that much but because my criticism was juxtaposed with a salivating review of a group I now wouldn't cross the road to see.

The Outcasts were paid £10 for supporting a group who it cost £2.50 to see and they even had to go home to get their gear.

Greg: "We were so naive and actually believed all those things people like you write about them. Y'know we thought great — 'men of The People' — these boys are all right, they'll lend us their gear. But it turns out they're just the same as all the rest, everything we're meant to be against."

So . . . there you have The Outcasts: four more bawdy rockers from Belfast, in with as much chance of "fame" as anyone else from this auspicious isle.

Although they're adamant that they'll never set up shop in London they envisage playing some dates on the mainland whenever their finances permit.

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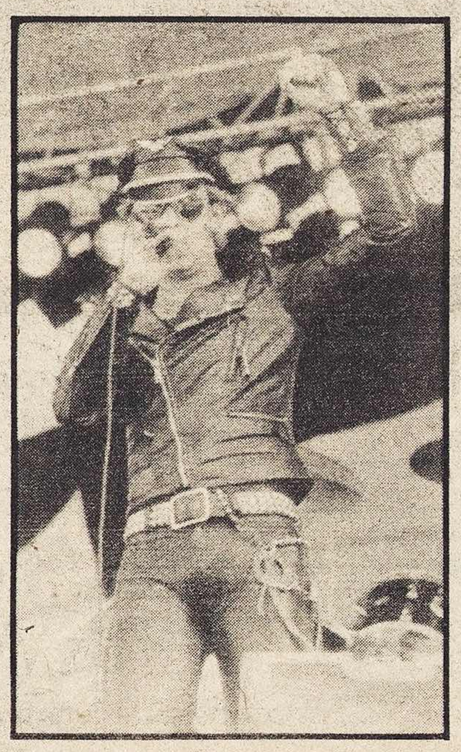


Words PAUL DU NOYER

Pictures CHRIS HORLER

"JUST BECAUSE I went out there with a whip, I got all these things about 'sadism' and 'what's all this about whipping the audience?'

"I didn't think so many people could be so narrow-minded. I mean, God, Dave Dee was using a whip in 'The Legend Of Xanadu'. I just don't understand it . . ."

However you feel about Judas Priest's singer — as Sid Snot or Gunga Din, as heavy metal hero or a twerp in a silly costume — the chances are you feel it strongly.

For as the HM controversy rages unabated, Priest are a band, above all others, to separate the headbanging faithful from the contemptuous observers, to divide the devoted from the revolted.

Whether it be the bad-ass biker apparel, the cranium-curdling onslaught of the music, or else all that Walsall Uber Alles demagoguery, something about the group is exciting youths in prodigious quantities (and increasingly so) and all blissfully irrespective of critical stick or of zero fashion quotient.

Nor are they unique in this: no charge of stagnation, of redundancy or conceptual naffness has ever so much as grazed the heavy metal juggernaut — the monstrous thing remorselessly lurches on across the landscape, crushing so many a pundit's picnic cruelly under-track.

The *genre* as a whole is inescapably alive and well and probably living in your town whether you want it there or not. Ignore it and it won't go away. Heavy metal invites derision; it also merits attention. I spoke at length with JP frontman Rob Halford. Even theatrical S/M fetishists are entitled to a fair crack of the whip.

"AS FAR as I'm concerned it's always been a popular form of music. It's an essential form of music — I'm going to go deep here — in its social content, in the overall expressionism of the thing."

Handcuffs packed away, back in his black leather civvies, Halford's a thoughtful and subdued character, an earnest apologist for the HM category he evidently feels so comfortable within. In search of the enlightenment which has eluded me thus far, I ask him what he supposes the kids, the much-maligned dandruffed denim hordes, draw out of it all.

"I think it's an identity with the music more than anything else. I can't speak for them all, but I feel sure that it's a type of music that's an essential part of a lot of people's lives."

And yet it's not hard to be disturbed by all the bully-boy fantasy-peddling, Priest's apparent celebration of a glamourised, abstracted ideal of physical force. But Halford (who, interestingly, originally envisaged his career as an actor, only forsaking a stage-hand job when he perceived rock'n'roll as a surer, smoother route to the spotlight in the centre) claims his role as the containment of violence instead of its promotion.

"Well, in terms of its almost therapeutic qualities . . . we, I think act as a release for the audience, for the kids, who've obviously got problems in one form or another — Christ, we've all got problems, right? We all release it in certain ways — we might go to a football match, scream at each other's teams and everything. The same goes for a heavy metal concert. The kids go there; they've probably got what they consider as mundane nine to five jobs, five days a week, and their release is to go to a concert and experience all the volume.

"So they come out feeling sated. It's a combined release because, when we go off stage, we feel the same way. A lot of reviewers and critics miss that point, I think, with heavy metal bands. They seem to forget that we, as performers, need to get something out of it ourselves in terms of self-fulfillment. It means as much to us, as a safety-valve, as it does to the kids in the audience.

"It isn't as though we've suddenly leapt to stardom. We've done the whole trip, played in pubs to about five people. One of the tremendous things about this kind of music, for an artist, is the scope you get to project at a lot more people. We can go on stage, in America, in front of perhaps sixty thousand people." A contrast, he comments, with the average new wave gig that, typically, depends on intimacy for its impact.

I wondered if Judas Priest had viewed the punk upsurge with any of the apprehension felt by some of their peers.

"No, because at that point we'd already established ourselves to a certain extent. I think, if we're to be honest, we were concerned that perhaps some of the kids weren't going to turn to heavy metal — but that's been disproved. Heavy metal's going to be permanently around. It's not a fashionable thing, an in-vouge thing that maybe sticks around for a few years and disappears altogether."

It's interesting that a recent *NME* article on Rock Against Racism should have featured the name of Judas Priest so frequently. It's a pity, suggested CSM and Angus McKinnon, that RAR has never utilised the services of Priest et al as a means of extending its message across to HM's youthful and burgeoning following.

To which the pithy response was: "There's no point us putting on Judas Priest when they strut around with their bollocks hanging out". You don't, in other words, oppose one form of oppression by employing another — a reference to the band's blatant, if porno-comic, exploitation of sexist imagery.

"I really don't see that connection," remarks a plainly put-out Rob Halford. "There's probably as much sexism involved in a Blondie concert. Using us as an example, for the leather and the studs or whatever — which people like Generation X wear — it's hypocritical.

"For my personal view, I'd be tremendously enthused if we could get involved in something like that. I for one am totally against the National Front, totally against fascism in any form or means whatsoever, totally against Communism, totally against racism.

"I wear what I wear because I enjoy wearing it. But unfortunately that aspect of the way I project myself personally on stage is so instantly related to Nazi-ism. The fact that we go out like we do doesn't mean we're going out with a political format."

All the same, that element of communal machismo remains inescapable. For some of us the HM event is disfigured with implications of its pandering to an insecure gang of leering, pimpled misogynists. It seems certain, at least, that a band like Priest cater for a predominantly male following.

"Yeah, but the same goes for practically any form of music. I mean, I'm sorry to keep using Blondie as an example, but there's Debbie, looking the way she does — and all the guys are going crazy for her. There's sexism in its purest format. The argument can be directed to both sides.

"In fact I don't think it is a male-minated situation. I think it's just because all the guys happen to force their way down to the front — 'cos it's not a very feminie place to be, with all that lot sweating all over you, having a great time throwing their bodies about — the girls are probably at the back or in the balcony somewhere, having just as much of a good time.

THE OCCASION of our converstation was the first JP assault upon the collective ear of Ireland, the day of their Dublin debut in the Dalymount Festival as support to Status Quo. So later that afternoon we repaired to Dalymount Park, stadium home of the Bohemians Football Club and policed for the day by contingents of round Irish coppers, puffing contentedly at briar pipes like the characters of a Flann O'Brien fantasy.

Slumped stage-front, fortified with supplies of Celtic sunshine and the photographer's beer ("best I take that, old man, you'll need to keep a clear focus") it was admittedly difficult to discern much that was sinister in the proceedings as the band went through their paces. As an act it might be short on imagination, but the authenticity of their enthusiasm was unmistakable.

At either side of Halford, axemen KK Downing (long yellow hair and long black boots, V-guitar in between) and Glenn Tipton (grimaces and tight red trousers) rush about in a haphazard choreography, full of good-humoured flash to their frontman's clenched-fist vengeance-is-mine rigmarole.

To the right, Ian Hill on bass and, further back, the drummer Les Binks; bearded and unassuming, they pour out the thick cement foundations. Judas Priest are 'Delivering The Goods'; they're a 'Killing Machine' and 'Running Wild', 'Hell Bent For Leather'. Together, they'll 'Take On The World' . . .

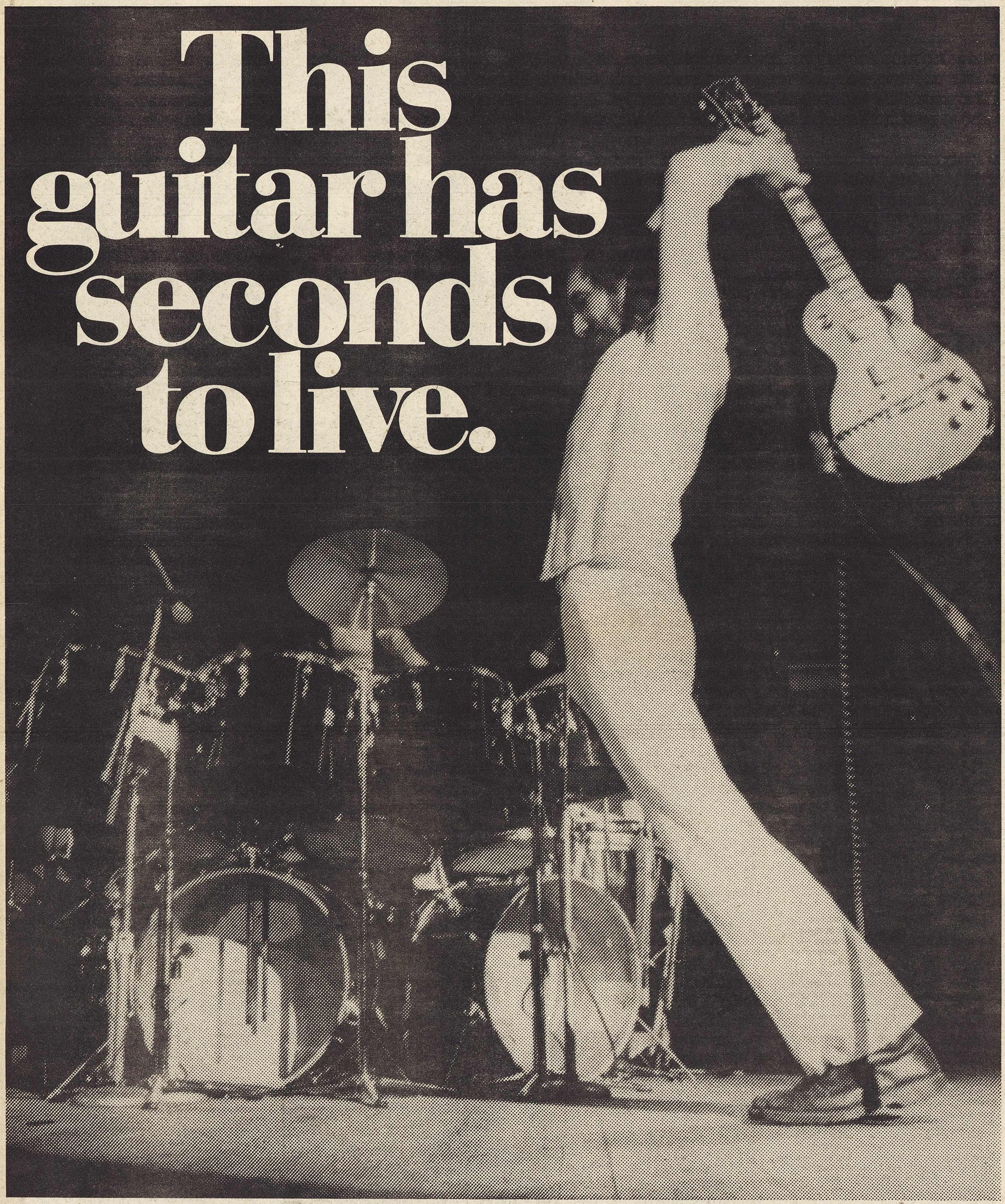
Stirring stuff, all packaged and presented with the professionalism of five years' solid grafting. Power chords crunch and crash in cacophonous ferocity, shattered by squealing guitar breaks and underpinned with sleepless drums and relentless pumping bass. The vocals scream. And Dalymount roars surrender — successfully annexed, another conquest, another colony.

Cranked-up pantomime? Harmless escapism? Amidst the bland assurances, the plausible talk of safety valves and "don't analyse — enjoy", nagging doubts persist.

The essence of HM's appeal, I'd venture, clinched in its unsurpassable match of musical form with lyrical content, lies in a selection of unconscious confusions — of noise with rape, of speed with freedom, of selfish oblivion with individuality.

What's more, you can bang your head to it. Just what the doctor ordered. God help us one and all.

This guitar has seconds to live.



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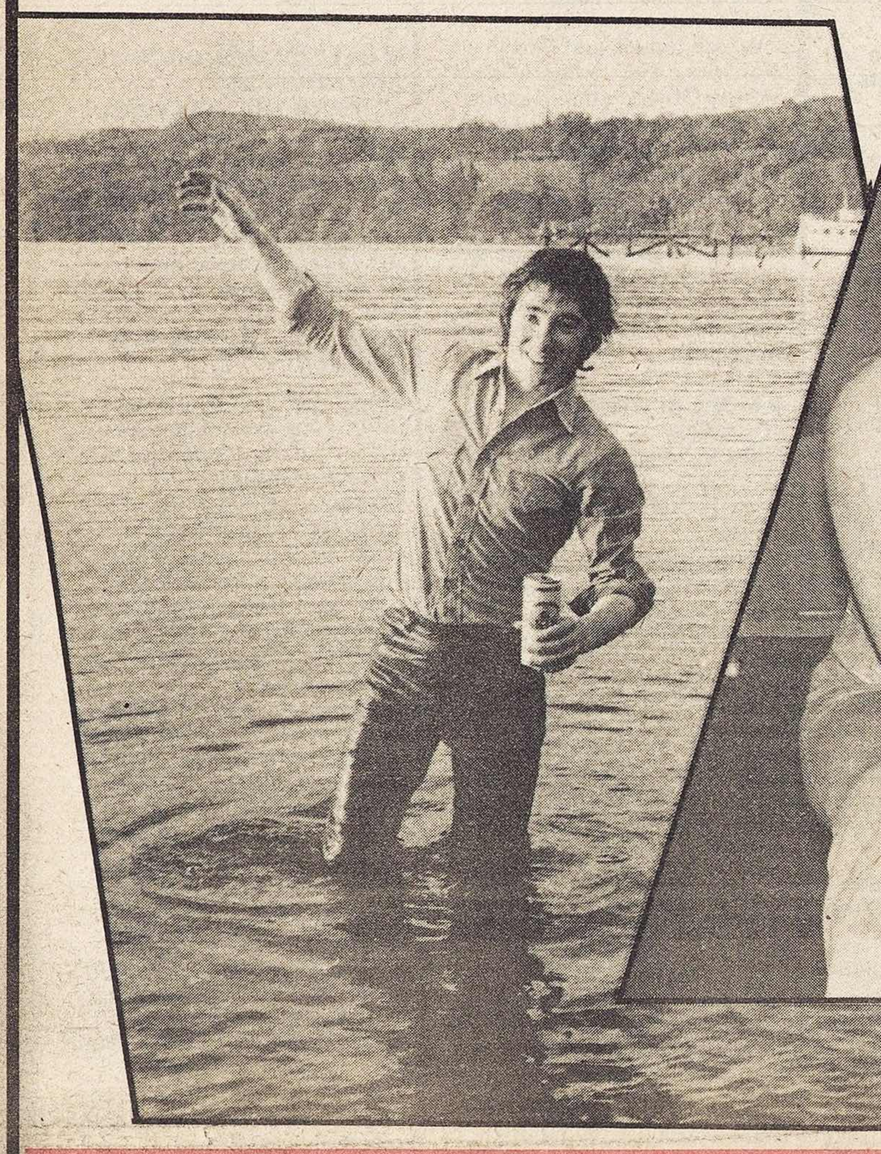
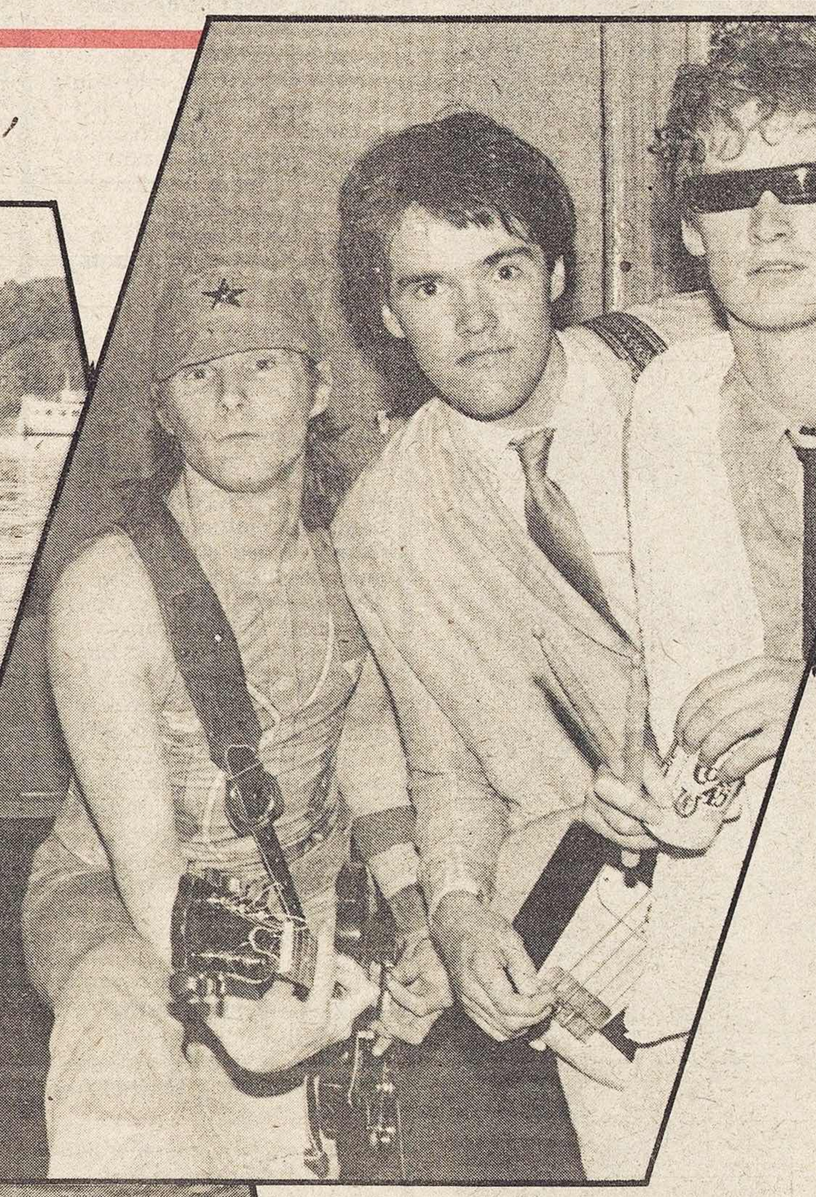




From left: Steve Diggle, John Callis, Simon Templar, Angel Patterson, James Brown.

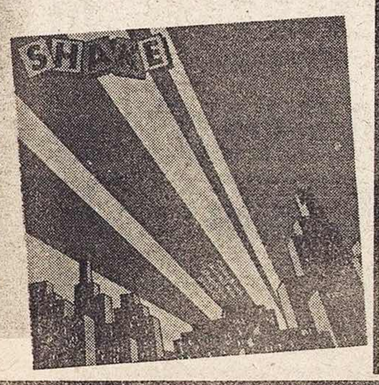
And Fingerpop!

● THIS WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT SIX! . . .
1) SHAKE: Culture Shock EP (Sire). And the beat goes on! Shake are the band put together by three ex-Rezillos — guitarist John Callis, bassist Simon Templar and drummer Angel Patterson — and this is their first single, four slices of juicy, noisy pop on a ten-inch EP.

They lift off from the point where The Rezillos left us. Indeed, 'Culture Shock', the best track here, did appear in slightly less polished form on the lusty Hibernians' live farewell album a couple of months back. And it's not the only song on the EP that embraces that familiar cut and thrust fury. But compared to The Rezillos (and inevitably they will be), Shake are a more refined animal. They're no less restrained, just a bit smarter musically. Even when Faye and Eugene were the ever-dynamic strike force, John Callis, the brains behind this new group, was the scrawny, scheming midfield ball player controlling the pace of the game.

And it was Callis, after all, who wrote most of The Rezillos' material. As a guitarist, he is the master of a variety of strange, screeching styles. As a songwriter, he is again a clever — but not too clever — customer. Take 'Culture Shock', a song about of all things, the befuddling language gap facing a Brit abroad:

"The food is funny and the weather is strange / I'm losing all my money on the rate of exchange / I say, excuse me please mister how much is this / Very sorry sir, no speak Engleesh!"



Shake, incidentally, are being managed by Bob Last. So in spirit the record is a Fast Product release. I mean, there's even a free comic with every copy . . .

2) THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: Bouncing Babies (Zoo). More Mersey madness. First, Orchestral Manoeuvres, then Echo And The Bunnymen, and now a new Teardrop Explodes single . . . and all in the space of a month! Don't be too put off by all these long names because summat is definitely happening in Liverpool. And about time too.

Teardrop Explodes are slightly Talking Heads in feel with a dash of evil added to their sinister little song by an eerie, haunting Farfisa organ motif and dollops of '60s echo on the vocals.

3) BLACK SLATE: Mind Your Motion (TCD 12"). The Sticksmen return with a sparkling, self-produced discomix on a new black independent. I'd say it was just about their best offering to date.

Although some of their contemporaries have occasionally shown a surer, more commercial touch, the Slate have always been one of my favourite reggae bands, if only for the sense of unbridled enthusiasm which runs through their live sets. 'Mind Your Motion', a warning of the impending destruction on the horizon if we don't all watch our step, is well worthy of your attention. Love the subtle muted horns and sax. On the flip is the stage fave 'They Can't Make Us', allegedly a broadside at the band's numerous critics.

4) BUZZCOCKS: Harmony In My Head (United Artists). Single number nine from the Buzzsawcocks and that inimitable, pristine pop sensibility is beginning to wane, albeit ever so slightly. Shelley steps down for once to give Steve Diggle his first shot at penning and singing an A-side, but the end result is still unmistakably Buzzsawcocks — barely decipherable lyrics and messy guitars held together and eventually salvaged by brilliant hooks. And after eight singles and two albums with Martin Rushent at the controls, a change of producer could well be in order.

Though I'd rate Shelley's winsome whine above Diggle's gruff growling anyday, it's still one of the best singles released this week. A hit, of course.

5) JUNIOR DELGADO: Love Tickles Like Magic (Greensleeves 12"). The sort of ethnic reggae that, given just a few of the right breaks, could so easily crossover into the national chart. The sort of reggae that deserves to. Not lovers' rock, but a horny ballad worthy of Gregory Isaacs, written and beautifully sung by the up-and-coming Delgado. Produced by Prince Jammy, who crops up again later. Simple and seductive. The dub ain't bad either.

6) JAMES BROWN: It's Too Funky In Here (Steppin' Out). James Brown is still the dirtiest, rootsiest, funkiest, superbaadest male soul singer on this here planet. And, given the type of delivery only the ageing Minister Of Funk can muster, even the dullest, most inconsequential disco rhythm imaginable seems utterly dynamite. Well, that's the case here anyway. Papa's got the same old bag, but the heat ain't getting any cooler in here. Phew!

● MORE NEW POP? . . .
THE RADIATORS: Let's Talk About The Weather (Chiswick).
THE DONKEYS: What I Want (Rhesus).
THE MONITORS: Telegram (RSO).
THE TREND: Teenage Crush (Trendy).

It seems hard to believe from their new single that these Radiators are the selfsame band who cut the classic 'Enemies' single for Chiswick barely two years ago. Not only is any hint of their former reflective pop brilliance swamped here by Tony Visconti's lush, unsympathetic production but the song itself is blander than a Dollar single. They would have done better to promote their version of the archaic Irish showband stomper 'Huckle Buck' from the flip to the topside, or, better still, start re-releasing 'Enemies' until people sit up and take notice.

Wakefield's Donkeys are exuberant enough but the messy mix hides any semblance of a tune.

The Monitors — whom Peel's been plugging like crazy — have the opposite problem; the sound is crisp, the song neatly constructed around a jangly two-note guitar riff, but the performance is too tame by half. Not without its charm though. Maybe they should merge with The Donkeys and form the Mon-keys. Now there was a pop group.

The Trend's home-produced effort is appealing enough. Catchy and infectious. The singer's melodramatic intonations remind me for some reason of a young Gene Pitney. Is that a compliment? I think so.

● THE LOVERS' ROCK BOOM PART 138 . . .
ME AND YOU: You Never Know What You Got (Lazer).
15-16-17: I'm Hurt (DEB).
COOL NOTES: My Tune (Scope).
COOL NOTES: Like A Fool (Voyage International).

Apres Janet Kay, le deluge? Even with the patronage of Babylon's playlist and the licensed label deals that a few of the small backroom black British labels are going for with the big distributors, I can't see Lovers' Rock dominating the national chart for a while yet. It's on the cards, though, that an increasing number of these soft-centred slinky reggae records are going to at least dent the dirty thirty in the coming months.

The first of them should be the Dennis Brown-produced Me And You tune — already rising on the Capital Radio phone-in top ten in London — which is more of an unholy alliance of reggae and smooth, syndrum-soaked, sophisticated American drisco than the genuine article.

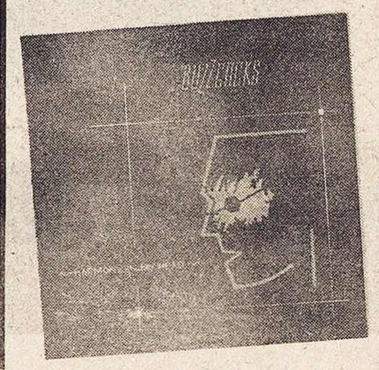
The 15-16-17 12-inch is more appealing. The three-part female harmony vocals are a lot stronger, as is the melody.

Of the two Cool Notes singles, 'My Tune' was a big reggae hit on the Jama label last year, while 'Like A Fool' is a more recent recording. Both are pretty unspectacular offerings from the south London group, the former slightly redeemed by the fact that the two girl singers get the chance to wrap their tonsils around a halfway decent melody. It was re-released after recently being made Tony Blackburn's record of the week. Need I say more?

● HEY–HEY–HEY I'M SENDING OUT AN S.O.S. . . .
SMOKEY ROBINSON: Get Ready (Motown).
BONNIE POINTER: Heaven Must Have Sent You (Motown). Alternately, How The Mighty Motown Label Has Fallen! Smokey Robinson was still making decent records up to a couple of years ago ('Just My Soul Responding' f'rinstance) but has since been waylaid by the omnipresent spears of disco. Some of these old timers of soul can make that transition with enough grace for it to actually come off. Take Gene Chandler. Sadly, Smokey is not one of them. For the real contemporary re-make of the old Temps' classic check Gregory Isaacs or catch the version currently being touted around the pubs and clubs of the capital by Secret Affair.

Bonnie Pointer recorded a soulful version of the old

■ *Continued over*



Reviewed by ADRIAN THRILLS

WRECKLESS ERIC
S12BUY 49
B · SIDE
WRECKLESS ERIC
1. LET'S GO TO THE PICTURES
I NEED A SITUATION
(ERIC GOULDEN) (BOTH TITLES)
PRODUCED BY SHANE O'FANCY AND MIXED BY NICK GARVEY (BOTH TITLES)
RECORDED AT LANSDOWNE STUDIOS (BOTH TITLES)
MIXED AT THE ROUNDHOUSE STUDIOS
PUBLISHED BY STREET MUSIC LTD (BOTH TITLES)
1. P & C 1978 STIFF RECORDS
2. P & C 1979 STIFF RECORDS
MADE IN ENGLAND
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6 INCH PICTURE LABEL IN SPECIAL SLEEVE
OUT NOW ON STIFF RECORDS · S12 BUY49
A · SIDE S12BUY 49
WRECKLESS ERIC
HIT AND MISS JUDY
PRODUCED BY NICK GARVEY
RECORDED AT PHONOGRAM STUDIOS
FURTHER RECORDED AND MIXED AT THE ROUNDHOUSE STUDIOS
PUBLISHED BY STREET MUSIC LTD
1979 STIFF RECORDS
ENGLAND
HIT AND MISS JUDY

■ *From previous page*

Elgins classic 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' only a couple of months ago with little success. Now this discofied re-cut of the same song has suddenly appeared. The motto seems to be, If In Doubt Give It That Disco Clout! It's alright, but not a patch on The Elgins' original or, for that matter, the other Pointers' recent interpretation of Springsteen's superb 'Fire'. At least some have their souls in the right places.

● POMPEYAN SELF-SUFFICIENCY . . .
ATTIC: Yes I Want To (Brain Booster).
THE FRAMES: False Accusations (Brain Booster).

Two five-piece Portsmouth bands who joined forces to form a record label and promote themselves. The Attic's sardonic, quirky pop is dominated by electronic keyboards. Well played but disposable. The Frames have their guitars well to the fore and possess a bit more drive and urgency but are still a bit too polite with it. The solos are also a bit on the long side, but the promise is there.

● ODDS, MODS, SODS AND PSEUDS . . .
ADAM AND THE ANTS: Zerox (Do It).
THE KILLERMETERS: Why Should It Happen To Me (Psycho).
THE PLANETS: Lines (Rialto).
THE WARRIORS: Martial Time (Object Music).

For a band who pay so much care and attention to their public image, the Ants make incredibly dull and anonymous records. 'Zerox' is the third of them. Very mainstream.

The Killermeters from Huddersfield claim to be the north's leading Mod band and since they also complain that the London based music papers have ignored the longstanding northern Mod scene at the expense of its more junior southern counterpart, I'm not about to argue. But I hope I'm not just being patriotic in saying that their tight, cute pop lacks the killer punch of the best London bands.

The Planets, alas, are not the legendary band of the same name who used to support The Members in their club days and nearly put out a 'Chelsea Aggro' single under the name of Shed Zeppelin. Their smug sub-reggae is eminently forgettable.

Which leaves just The Warriors on Manchester's worthy Object label. Despite the militancy suggested by the Clash-style sleeve, their reggae instrumental — produced by some dude called the Mighty Sol Fish — is strictly ultrapleasant. One side features harmonica, the other a passable Augustus Pablo melodica imitation. Is that you Jon King?

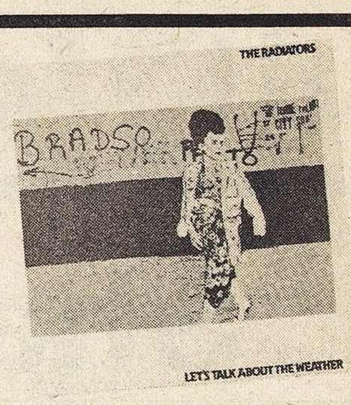
● MORE BRITISH ROCKERS . . .
TRIBESMAN: Finsbury Park (BOA 12").
REGULARS: Fools Game (CBS).
XAVIER: Standing My Ground (Karnak 12").

Tribesman's link-up with former Sex Pistols producer and live sound engineer Dave Goodman is an unlikely one, but it has produced what is far and away the best record of this bunch of UK Rockers. The tune is a memorable one, the production just right and the brasswork of guests Rico and Dick Cuthall regal. Maybe even a crossover hit, or am I just being over-optimistic?

The Regulars, who produced a couple of great singles for Greensleeves, show the sortcomings, as did Matumbi last year, of signing with an unsympathetic major label, while Xavier's heartfelt militant lyric suffers from the plain soppy production.

● TOUGHER THAN TOUGH . . .
THE MORWELLS: Kingston Twelve Tribe (Attack 12").

A true gem and no bluff. Prince Jammy makes his second intrustion into this week's singles column with this Morwells 12-incher, one of the *hardest* dance floor singles of the week. Sweeping, weeping guitars, teasing drum and bass interplay, a moving lyric and a great gut-wrenching vocal performance. Dance music, youth music, rebel music! Make that bit at the top 'This Week's Magnificent *Seven!*'



● SILLY GAMES, GIMMICKS AND NOVELTIES . . .
LOU AND THE HOLLYWOOD BANANAS: Kingston Kingston (Pinnacle).
P.T. AND THE PLIMSOLES: Game, Set And Match (Warner Bros).
AD 1984: The Russians Are Coming (Voyage International).
MAINLAND: By Your Side (Christy).

Seasoned Fleet Street hacks refer to the period between the end of June and the start of September as the "silly season" — there's not much around for them to shout about so they have to make do and mend for a couple of months. Things are much the same in the music biz, only they have to compensate for the drop in interest by releasing the sort of 'summer' dross that'll make you wince in resigned irritation. It's the same year after year. Remember Typically Tropical's 'Barbados'? Well, 'Kingston Kingston' is even worse — a trio of wacky Belgians extolling the virtues of the Jamaican capital they've probably never been to, against the backing of a tinpot calypso. 'Game, Set And Match' is too late to cash in on Wimbledon and, hopefully, should disappear without trace while 1984's jolly little warning of impending worldwide apocalypse failed to have me begging repentance.

The worst gimmick of the week, though, belongs to Mainland. Christy Records soil the image of the small labels by boasting in the blurb of "a first for the British record industry — the first 7" picture disc to be released by an independent."

With indies like that, who needs majors?

Still, I console myself with the reassuring fact that the next fortnight sees the release of the year's first *real* summer singles — The Undertones' 'Here Comes The Summer' and the latest Members gem 'End Of Term'. Don't miss 'em.

The American Perspective

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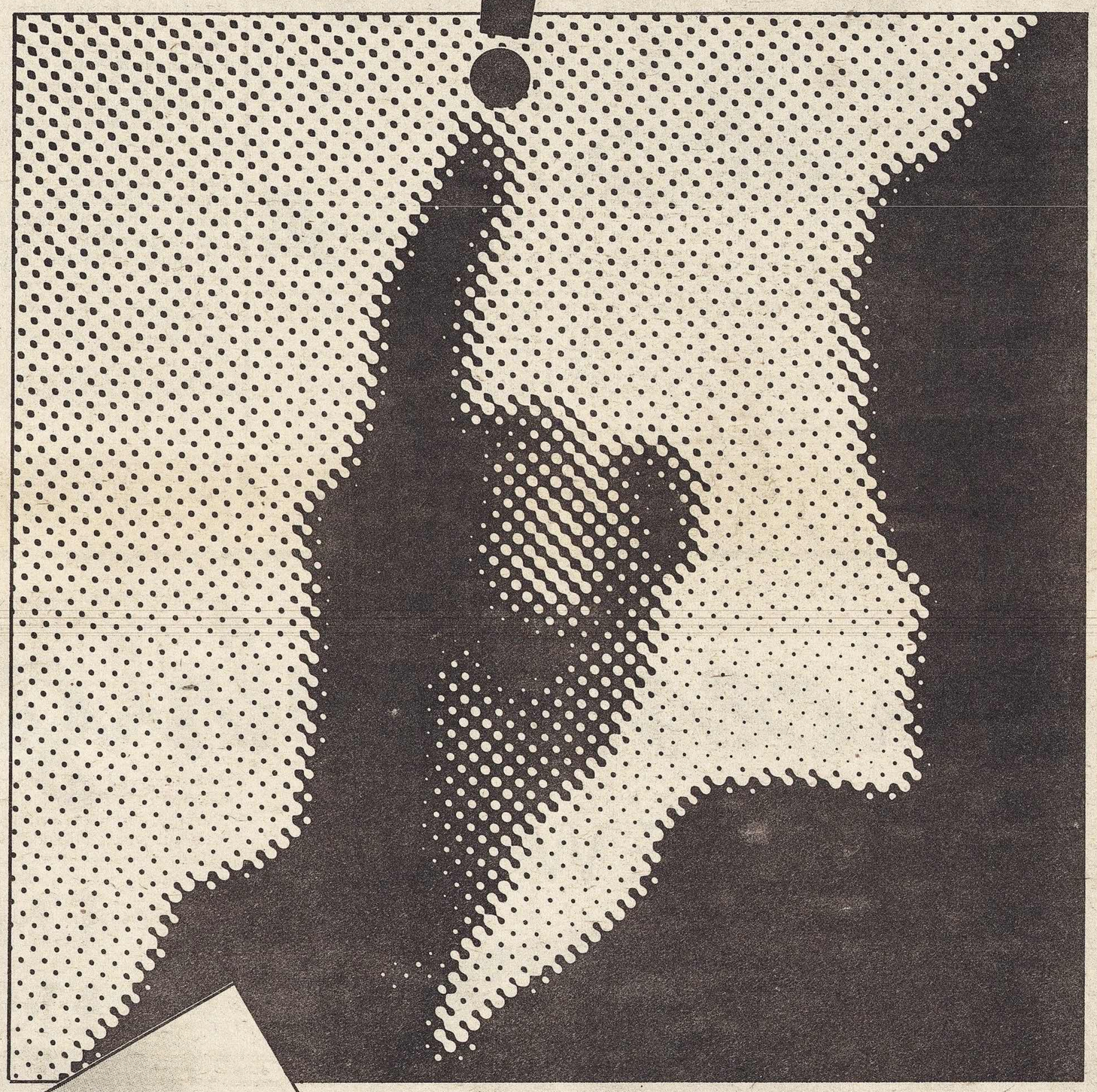

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The pleasant, philanthropic Gollum — 'im with the pointed muffs — ministers unto the comatose Sam: one of many touching scenes from the movie . . .

The Lord Of The Rings

Directed by Ralph Bakshi
(United Artists)

Somewhere along the line, Ralph Bakshi's film of J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings* has been snookered. What was conceived in sincerity, launched with high hopes and well begun, comes rapidly to grief in a welter of haste, budget considerations and loss of faith and principle.

When applying detailed criticism to a film of this type — where enormous problems of technique, scripting and public expectation confronted the makers — it is vital to bear in mind precisely what Bakshi (and producer Saul Zaentz) had taken on in the first place.

Leave for a moment the obvious difficulties of scale, running time and so forth, and consider the unique position which the Tolkien Canon (Part One) already occupies in the popular imagination. Whatever you may think of the story — and a very great number of people think an awful lot of it — its impact has been peculiarly personal. So each of the Good Professor's readers has his or her own idea of the appearance of the various characters and species-types, of the sound of their voices, of the pronunciation of their names.

Two years ago, Bakshi told me of his thinking in this respect. Recognising the abovementioned danger, he chose what I thought was an ideal course. He intended, he said, to go back to those who had been Tolkien's *own* visual conditioners — the illustrators who decorated the pages of Edwardian fairy-tale books of his childhood, people like Arthur Rackham, Kay Nielsen, *et al* — and thereby recreate the visual sources of Tolkien's life work and vision. As it happened, the work of these artists lent itself to the newly-evolved technique of "moving-painting" — itself a refinement of the rotoscope technique of much earlier vintage — which Bakshi himself had been experimenting on for some time.

He also recognised the very English nature of Tolkien's vision, and in token of this intended to employ a multitude of English (as well as American) designers and artists as well as English actors for the voices. So far so good.

Stuck Inside Of Mordor With The Tolkien Blues Again

What has emerged is a sad, if at first gradual, withdrawal of ambition from this admirable portfolio of good intentions.

The first thing you ought to know is that only the first half of the story is here presented. For the cognoscenti, this is the moment when the armies of the evil wizard Saruman have been "rebuffed" at Helm's Deep, while a few hundred miles away Gollum is guiding Frodo and Sam towards the confines of Mordor — more or less the end of *The Two Towers* (volume two of the written epic). This in itself would be more surprising were it not for the fact that, for the second half of the film as it stands, accelerating pace and deteriorating standards had not already hinted at worse to come. Quite simply and quite obviously, money begins to run out at the point when the Fellowship of the Ring actually set out from Rivendell. By the time they reach Moria the pacing is already in bad trouble, and immediately after the episode with the Balrog UA are on the phone demanding a curtailment of the project. Or so one *has* to deduce.

One feels sorry for Bakshi,

These prices are alright too.

THE WHO.

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for scriptman Peter Beagle and for everyone involved. Because it must be stated some earlier sections of the movie are quite excellent, with moments of staggering power (notably the Flight to the Ford sequence where time is taken to create the necessary dramatic as well as visual effects). The combination of neo-rotoscope and straightforward Hanna Barbera animation is effective and fascinating to watch, giving real depth to the picture and consequent scale to the whole production.

Putting aside the thorny question of whether Bakshi's artists' interpretations agree with this writer's interpretations (the rock on which this ship appears to have foundered with most critics), good approximations *have* been achieved, by and large. There are of course exceptions. The problem of Elves — what do they look like, and how do you draw them without making them look androgynous? — has been shamefully ducked. The one major Elven character — Legolas — looks permanently surprised. Treebeard the Ent is fatuous. The Orcs remind one of Chicago policemen wearing cloaks; Boromir — who should closely resemble Aragorn as a civilised and clean-shaven nobleman who happens to be a warrior — comes over, visually, like Sweyn Forkbeard of Norway, a contemporary of Canute, all horned helmet and bristling beard.

But for all this, sincere attempts have been made to find acceptable approximations, and for the first half of *Lord of the Rings* at least, this and the well-paced (if necessarily edited) script combine with occasionally great effectiveness. But as the plot increases in scale — with the cast going up by leaps and bounds — economies begin to creep in. Less chances are taken with the visual depictions, the spark becomes formularised, the formula itself begins to break down under pressure from outside chivvying, and eventually ultimate disaster ensures.

The thing just simply peters out — no, damn it, is chopped off — with indecent haste.

"The forces of Saruman were driven from Middle Earth", gabbles the voiceover. "And here ends the first tale of the Lord of the Rings" — ominous words, delivered with crass DJ speed, leaving no prospect whatever of a conclusion. And that's it.

Will you enjoy it? No. Aficionados, of course, will feel compelled to see it — and here lies the base for the film's box-office claims. Anybody who has enjoyed Tolkien will want to see this film, which means entering cinemas in order to do so. Box-office returns, however, do not record — and deduct from the total — the numbers of people who walk out.

Nonetheless *The Lord of the Rings* is by no means a disgraceful effort. Indeed, when one considers the truly monumental problems (not for nothing has this project been the football of Hollywood for the last ten years), Bakshi has done remarkably well, patchiness and occasional tack or no.

What a pity he and Zaen and UA so badly underestimated the task. Four times as much time, five times as much money, and a constant drive towards improving as well as maintaining standards already set — plus somebody around to warn them of aural and visual howlers — and a great film might well have emerged, doing justice to a great story.

Tony Tyler.

That Summer

Directed by Harley Cokliss
Starring Ray Winstone, Tony Lumden, Emily Moore and Julie Shipley
(Columbia Films)

That Summer is currently being strangled by its own publicity machine.

With a campaign that's centred solely around its fab soundtrack album, you're geared up to expect not just a radical punk documentary, but an *Up The Junction*-type 'sociological landmark,' and the film is nothing of the kind.

Once you accept that it aims for a low-budget glimpse of summertime teenage kicks, it's only real fault is to stifle such great music by merging it with a cluttered background sound. Snatches of Costello, Dury, Lowe, Mink DeVille, etc, filter inaudibly from assorted trannies, jukeboxes and discos.

The music tries awkwardly — and fails — to give a contemporary slant to a conventional, almost timeless, script. Four teenage kids converge on Torquay for the summer. and in this lazy, unrestricted setting, they succumb with convincing naivety to the beckoning finger of the 'modern' world, and all its standard vices. A double 'A' rating leaves our heroes' opinions as cleverly non-committal; drugs are associated with a rival gang of boozed Scots greasers, and sex is rarely more torrid than the occasional purchase of a packet of four.

But Harley Cokliss directs with unflagging sympathy.

The pace is attractively slow, carefully absorbing that summer seaside atmosphere while retaining enough sharp, witty, down - to - earth dialogue to stave off the inevitable romanticism. It's mostly sustained by some astonishingly mature acting, especially from the iron-willed and testy Steve (Ray Winstone), who's lumbered with the uneasy (and hackneyed) role of trying to integrate with normal teenage idols after eight months in Borstal for GBH.

Drop the punk pretext, and *That Summer* is enjoyable, observant and refreshingly unpretentious. It goes with The Undertones like soda-pop and suntan oil.

Mark Ellen

Two sincere, meaningful, deeply motivated young lovers from That Summer.

Young And In And Out Of Love (Pt. 79)

The Champ

Directed by Franco Zefferelli
Starring Jon Voight, Faye Dunawaye, Ricky Schroder
(CIC)

FOR his aesthetically undistinguished but, in America at least, commercially spectacular return to the cinema, Franco Zefferelli has chosen to remake an apparently fondly - remembered 1931 movie starring Wallace Beery.

Why? The question can't be satisfactorily answered. Billy Flynn, the retired boxing champ of the title, ekes out a living for himself and T.J., the son who hero-worships him, in the backstretch community of the Hialeah racetrack in Florida. Despite the solicitude of his son, one of those sublimely well-behaved, nauseatingly precocious eight-year-old brats who exist only in corny movies, he drinks and gambles. The chance return of his former wife, now a successful fashion designer, and both able and willing to provide a secure future for her son, forces him to make fresh commitments and return to the ring. After that, it's fullsteam ahead for the buckets-of-tears grandstand finale.

Zefferelli's association with the cinema has been a fateful one. After his two Shakespeare films of the '60s — *The Taming Of The Shrew* and *Romeo And Juliet* — which were both directed with great flair and a terrific sense of pace and movement, he then progressed to the lamentable *Brother Sun, Sister Moon,* a mawkish effort about St. Francis starring the appropriately mawkish Donovan.

Presumably the reason for this new film's U.S. success is the performance of Ricky Schroder, the all-American eight-year-old who's wiser and more understanding than his father; more importantly though, one should mention Jon Voight, who gives a performance that's muscular in every sense of the word.

Like I said, it's first-degree Hollywood melodrama, a classic tear-jerker. A such, of course, it's a companion piece to *Romeo And Juliet;* all that's missing is a screenplay by W. Shakespeare.

Bob Woffinden

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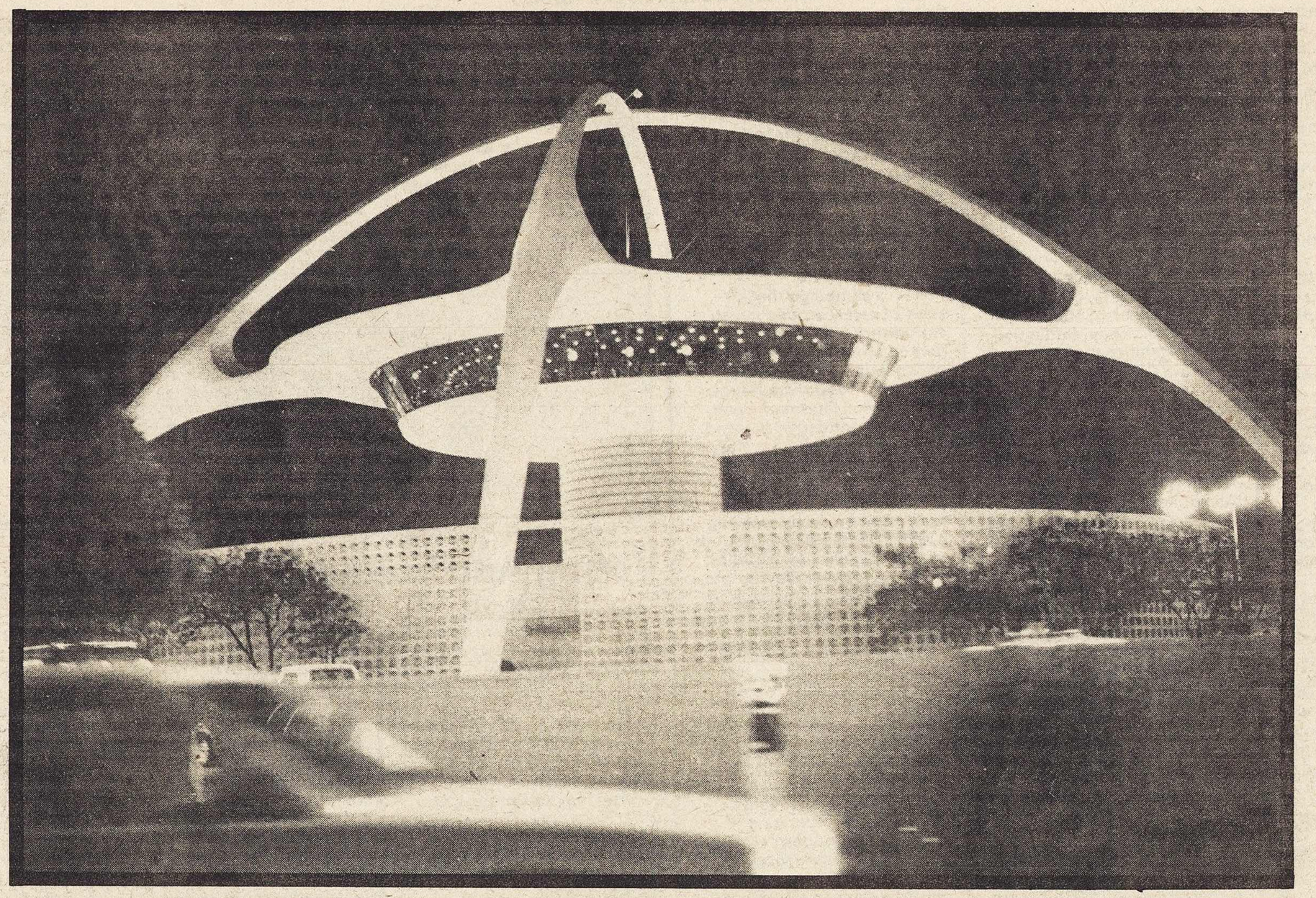

Los Angeles airport by night

A Journey To The End Of The Earth

By PAUL MORLEY
Photography: PENNIE SMITH

IT'S out of the blue and into the black. A place is left somewhere behind where the front pages of the daily newspapers comment hysterically that Tony Blackburn, a popular surrealist, is being pushed through a glass window for being too rebellious. A place is entered where the front page of the biggest local newspaper greyly proclaims: *"John Wayne Dies At 72".*

There's a kind of hush drifting low over the polished floor of the portion of Los Angeles Airport that the fresh-faced stumble into after a numbing, humming journey through time.

Perhaps it's respect, perhaps it's the ghostly remnants of visitors' jetlag. People trapped for the moment roam around, vacant and vengeful. The voice in the sky makes its presence felt: *"John Wayne, the biggest box office attraction in motion picture history — both on screen and off — and transformed into one of America's living institutions, is dead."*

And once you've gone, you never come back.

The visitors drift, with open mouths and scared minds that suddenly seem very small indeed — out of the fairly friendly cosmopolitan intimacy of L.A. Airport into the chemical glare of the outside. The heat is no treat, the air throbs with the impatient sulk of something massive hanging awkwardly between two eras.

" 'Wayne lapsed into a coma Sunday and never regained consciousness,' hospital administrator Barney Strohm said. The actor's three sons were with him when he died. 'He hasn't been doing very well lately,' Strohns said. 'He would feel poorly, then he would tend to recover. Then, with his family gathered around him, he died.' "

The voice in the sky fades away. As the visitors sit in a rusty car that's playing taxi the soundtrack takes over, A wobbly acoustic guitar, the voice of the twentieth century: *"The king is gone but he's not forgotten."*

THE car drives the visitors to Hollywood. Hollywood is a place full of little, tiny people who have been pumped up to something resembling normality by various combinations of delusion, illusion, money, the hope of money, lost money, fame, past fame and pretend fame. It doesn't actually exist unless you wish very hard. The glimpses you get are something to marvel at.

Before the visitors get to the brave and beautiful hills of Hollywood the car glides comfortably along wide lanes, takes an aloof route through some frayed and crumbling patches of Los Angeles where fake reality has too much of a grip. On a street corner by a cute water hydrant a sweaty coloured guy who badly needs a shave and an arm around his shoulder jogs shakily on the spot, his eyes screwed shut, his mouth moving silently over personal syllables.

Maybe he's singing, maybe he's chatting to himself. The chances are he's not saying: *"We've all paid the price for being the man John Wayne taught us to be. I can cry at the sadness. But I can also say that, in a way, John Wayne's death marks the end of an institution — that image — known as the all American man. Hopefully we'll retain in ourselves what was good about Wayne and let go of the rest."*

Deep down, words tugging with the fearful defiance and grubby desolation, he's saying "Help me".

The car expertly negotiates lane switches and tight corners. It's flying! The buildings are low, the pavements are spotless. As the car deserts the airport surroundings the amount of people floating along these pavements gets less and less. Every car that pulls up by the side of the make-believe taxi seems to have a dent in its overlarge wing. There's lots of motels around here and they all boast water beds and adult films. The picture seems to flicker now and again. The heart slows down.

The car flies on, swings round a corner and dips down an amusing hill. Ahead, framed by soft purple mountains, topped with ice blue sky, the picture fading just a little, is an impressive expanse of Los Angeles. A wilderness of shapes. The heart stops altogether. The visitors have truly arrived.

What a sight to see! What a place to be!

Los Angeles is a home for many things. It's a mass of empty gestures, hopeless dreamers and holes in the ground. There are no days, no weeks, just light and dark. The name — and subsidiaries like Bel Air, Beverly Hills, Hollywood — conjure up images of a decent heaven, a cushion of leisure, a bed of golden straw on which to enjoy life and have the ego soothed. To be intensely happy and have nice days. You'll know by now that if Los Angeles was to be sliced away from the rest of America it would be the sixth richest nation in the world. All but physically it *has* been sliced away. It's ahead of its time.

The paradise is hell and the beauty is ugly and the place is hanging in limbo and on the edge of forever. If you were to die in some parts of Los Angeles you would wake up next morning, have another nice day and forget what was supposed to have happened. In other parts if you were to die you wouldn't notice the difference. However high you want to take the symbols and mouthing of padded luxury you can then plummet down just as low to find opposite squalid mundanity.

And there ain't no difference. It all means nothing and it means it more than anywhere in the world.

The voice in the sky intones: *"Are we not men?"*. And from deep in the city comes the strangled response: *"We are devo!"* But there's no hysterical laughter.

A lot of Los Angeles lies in a valley. Poking up out of the dirty blanket like knuckles on a finger are the green and splendid hills of Hollywood and Bel Air. Areas money can just about buy. Drive up the twisting leafy avenues of *Double Indemnity* and Marlowe missions and take a position under that renowned sign of appproval: Hollywood. The sign you see in pictures, it looks into a distant nowhere and does it rather well. The sign used to be tatty and natural but has been significantly replaced by brand new letters fifty feet high costing $25,000 apiece mostly financed by rock stars. Alice Cooper donated an 'o' and went around for a while as Alice Coper. This man used to be an alcoholic. He used to be a rebel.

This brand new sign is the symbol of the new glossy dignity of Hollywood. Double dignity. Something supplied by the suave nouveau rock rich linking arms with the wild film revival. Hollywood is the divine source of escapist entertainment for the imagined masses. It all happens here. Bland Inc. attempting to swamp the world with the worst narcotic imagined. Hollywood is at the centre of a despicable scheme to divert our gaze . . .

The movie business has survived and thrived by teasing and comforting. Rock'n'roll has shifted emphasis and moved into Hollywood, just ahead of the Arabs, and would like to spend the rest of its life there. It may yet get its wish.

Saturation point is not far away. And then, EXPLOSION as people wake up to the nauseous nonsense they're being forced to swallow. In L.A. the nauseous nonsense actually makes sense. It doesn't harm them, they live in a bigger fantasy than the film world could ever create and in a blander daze than rock could ever equal, and it certainly doesn't make them feel guilty. And by the time everyone wakes up, it'll probably be too late.

To live in Los Angeles you have to be perfectly ignorant, absolutely nihilistic or all washed out. The busy crush of existence is mixed up directly in the face of an impending earthquake that will push the whole frightening factory into the Pacific Ocean. But as the taxi driver said, "Uh, I don't worry about the earthquake. When it comes and we all go into the sea. If I don't die of that I'll die of living."

The voice bursts out of the sky, singing a little: *"For 30 years I watched The Duke, and at first admired him for his heroism, only later uneasily despising him for his racism, jingoism and sexism. With his death I realise that what he really represented in his quiet way was the messianism of the American leading man. The man we wanted to be — the mark of so many people from two generations — was on screen a character who was fundamentally messianic, the way so many of us Americans have turned out to be."*

John Wayne's death is the end of an era. Devo is the beginning of an era. The last era.

The door shuts and its shutting blackens the screen. The credits roll. The collapsing rhythms of a bizzarre and dramatic mastication of the Rolling Stones cosmetic whelp of frustration forms the theme song. The claustrophobia of the original that split the rock myth down the middle in a jagged sort of way is replaced by a rubbery gurgle of relief. Devo can't get any satisfaction. They wouldn't want it any other way. They don't try at all.

'Satisfaction': the song. Devo: the rock group. You must have heard of them. Arrogant men in silly suits bleeping and squeaking and demanding your attention.

Let's not be straightforward, decent or sentimental; that's boring. Let's be silly and shrivel up. Or down. The American Dream is going horribly wrong. Los Angeles is a crystal clear manifestation of the degeneration. Who better to reflect it than Devo? Devo stand for the New America. Are you ready to walk over the edge laughing?

Devo scrape away at the insides of the emptiness of us all. That's one of the reasons they're worth despising. Devo are hellish heroes of the decline. Into the '80s.

Experience points the way. Who dares to cross the threshold?

Pick a Californian — except taxi drivers who are classically immunised from the fixations and turmoil all around them and who can describe perilous details of the gradual destruction with impressive objectivity — and they've all got the look of an uncontrollable urge in their eyes. But they don't scream and shout it. They keep it locked away. One day one day . . .

THE voice decides it's time for some trivial information: *"South California panted through its third consecutive day of record-breaking high temperatures Monday, while fire fighters and utility workers struggled to meet the accompanying dangers. The mercury climbed to a high of 105 degrees at Los Angeles Civic Centre, shattering an 85-year-old record for the date."*

The soundtrack plays Chuck Berry's 'Johnny B Goode'. The daddy of rock'n'roll is 52. Hear him sobbing. Hear The Police conquer America with a bright, nippy blandness.

Rock'n'roll has come a long way hasn't it? From Chuck Berry to The Police and Fleetwood Mac. Mick Fleetwood of Fleetwood Mac lives in Bel Air. He's locked away there, rotting. This patch of Los Angeles is a hemmed in area of airless, museum-still elegance. There is no noise and no movement. You can hear the grass grow. But, of course, no heart beats.

The taxi driver will wave his hands at creamy mini-mansions set out in random pattern in a less exclusive section of L.A. and dismiss these flawless specimens, that cost upwards of $500,000, as lower middle-class. "These people can't afford a dungeon to put their Mexican maids in," he quips.

Such luxury is beneath Mick Fleetwood. He lives in an area where the inhabitants are protected by strict security. Unless you're scrubbing the pavements or clipping the lawns where he lives and you're found walking there, a passing policeman will ask what the hell you're doing. Or, as Raymond Chandler said 35 years ago, it's a place where not even the postman walks. For people like Mick Fleetwood, everything comes to them. What are they waiting for? More money? Does rock'n'roll really come to a

halt in some iced house in Bel Air? Don't ask Chuck Berry. He's pleading guilty to 1973 income tax evasion.

"Rock singer Chuck Berry pleaded guilty in Los Angeles Federal Court Monday to charges of evading payment of nearly $100,000 in income tax in 1973. Indicted one month ago by a St. Louis Federal Grand Jury, the man called by some the 'Father of Rock'n'Roll' admitted reporting joint income with his wife in 1973 of $374,982 when in fact his income was $589,555."

But wait 'till you get a load of this! In the city with no heart, the band with no heart. That's perfect! Spineless and immaculate Devo Inc. reside in Los Angeles, wallowing in the absurdity, the appalling artificiality, simulating the role of disturbing rock'n'roll superstar wrecks, parodying the place of pop stars in contemporary culture, quite idiotically balancing negativity against a futile conscientiousness about what they do.

Beat that.

There are three main Boulevards that surface somewhere deep inland and charge with single-minded purpose to the very edge of the world, the Pacific Ocean, a water that laps and foams with ferocious serenity awaiting the inevitable: Santa Monica Boulevard, Sunset Boulevard and Hollywood Boulevard, all running parallel with each other. Sections of these never-ending arteries, a few miles of strip not out of sight of the Hollywood sign, are places where ugly nowhere hustling can crawl into the night and seep into the pavement. The taxi driver will call what happens "a zoo."

There's not a lot of walking done anywhere in Los Angeles. If you don't have a car, you're inferior. If you travel by bus, you're a loser. If you walk, then you must be either a tourist who won't do it again or in a sorry state. Sometime during the night, who knows when, the people who are prepared to sell themselves for a few dollars — there are people who in the daylight and in a more dignified manner will sell themselves for more — stalk out of their dreams, the drains and the trash cans and, so it goes, each tribe of sorries are faithful to a particular Boulevard. The girls collect on Sunset. The boys dilly on Santa Monica. The inbetweenies naturally hover on Hollywood. There's miles and miles of the Boulevards that remain peaceful and out of reach, but near the bright lights the collections of unlucky uglies get on with it.

Sunset Boulevard is in the middle of the three hugging pals. Just close to 77 Sunset Strip, a locale with a legendary kind of name now a strip joint pleased to show live nudes, are the three heard-of LA rock houses. The Whiskey (now without the Au Go Go), The Roxy and the Rainbow Rooms are all within the space of about 150 metres.

The Rainbow Rooms is nothing but a tight, maybe illicit pub, dark and red, that dribbles with coolness. About the Whiskey a local What's On newspaper says: "18 and over. Dark and comfortable inside, with a stage that's situated perfectly for pogoing in front, viewing from the upstairs bar or cuddling in the red leather banquettes". And The Roxy? "One of the most elegant nightclubs in LA adorned in art deco and featuring mostly middle of the road pop music. A music industry showcase".

Then there's the similar Troubador and Starwood, the Bla Bla Cafe, Club 88, Gazzarri's — "now in its twentieth year with a colourful history as the place that inaugurated the careers of The Doors and more recently Van Halen" and — to showcase a local scene that's popping up all over the place with frothy pop like 20/20, The Spoilers, The Scooters, The Dolphins, The Zippers, The Adaptors, Mick Smiley Band, The Last — the Hong Kong Cafe and Madame Wongs Restaurant, both in Chinatown, have become "the best places to see the latest new wave".

A short stroll up the strip from the Whiskey-Roxy area is the huge Tower Records, where singles by The Human League, Cabaret Voltaire, The Normal, Wire and Magazine appear on view and singles by Dils, Crime and Weirdos don't. Keep walking along the Boulevard and every hundred yards huge billboards advertise the latest rock LP you can't be without; the grotesque face of Ronnie Wood, Diana Ross's inside thigh and ELO's spaceship loom at the side of the road.

A taxi drive ensues down a considerable length of the Boulevard, a few miles from the 77 Sunset Strip part. One of the visitors sits in the taxi clutching a can of lager for comfort. Outside of the taxi the scene is odd and very yellow. Everything's just too symmetrical. As the taxi pulls up at some lights and the pedestrian flashing goes "WALK!", another taxi pulls up at its side. The flabby driver looks at the visitor and asks for a slug of his lager. "I'm a spy for the FBI," he calls over. The visitor grins, but it seems you mustn't drink on the streets. So he doesn't.

There's a big square building along Sunset Boulevard and it's called SIR studios and it's where Devo have been rehearsing for many days to get themselves solid for their massive onslaught on the petrified consciousness of the American youth. They are to tour the bulky country, and their itinerary stretches as far as the mind can see, and then round the corner.

To enter the building is to step out of the yellow haze and sticky paranoia of the fake reality and to be washed by cool, suspended nothingness. In the stomach of the big square building Devo have been tending to their soundtrack for the new era, isolating themselves for a short time from the outside world they *thrive* on satirising and hating, plotting the downfall of rock 'n' roll. They're going to drag it down all by themselves; laughing maniacally as their ripped fingers bleed and the consumers howl and the statisticians plead for mercy. Devo aim to put rock 'n' roll in its place. Slap it, laugh at it, for the time has come.

And no longer is it the thing to be a man's man, but a gurgling Devo-ite. Disciplined and, deep down, dejected — but proud. Devo are so pleased to be in there at the beginning of the end, and assured of their position as screaming devils when it finally slips over the edge.

Rock 'n' roll, civilisation, emotion, whatever to you is important or is life, Devo loathe it. They want to get rid of it. Where else to plan the mission but Los Angeles, which is fiddling itself into the void in a manner that could have been scripted by Devo.

The voice bursts in with an anecdote it's been dying to tell —

"I interviewed a friend of mine, he's a real Devo-ist. Meatman, he only delivers prime, concerning this subject matter, and his view is epiphanic. He says: 'The way I see it, man is a germ in the universe, he's not gonna die if he can help it. I mean, it's that Henry Miller stuff . . . you know, I sampled her potatoes and gravy, she was wriggling like a wet fish on the end of a spear, comin' and jerkin' . . . stuff like that . . . all this talk about plastic sex parts makes me puke . . . like I said, man's a germ, he's gotta couple, he's gotta spread, that lunar dock stuff is all a bunch of beat-off propaganda. Don't they know the astronauts can't even when they come back? It's gotta be wet and oozey, it's gotta be Henry Miller . . . I had a friend who used to fuck a data processing girl behind a big Univac 704 . . . he laid her right on the read out board . . . he used to say there was nothing more spiritual than dog-style love'.

"In other words, and these are other words, life is the only force

▶ Continued overleaf

The Promised Land 1979:

DEVO IN THE TERMINAL ZONE

The wrong tree, and Devo barking up it.

A Scanner In The Works:

THE BAND WITH NO HEART IN THE CITY WITH NO HEART

Your law and order candidates in the great rock and roll election of the '80s.

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which resists entropy. The perpetrators of techno-sexology are the potential victims of fixed pelvis (see Wilhelm Reich). Like they been askin' for years: 'Does it make more sense to understand man as a biological phenomonon with all that implies, or try to fit human behaviour to the prediction-generalisation model of nineteenth century physics?' The man who scratches his head at that question is in trouble. To explore is divine, but to ignore is Devo." (Extracted from an article Devo's Jerry Casale wrote for an LA magazine in 1972).

Devo are five decent men participating in terrible acts, or vice versa. They are acute absurdists, a ridiculous but accurate reflection of the burning extremities of the 'sensible' cultures. They are a warning of how abstract comfortable lives can become, and how pathetically compulsive. Stuck deep in a deliberate coma of revenge, the only enemy they have is the rest of the world.

Five sullen strangers with an ideal. Five uneasy villains impatient to strip away the transparent veneer of respectability covering the things we take seriously and for granted. Devo stand for a stricter and less complicated world than John Wayne. They are a crucial part of the Los Angeles fantasy, of which they feed and feed from, and therefore a crucial part of the ultimate mayhem.

They appeal to the zombie in all of us. That's scarey and funny. They are the doctors, documenters and dismantlers of the new era.

Four of the unkind, uncaring but well-kept villains are in the stomach of the big square building. The rehearsal rooms are like an overlarge gymnasium. At one end a low stage is laid out for rock 'n' roll warfare, at the other end a painting of a Manhattan skyline covers all one wall. The floor in between is mostly empty, but there're some floppy armchairs, a trip of comfy sofas, boxes of wires a mobile basketball net, empty amp boxes. Devo crewmen wander here and there, keys jangling, hair in ponytails. The four Devo insects are doing nothing. At least, it looks that way.

No longer is this Los Angeles, but some remote nerve centre. The throb of LA disappears into the background. The visitor with the tape recorder emerges squinting into the dark dirty warehouse, eyes turn with momentary curiosity, and, lo!, the visitor is me. A friendly chap from another place foolishly attempting to confront the grave new world.

"Hi," I say in a friendly sort of way, "you must be Devo." One by one discreetly probing faces return the greeting with a reluctant grunt and a fleeting flick of the lips. Creepy!

No-one can overlook the triviality of the rock 'n' roll interview when placed next to the enormity of the Devo mission. But I tried. And, give Devo their credit, they cut a couple of hours out of their packed schedule to play the game.

Outside, somewhere distant and a ride through the clouds, LA toytown bawls and crawls.

DEVO: THEIR PART IN OUR DOWNFALL

I decide that the Devo dummy Bob Casale looks the sanest and the most pleasant in a sweet way, though I have to be generous. Nothing seems to happen for a few minutes, so I sit down next to him on one of the sofas and ask if it's OK to talk. "Well, we usually do it together." I never doubted it for a minute, but maybe I can build up a picture one by one. "Mmmm, OK." Elsewhere in the room, the Devo control room, those present appear to be waiting for something.

Casale is the younger half of one of two sets of brothers in Devo. Tall, dark, handsome. Devo have lived in LA for a year now. I ask him why they moved. He talks easily and cheerfully, which is quite disconcerting.

"We're not here that often; it's like a base, but it's not any kind of real home situation. We moved because we just found it necessary to be here because of the things that we do. We don't particularly love LA or anything like that."

How does it hit you. "It doesn't hit us in any sense . . . we see LA in a different sense to what its image is — because on the one hand it's a huge metropolitan city, it has the same problems as any city. Masses of people, all in their cars lined up on the freeway — in that way it's as Devo as New York."

The first mention of 'Devo' and it's languidly pronounced 'Devoh'. "Being crammed like it is, it's huge, and it's like all the crazies that couldn't stay in the mid-West are here. It's an intense place in a whole different way to other cities."

Devo appear to be busy at the moment. "We're incredibly busy. I like that much better than the idle periods. We haven't seen any of those for quite a while actually. We'd like to be able to do more, but it's just trying to keep it organised to make most efficient use out of the time."

I play around a little. How does he feel Devo have developed? "I think it's less limited. I mean we see more possiblities, just knowing, just having contact with enough different operations and seeing how things can work. We, er, see Devo as being limitless. Being able to go round seeing all the different things . . . like we've just been in Japan and it's incredible. It's so different. Seeing that many people in one spot. Like Tokyo, which is a huge city with millions of people are crammed into it. And yet things work much more efficiently and people cooperate with each other and yet they have these obssessions with certain things . . . like whole areas of the city's just filled with computer games and electronic equipment. It's that kind of seeing extremes we get a lot of ideas from . . ."

Excess? "It's just kind of pointing it out. We point lots of things out. I'm sure that there's always things to point out. We're not just reporters. We are reporting what we see but I'm sure there's always a certain slant on it."

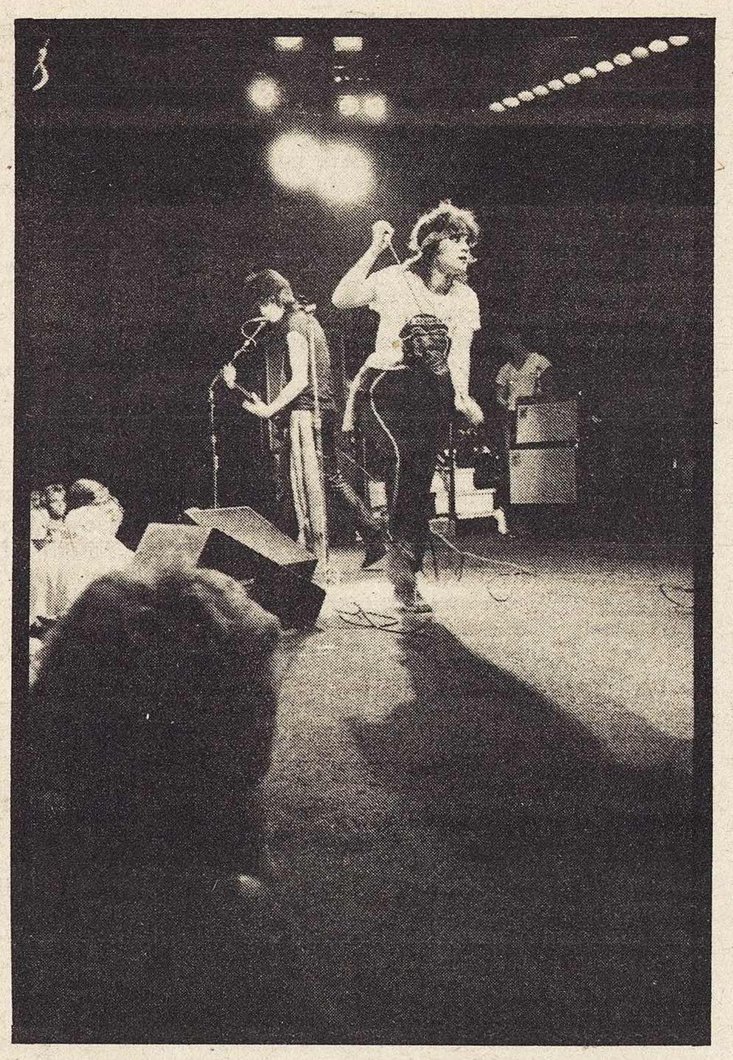
He breaks into a low, menacing chuckle. Bias? "It's never in one direction. It can be in any particular direction at all. We couldn't be considered liberals," another chuckle, "or conservatives in our viewpoint. We think beyond that as far as those kind of labels go . . ."

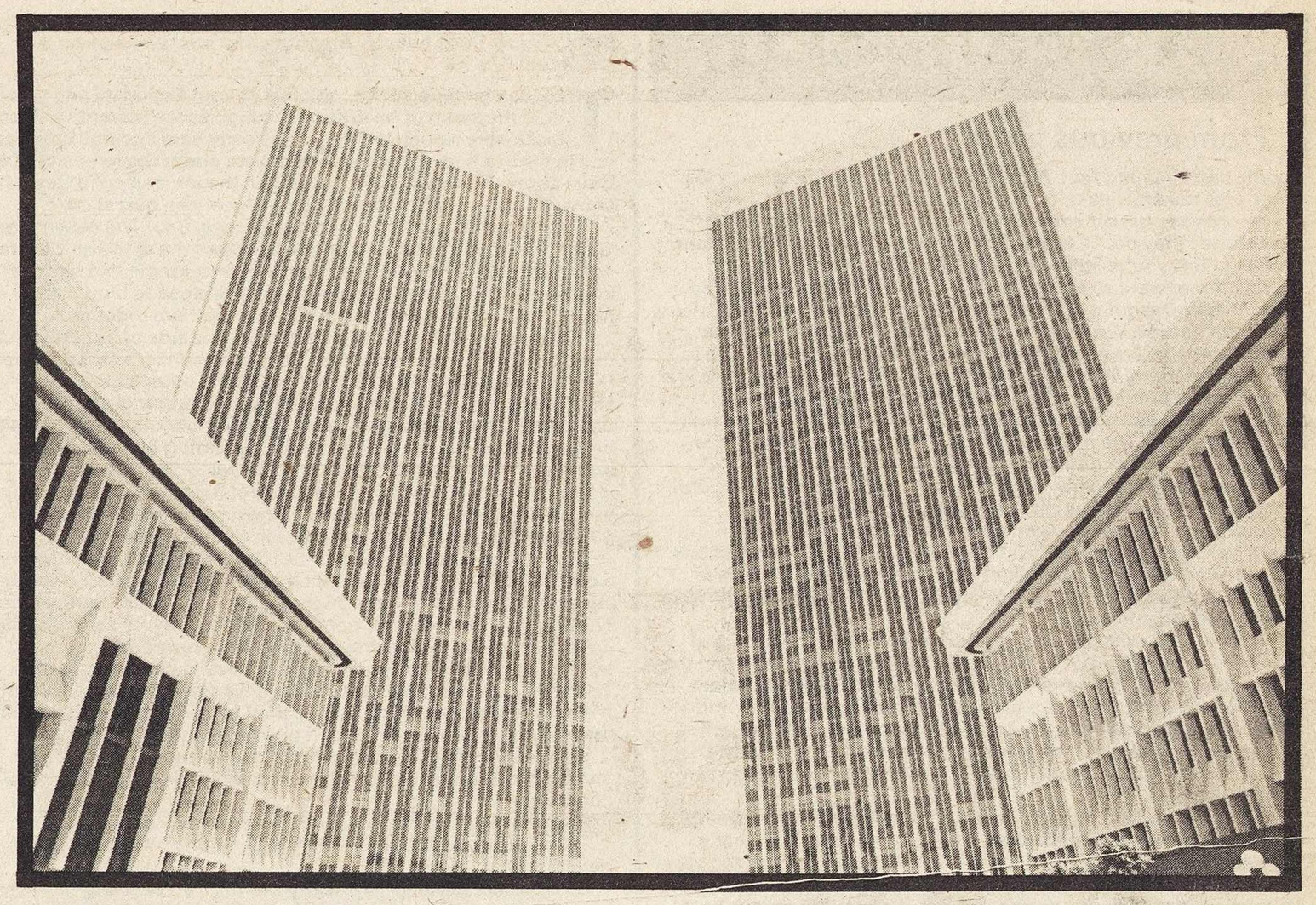
Was there ever a Devo plan? This is naturally denied. "No. We just . . . when we started, when we first started playing, we only did it because it was something we had to do. We wanted to do something and we couldn't fit into anything else that was going on, especially where we lived. This is what we did and it was no intention to be some mass marketing thing."

And the noise came naturally? "That came absolutely naturally. Where we came from had a lot to do with it, the way things work there and the way you learn to put things together. It's either you accept that or you reject that, and we just couldn't accept it . . . or we'd still be there."

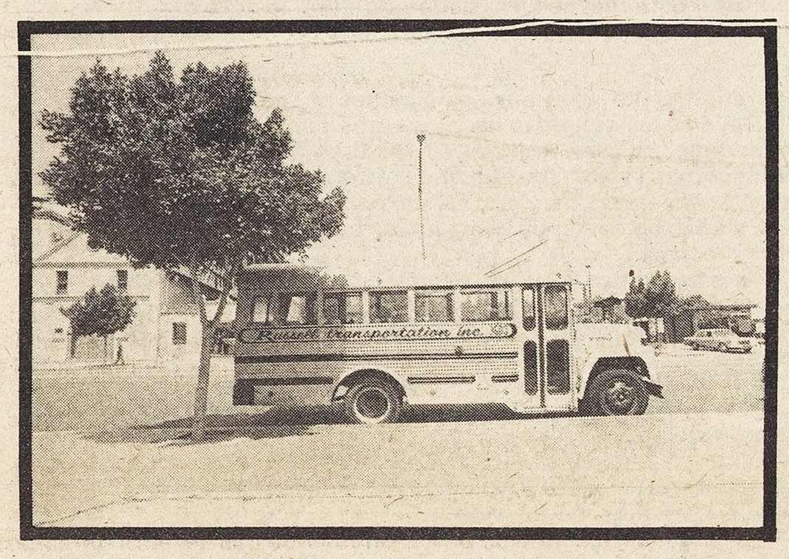
Describe it. He sighs. "It's just oppressive in the sense that in an environment like that ideas are not considered important; they see any kind of thought as non-productive. It's not like you're working on any kind of product. That's where everything is geared towards. They're suspicious towards people . . ."

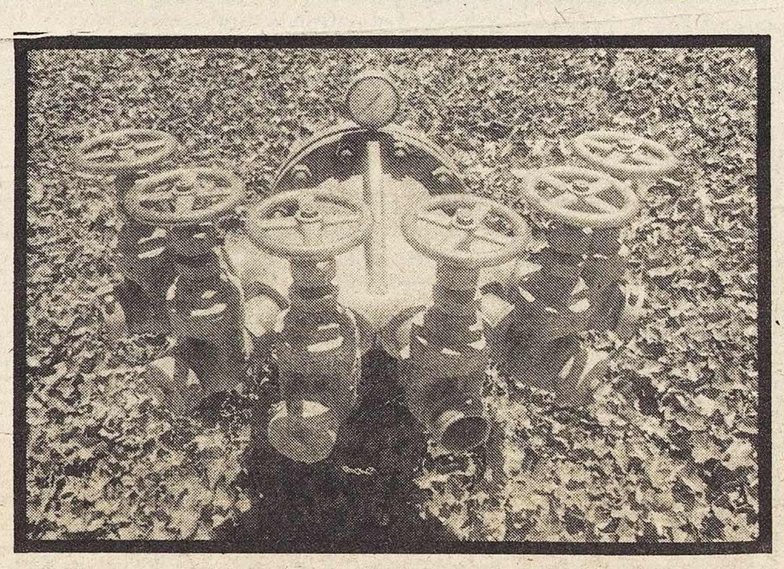
They? "The community, it's a small, I dunno, have you ever seen Akron?"

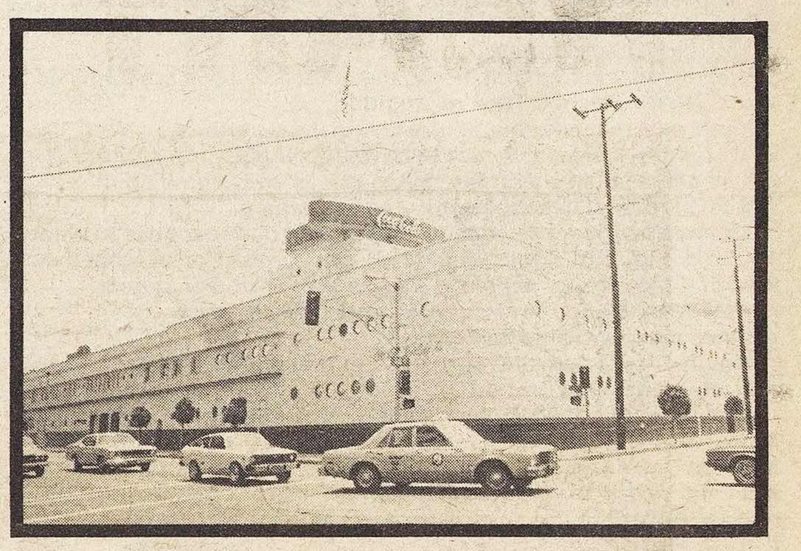




Right: Pauline and Penetration attempt art transplant. Far right: far out. Below l. to r. School bus, Fire hydrant, Coca Cola building.







No. "OK, it's a small community that is totally built around an industry which is rubber and the community exists because of that — so that's the direction everybody tends to go, towards that goal of production."

Was it hard to break out of? "I didn't ever think of it in those terms because I'd never felt part of it . . . y'know, there's probably lots of reasons why, but really I just never did and it never made a lot of sense to me. We did have to leave. In other words, if we wanted to continue to exist, we had to leave that area."

I give Casale some of my impressions of the humiliating, condescending local TV I've watched. Things like *Blankety Blank* and *Charlie's Angels* are the respectable tips of the inanity. It seems like Devo run the TV channels. "Absolutely. They're more and more that way . . . and they're serious."

The commercials are sheer Devo, malicious mindbending. "And they're effective. They work. People buy those products. I suppose a lot of our presentation and graphics look like these commercials, and we appreciate that kind of thing, the technique not particularly the products or the attitude involved. The techniques are effective, they're good . . . it seems like everybody's attention span is so short that you have to be able to totally encapsulate everything for them to appreciate it . . ."

The thing about there being so many channels. You just have to switch over every few minutes, whether you're watching something interesting or not. "Exactly. Twenty-five channels . . . everyone thinks that they're missing something . . . that's why nobody's happy. They always think someone else is doing something they want to do."

Everyone wears brave smiles though. Another chuckle, warmer than before. "A noble attitude. Quiet suffering."

We chat a little more. I've noticed out of the corner of my eye that the fifth Devo villain has appeared, Jerry Casale, Bob's brother. I sense agitation. Jerry seems to be circling our sofa in ever decreasing circles, getting closer and closer. I think nothing of it. I ask Bob what the Devo concept means to him.

"I don't see it as a concept. It's not a theory, it's not a concept, it's just . . . it's the word we use to describe the process things always seem to go through again and again, y'know, the build-up, break-down process. It just happens all the time. That was all Devo was used to describe. And the other thing is like the absurdity, like people's quest for happiness when they don't have any idea what it is, it's like some psychotic thing. Like out here it's most apparent, you'll notice the number of products, the number of things that are supposed to make you happy, buy them then you keep having to buy them."

Empty addiction. "Right. LA is physically Devo. I mean there's no centre to LA you just go and go . . ."

"Why is this happening?" — Jerry Casale's circles have got small enough. He looms over where we sit, his clipped strict tones interrupt our conversation. Well built and snug looking, he reminds me of a lizard. "Why are you talking to just one of us?"

Bob explains before I can reply.

"Is that so?" Jerry snaps.

"Yeah," I say spreading my arms in a gesture of innocence, "there didn't seem to be any harm."

Jerry Casale considers it extremely impolite. He storms off. Bob seems unmoved. He follows.

Seconds later Jerry is wagging his finger at the hapless Bob. He is telling him off. Devo then have a heated group conference, gathered in a corner in a secret-society huddle.

After a few minutes, Devo break up. We take our places for the interview proper. On my right, drummer Alan Myres. Ahead of me all in a row, the two sets of brothers. Left to right — guitarist Bob Casale, bassman Jerry Casale, singer Mark Mothersbaugh, guitarist Bob Mothersbaugh.

For the next couple of hours, Jerry is to do most of the talking. The smirk of superiority will never leave his face. The interview starts off like a game of tennis.

Are you still committed to Devo like in those early days? The pressure of big business must be crushing freshness. "Yes and yes. Yes to both of those."

How do you find the balance? "It's very hard."

Does this affect you? "Yes."

Negatively or positively? "Yes."

Is that good or bad? "It's better than catatonically."

Game, set and match to the man in the moon.

Jerry, with a glint in his eye, begins to talk a little. "I suppose everyone is locked in an individual body with individual circumstances, which is the basic point about everything anyway, why we always said we were Devo, like the Booji Boy always said 'We were Devo, we're all Devo'. That's the basic circumstance and that allows just about any number of absurd things to happen daily. In fact it's amazing how people do anything together."

You do everything together. "Yeah, we are just trying to try something . . . everybody else has, we've seen plenty of other things, we've seen plenty of what happens when people don't, so it's partly . . ."

Is Devo the group an individual? There's a pause. "Yes."

"What good is emotion? Discipline is necessary to carry out war started by some misguided emotion, but discipline never started a war."

But there're different levels of ego? "Sure, but what's that about?"

That's the kind of thing you want to avoid. "We're not trying to avoid it, just deal with it in a different way . . . like it is and it isn't . . . like the United States isn't really states . . ."

Jerry Casale had hinted before that the reason he wanted this interview to go smoothly was because Devo had not been in Britain for a long time. They were last in Britain at the end of last year. "I feel that's a long time. I feel we were there for a very short time, and obviously since the release of the first LP the press has unanimously attacked us."

It's been on such a narrow-minded basis I'm surprised that should bother you. "I feel the press is fairly powerful and even if they would transmit information then that would be OK but obviously they don't see their position as that. They have a less responsible position, with like spurious outbursts, opinions, vendettas, and they are responding to a side of what Devo are doing and I suppose it's understandable. We should expect it but nevertheless it wears on you. It's constant, monolithic, we would rather not speak with them, y'know, because they're like a group of paranoid, small-minded individuals."

SOME of my best friends are paranoid, small-minded individuals. But Jerry Casale is steaming. The rest of Devo back him up silently, with barely discernable nods of the head. "Well, most of the reviews that I've read have been two columns on the history of Devo, remember what happened, then they mention three songs on the album and that's it. I don't know how these people get things started but they are certainly not programmed not to forget."

So what kind of positive feedback do Devo receive? "Only from people that matter. The audience."

You have communication with them? "With individuals, sure, and we're going to set up a Devo version of a fan club, hoping to do things systematically and, y'know, divide things up and give them categories."

Why not use the press to your advantage and use it to channel information? "Well, that's what we were doing, that's how we saw the press once, as a medium of transmission of ideas and information. They'd ask us questions and we'd give them honest answers and pretty involved answers that it mattered to read them, it wasn't like 'I like to screw a lot' — unfortunately for us. So we were, we were talking to people who might be interested, not really critics, so what you're suggesting is what we have tried to do. But it never gets printed, or if it does get printed it gets printed a sentence at a time with a paragraph of some kind of overview that's been laid upon it".

So I bet you've lost faith? "Yeah, I would rather not even deal with the press. I would like it if Devo was able to put out its own information and mail it to people who are interested and get things back from them, hear their tapes and hear their stories. It would be nice. It would be just like it should be. What you do is use modern communication to develop a network of interested people of a certain mentality, people with certain ideas, similar ideas that might overlap with Devo."

Would that network be based on a particular philosophy or would it just be a rock'n'roll fan club? "I would like it to be what it would be and I'm sure it would be a combination of all that."

Jerry Casale's everpresent smirk breaks into a snigger. The rest of Devo twitch in sympathy. There's a pause. I suggest that the hostility of the reviews are based on confusion, and the elder Casale nods his head. "That sounds good. That's a good explanation."

What does he think of the new album? "I think it has a wider scope."

I can hardly believe my ears — Mark Mothersbaugh is saying something. "It's got a couple of love songs on it," he interjects, squeakily and quickly. Jerry chuckles, adds: "Yeah, Devo is approaching love in the modern world. The next album may deal with women."

Do Devo have lots of grievances? "No, I don't think so."

Are Devo happy? "No"—Alan Myers let me hear his voice — "things are generally obvious."

"You see, this goes back to those first interviews back in 1978, Casale complains, "those were the kind of questions being asked, and we answered them."

I never read anything like that. All I read was a load of determined attempts to get to grips with the Devo philosophy. "I think the confusion arose from the idea that it was so simple that trying to explain it made it sound complicated, y'know, and we tried to explain it in earnest 'cos we were trying to do our job and answer the questions, and inadvertently we created the confusion that has resulted in the hostility. Simply because the idea was so simple nobody could accept it."

Maybe you made a mistake giving it a name rather than leaving it open. Calling the thing 'Devo' left you right open to be dismissed as a 'one joke'. Casale's grin widens: "If people thought it was a one joke they certainly took it seriously! That's the joke! It doesn't appear to matter what people call it."

Aah, now this is the sort of stuff I was reading in those early interviews — you just love to go round in circles. "Doesn't everything seem to go round in circles? Of course! I don't see why

Continued over

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people can't get into that. It seems like fun to go round in circles. People go to carnivals to go round in circles."

They have to get off sometimes. "They think they can get off! Sometimes they do." Casale laughs, hard. He can hardly contain himself. "But you're still going round in circles!"

Well, if that were so we'd just disappear right into the ground. Look, this is tiresome. You have to react to the bumps. Life is all about the bumps. We react to bumps. It starts off flat, then the bumps come so we avoid them, maybe hit them, but we have to acknowlege them. This is why we're doing this interview. This is a bump, a little bump, but it's there. So let's deal with it.

Jerry Casale still plays silly buggers. "That's why people could be like potatoes! The more bumps they come across, the more asymetrical they become and pretty soon — Jesus!"

You're a group who have made two rock albums and a handful of singles and you're rehearsing in a studio in the middle of nowhere and I'm a writer who's been pushed in front of you. There's the bump. Let's take it from there. I'll ask some questions. You answer. It's absurd but plenty of the bumps are. There's a pause. Jerry answers the original question. Maybe giving the idea a handle was a mistake?

"Well, it's like with all words, you're forced to find words and then someone latches onto the word. The more petty they are, the more absurd they become. They latch onto one word and they think they've got it. We were just describing a total system and at any given point you've got to find a sentence or word that is the whole. But we weren't interested in that sort of A to B to C to D. We were just excited about things, and we talked about them in an exciting way."

You're too honest! "Maybe that's what it was. We were being honest so everyone assumed we were putting them on. That's perfect! That's a case in point, that was definitive proof of the very thing we were talking about . . . I mean, they're asking us do we have grievances and do we find the world a horrible place and meanwhile there's punk band after punk band in cliched moulds of rebellion. It was funny"

Well if you can find that funny, then those reviews are funny as well. "No they're not. They're stupid."

Yeah, and that's funny. You're taking it too seriously. "Well, like I said before, it would be nice to have information transmitted. If they'd actually talk about the things as best they know or whatever, or just describe what was happening."

Maybe the nonsense you say is said is a good response to what you're doing. "Oh, I understand that, but I guess I know what that kind of thing does to people. It's a dangerous kind of stupid. People read 'bleeps' and 'squeals' and 'goobleydook synthesisers' and they think ugh!"

Maybe they'll read that and rush out and buy the record? "Well, that would be what I would do".

There you are: the Devo mentality. But surely Jerry — I lean forward, all pally — you can see the funny side of everything? I mean, what makes you depressed? The lead Devo delinquent eyes me. "What makes you depressed?" he asks me. Oh, selfish things. I know they're absurd. Casale's smirk momentarily disappears.

"All that makes me depressed is anything that gets reduced down to something that turns people off. That's commonplace, no matter what it is, something that can be perfectly legitimate and pleasure-giving that gets reduced to the commonplace by petty . . . just bitch people. Anything that just depresses the individual."

THE conversation drifts; the five devout Devo-ists and poor little me seem to be drifting through space towards a distant black hole. I push my fingers into my ears and pull them out just in time to hear Jerry Casale enthuse about the intensity of a Devo show. So I ask Casale how much the intensity of a Devo show differs from the intensity of an American quiz show?

"Let me talk about American quiz shows. Say, *The Newly Wed Game*, which is a gross 'Mr and Mrs' where the slimy quizFuhrer asks questions like 'Was your last session a longie or a shortie?' and where the married couples can come close to blows and move close to snipping the strings that tie them together.

"Or how about *The Dating Game*. On one side of a partition sit three healthy young batchelors — hungry hunks, a cross between Donny Osmond and Burt Reynolds. On the other side, out of sight, sits a slender Californian beauty — a dreamgirl, a cross between Patti Boulaye and Farrah Fawcett Majors — who asks the hunks suggestive and stupid questions. Going by the answers, and presumably by the promise in the voice, the dreamgirl chooses her hunk, who can't wait to get his hands on her flesh, and off they fly to a luxury hotel in the desert for two weeks paid-for intimacy. Pimping on the air, five days a week."

That seems pretty intense to me. Casale agrees, The intensity of a quiz show! O yeah, you've got a point there. Hopefully we can stir as much feeling . . . these people are hard to compete against. The TV programmes over here, I watch them every so often. You have to check up on the *Newly Wed Game* now and again, and every time a new one comes out you have to check up on that. There's a new one, a variation on the *Newly Wed Game*, except it's a secretary-type thing, where they have the guy with his wife and secretary. It's like filthy soft porn innuendo."

What — Devo or the quiz show? Casale titters, "Oh, the quiz show. If we were filthy soft porn innuendo we'd probably have a couple of million . . ."

Maybe you will have one day. "Sure, we will devolve".

The way you say it, you can't do any wrong. "We could resist development."

So Devo are perfect? "Perfectly Devo". You're going round in circles again. "Well, what kind of question is that — 'Are Devo Perfect?' "

It's what you imply when you run around in little circles of wordplay. "What are we supposed to say? Devo is perfect?" I'm not asking you to commit yourselves. All you have to tell me is where Devo are — on the edge, or proud . . . "It's not a matter of pride. It's not put together that way."

How is it put together? "Well, it happened like an eruption on the skin." Need or accident? Mark Mothersbaugh nips in. "Probably both." Jerry Casale frowns. "I question those terms. What is an accident? What isn't an accident?"

Mark makes some words dance. "When Jerry and I first got together, we thought Devo was important, we thought it was needed, we saw what was happening to rock'n'roll, to music; it was totally redundant, things just kept happening over and over again, people kept eating the same shit over and over again. There was an important at need for us back in '77, '78. How could anybody look at us and say there's no need?"

Jerry makes some words crawl through the undergrowth. "But as to why we thought that and as to why we kept doing it? That might be totally an accident . . . I mean it may not be totally unreasonable, illogical, crazy, y'know that's not . . . a lot of things are accidents that people don't think are accidents; they might think they're in control, it's rational and logical, and it has nothing to do with it, but they believe it.

"We acknowledge that. I mean when Lee Harvey Oswald shot Jack Kennedy, it might have been an accident on any number of levels, and that's not just a rap. It's all like chance, probability, and all these individuals operating autonomously with different perceptions of reality, and things happen. That's really how it is, and nobody wants to accept it, 'cos if you really thought that's how it is there's a whole lot of things you wouldn't do anymore. Like act like Supertramp or something."

Wow, this sounds like Devo accepting their destiny and facing up to it with true courage. "We're doing it because we have to."

Explain. Is this conscious? You must lose spontaneity. "It's conscious in retrospect. I can't say yes or no. Of course! Ask any group in the world who's been successful if they lose their spontaneity when they become successful and nobody would answer honestly and say no. I mean just to get it out in front of people is an incredible task.The business is the whole reality. That's the reality.

"Reality that is the whole position of pop music in the culture of the twentieth century. Western society . . . it's indicative of everything, that's why I think that on a conscious level people like you pay so much attention to it. It's a grandiose scheme of misguidance. It's got everything. It's like a different reality, and it is big busines, it's technology in the twentieth century, it's western society, it's capitalism."

So how are Devo getting on with all this? Feeling comfy?

"It's a tightrope."

Around you, or what you walk? "You do what you can as well as you can. In the level of your committment, in the depth of your vision, what the limitations are in your physical body . . . we all become catatonic . . . I mean, isn't that why they assassinate people? They want to shut them up . . . they think 'God, this guy's not going to stop, so they do the most simple and effective thing. They kill the organism. Crush the machines. So I don't know . . . it's the same as if you were very ill . . . why are you doing this?"

This specific interview? "No, why do you do what you do?"

Because I like going round in circles and getting close to other people's circles. Why do you do it? "I don't know. Why do you get up in the morning?"

I think to myself that it's nice he cares about me so much, and tell him I usually don't get up. He snorts, "You have a good job."

I snort back that he has a better job. "We've got a big job. We have to get up whether we want to or not."

I return to the rapacious complexities of The Business. Surely Devo never wanted to become soaked up by the poisonous sponge? "It's like *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*. Oh, I don't know, when I watch the film and the people in the stocking masks go 'We Are Devo', they don't seem particularly uptight about it . . . it's like being happy being pods, the mutation's complete. They're happy."

As in ignorance is bliss? "I don't think so. It's like knowing what's happened and not resisting it. It's hard to explain."

Does all this mean you still feel that there's a need for Devo? "More than ever. Turn on the radio."

And you're attacking that? "Trying to widen that."

That's an ambiguous thing to say. "We're trying to show a possible way out."

Who for? "At some point, people will hear Devo and it'll suddenly make sense. The songs will make sense and it's like that's when they'll want to hear."

The people who like you now — does it make sense for them? "Sure, because nobody's at one point . . . it's like everything else, emotion, everything has its forefront, the edges that are more visible. Nobody finds out anything at the same time."

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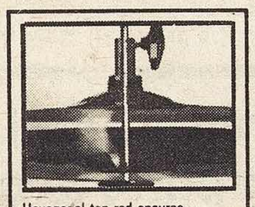
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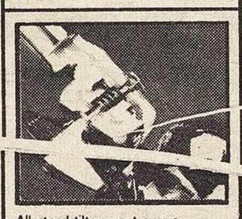
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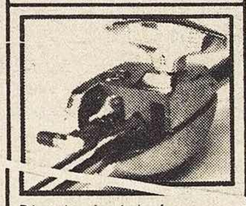
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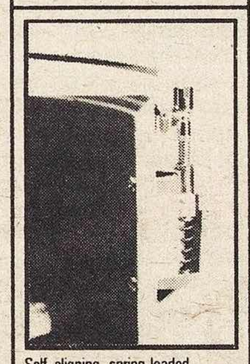
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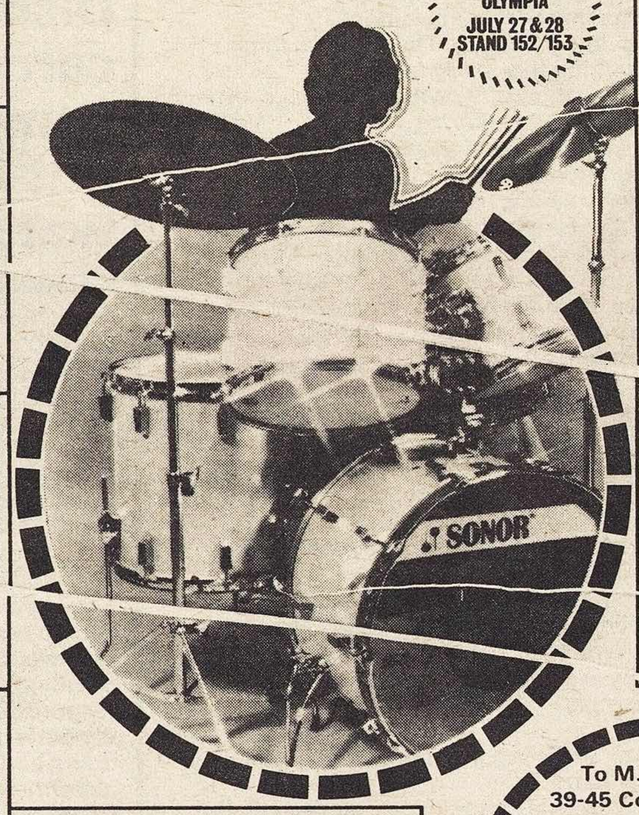

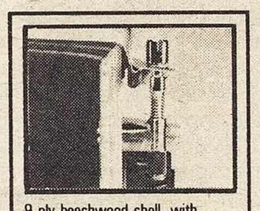
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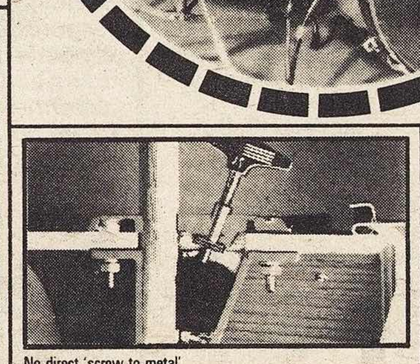
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I decide that we're entering an area of dispute that suits an analysis of how popularity will affect Devo. I put it to Casale that Devo success in America will probably mean not sticking out but falling in.

"Why?"

Because you become the background. "Well, on one level that's the most that can happen. That's the point, it's exactly what point the Stones were at 15 years ago with 'Satisfaction' in the top ten. That was the ultimate; that was significant. Where is the 'Satisfaction' of 1980? Where's the music for now that is relative to other music that is the same as 'Satisfaction,'?"

Circumstances have changed. "Well, that's all I want to say about that. I don't hear it. If they'd allow Devo on the radio, then I'd hear it."

To be played on the radio between Blue Bland and Bland Straits. . ? "That's good.

"To be a pretty pop group? "That's good, that's what we're dealing with.

"How far can it go? "Good question."

Think about it. "I think I did think about it. I think I told you. . . the level of the commitment and vision are the limitations, and finally the physical body."

Commercial success is a by-product of relevance! "It's a simple matter of if you do what you do and suddenly everybody likes it, that's OK. We would never plot or contrive to be commercial. That's not the point. If you do what you do systematically, well, and it has any relevance to people's need, it probably followed that it will be in some sense commercial. I think that's why things got going at one point."

Pop music? "Lots of things, but specifically pop music. That's how it came into being.

"Right, by being hard and relevant. But it soon softens and, when it's soft, for lots of people it becomes irresistible. And as useful and as abused as a carpet. "Right. It's rebellious and relevant until a load of constipated shits imitate it and make it into a vacuous style. It becomes conventional. So somebody else does it, which is the flow of things. It's perfect."

So you're part of the flow? "We're the next thing."

And, as part of the flow, you'll fall safe. "I suppose that would be the total trip of success, to eventually become the things you're talking about."

Which is where you're going to go. "If we're lucky. . if we stay around long enough, like the fighter who is in too many fights."

You're moving that way. "With two albums!" Sure. It's the acceleration of things. The routine beckons for you. You'll be useless before you get a chance to do anything better. "The difference is the content."

But if people don't acknowledge that? Myers lets me hear some more of his drawl, "Well, there's a lot of ways to look at that. Whether they accept the content or not they're still subjected to it. So whether it's conscious or not. . ."

Jerry looks down on me from a great height. "Anyway, you're driving towards this dichotomy that doesn't really matter. It's like a lawyer that's trying to make a point that doesn't exist. He's just trying to make it exist."

I wish the point didn't exist. But here comes the big one. So what does exist? Jerry draws breath in sharpish. "The semination of Devo. Period. That means effectively going about what we do and having concrete, ascertainable results."

I have to laugh. That sounds pretty, but. . . "Well, marketing is not bad, commerical is not bad. there are good things in success, too. If Devo sold, to me that would be good."

Mark pipes up, "I mean people might be eating a better quality hamburger and not even knowing it."

Jerry resumes, "So what if it does only matter to us? That's fine." But it's going to affect you. "Of course, we might become shit. . ."

Mark pops up again, "You put more additives in and you stretch your meat. . .".

Jerry shrugs his shoulders, "So that's what it's about and you can be one of the armchair quarterbacks that decides when Devo have become boring old farts."

And you don't give a damn? "I'm just saying that's what reporters do, they watch and they decide when people are no longer relevant or viable."

And I'm saying that you don't give a damn about becoming boring! "Well, usually by the time people are shit, they won't admit it. Somebody has to go and shoot them. I've asked the rest of Devo if I ever buy a dog please shoot it, and they promised that they would. Because at some point something might happen to me and I'll buy a dog. And I want them to take it away from me. You get tired and you give in."

I give in and change the subject. How did the people of Japan take to Devo? "Very well," claims a smug Casale Senior.

They saw sense in what you were doing? "Yeah. Tokyo is a fantastic place. Incredible. I think I could stay there a lot longer than I could stay in any other city I've been to. Ever been there?" No. You're lucky.

"I see what you mean. I consider myself fortunate. I thought myself lucky to go to Tokyo. I knew that if I was not part of an entity called Devo I might never have got there. I met incredible people there, I like the culture, it was a very new experience. It was noticeably different from the West."

Was it a shock? "Yeah!", exclaims Jerry, who looks almost in awe. Mark squeaks, "It wasn't really frightening". Jerry's still in awe, "It was incredible" — no-one says "It was incredible" like an American — "that many people who can live together and keep it together! There are eleven million people who live in Tokyo, and there's ten million who commute in. It is an anthill."

Mark starts a sentence, "If there were that many Americans or Britons. . ." and Jerry finishes it off with relish, ". . .there'd be mass murders!"

Myers wants to say something, and Jerry's so happy he's going to let him. "You can walk the streets at four in the morning and feel perfectly safe. The people are very disciplined and orderly and poised and there is virtually no crime."

It all seems a little Devo-disturbing to me; no wonder they all loved it so much. I mention the word emotion. "I mean. . .", he lets the sentence hang.

Doesn't discipline start wars? "Does it? I don't think so. Discipline never started a war. Discipline is necessary to carry out war that is started by some misguided emotion. But discipline never started a war. And in Japan it's certainly not oppressive discipline. It's like, they're not pigs! You know, now if that's a sin you can count me in!"

He cackles. "I mean, they have self-control, they are aware that they are part of something that is bigger than them and they're all interdependent. For instance, like we were told and it's been confirmed that having a car accident in Tokyo is a big, big disgrace, because obviously in a place so large if people drove like they do in America there would be a mass breakdown of society. Mayhem! And so it's very important for them to know what they're doing, so they drive with everyone else on their mind."

Myers agrees: "There are very few car accidents. I didn't see any at all."

Casale is in his element, "We walked around Tokyo three nights in a row and like I never saw one drunk person in the whole time. I saw no violence, no pushing, no shoving. . ."

"And hardly any drugs", yelps Mark.

Do these people enjoy themselves? "Yes and no. In a way," muses Jerry. "They seemed a lot more, y'know, significantly happy, substantially so. I don't care about psychotic mania behaviour, to be happy you've got to get tanked up, qualuuded up and you're happy. . . I mean, that's the kind of happiness we'd like to see leave. These people were like basically in control of their circumstances, about being alive. It wasn't a death-styled culture; they weren't trying to escape, they were facing up. That's just the impression that I got from one visit."

I ask for a similar impression of Britain, and Jerry is happy to oblige. "The British people are ill-tempered, depressed and bitchy. I'm not sure why, but with the description of the economy given to me, if that is accurate, I would think that would have something to do with it. Everyone is frustrated and unhappy with their plight, feeling that they're underpaid, abused. The climate and the general circumstances, the food, you have to pay lots of money for, all this would seem to be oppressive to the human body. That's what I saw. And the place seems to be sexually totally uptight. Victorian. God, I mean I had to re-evaluate what goes on here! After being in London I was just glad to get back."

Alan Myers slides in: "Those sort of things are beginning to happen over here. starting with the gas shortages. We're not that far behind."

Casale nods his head, "Yeah, that's all it would take, a breakdown of comfort here, and there'd be all these sons of bitches, they would not hesitate to use their guns. . ."

"They've started already," squeaks Mark. "Yeah," agrees Casale, "and you'd just get a bunch of killer goons with grins on their faces. Oh yeah," he pulls a dirty grin for emphasis.

"One guy did get shot in a petrol queue," comments Casale junior. Rough stuff, I say. But Jerry thinks not.

"That's perfect," he triumphs.

Oh yeah, what about the person who lost his life? It's okay for us to look through the window. "No-one is innocent," breathes Jerry, profoundly, "no-one is innocent. If you participate and reap the benefits from the culture you're in, if you die as a result of a cultural hazard, then you must accept that. . ."

You're not bothered about loss of life? He lets out a snarling snigger, "No, but I've been subjected to it all my life; nevertheless it doesn't seem to be a matter of whether you like it or not. Pain is one of those things you get whether you want it or not."

Have you had any near experiences of death? "I might have. I don't know." Do you believe in God? He doesn't answer, just chortles.

The mortuaries in America are really smart, I say. "They're designed to last. Well, what are you supposed to do? It's always waiting for that next car accident. I was in a good one on Valentine's Day. Someone in a big Dodge Charger pulled out in front of me at a red light. I was going 35 miles an hour. I hurt my head, my shoulder and my car was totally wrecked."

Did you enjoy it? The thought appeals to him; "Yeah, kind of."

You seem to have fond memories. "I was quite chewed up about it, but three minutes later and we were all laughing. Because I got out of my car and I didn't know it. Upon impact I was thrown into the passenger's side and I walked out of the passenger's door and I was standing in the street and not until a jogger grabbed me did I realise that I was out of the car. So there was that delay, that lost four or five seconds of my life where I didn't remember. It was kind of like anasthesia."

"I think that month," shrills Mark, "was a low point on the Devo

Continues page 41

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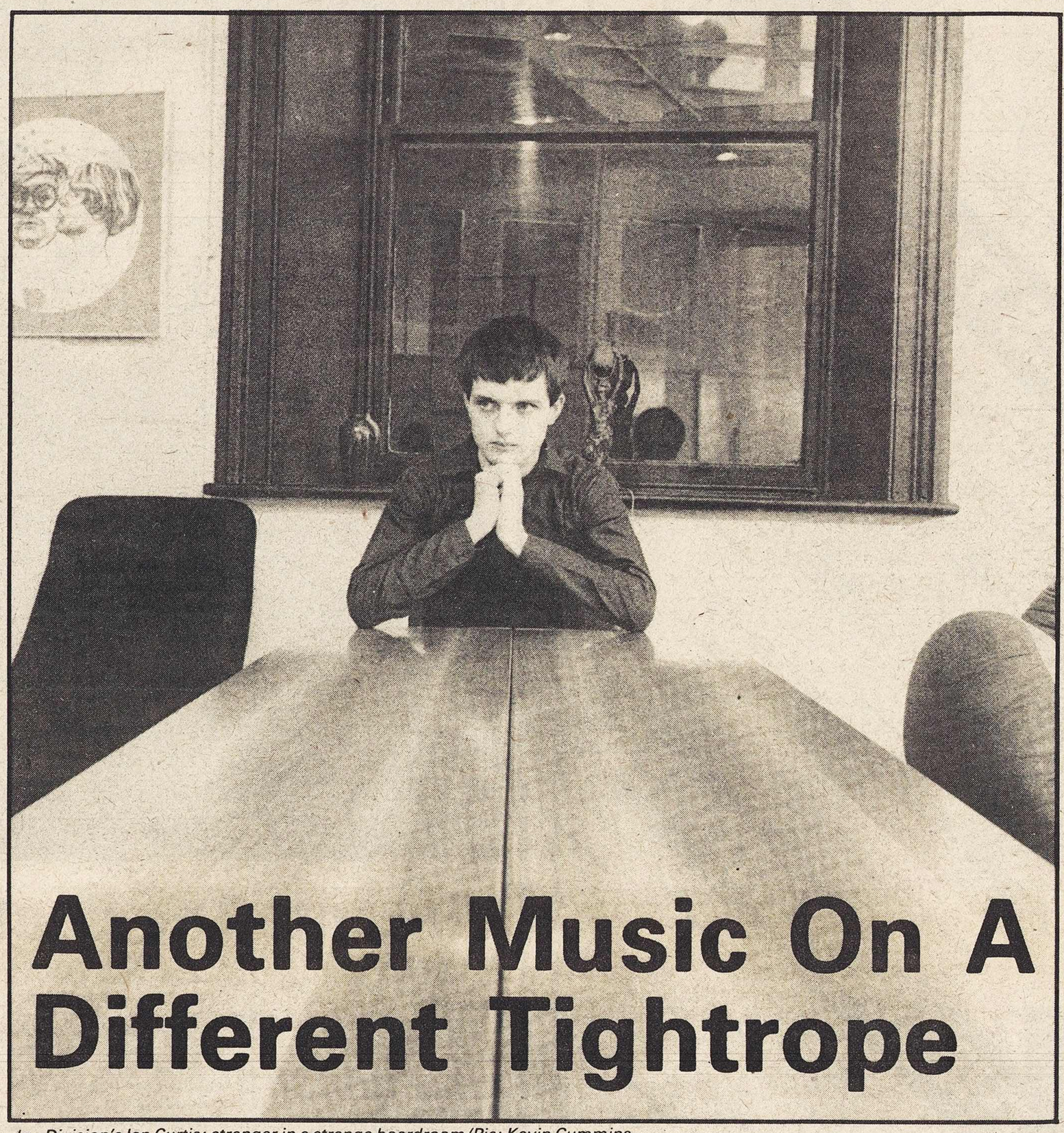


Another Music On A Different Tightrope

Joy Division's Ian Curtis: stranger in a strange boardroom/Pic: Kevin Cummins

JOY DIVISION
Unknown Pleasures
(Factory)

Just when the year's vitality was threatening to be expunged by a non-stop parade of rehashed fashions, 'ordinary geezers' with French Riviera yachts and the acceptable face of cuddley popular music, the Manchester band Joy Division snuck in by the back door, quiet and unannounced.

Joy Division's reticent foursome — Bernard Albrecht (guitar), Peter Hood (bass), Stephan Morris (drums) and singer Ian Curtis — have hinted at these 'Unkown Pleasures' in the last 18 months; their contributions to 1978's 'A Factory Sample' were intriguingly alien to the prevalent mood. Their own 12" sketch of 'An Ideal For Living' was more to the point — hard-faced, sombre, neanderthal and manic, an inverted shape cast in heavy metal, never conforming to the expected thrust of the beat.

Admirers of this new sound who managed to check out the animal on its live patch were pleased and maybe shocked to hear that Joy Division weren't joking. Never funny peculiar, funny ha-ha or clever-clever — the lot of most of the bands trying to slip into the current avant-garde — their music clearly fuses all the frayed ends with a new, unforced simplicity, a direction beyond expectancy.

Joy Division's atmosphere is uncomfortably claustrophobic in meaning, but its structures and dynamics are accessible. Although the band and their producer Martin Hannett have constructed something memorably psychotic, I'd hesitate to linger on their background of mental institutions and the vocabulary of the psychologist — for fear of encouraging images of contrived banshee rant and postured metal machine thrashing, all of which has its place but is not the guiding experience here.

Joy Division music worries and nags like the early excursions of the better known German experimentalists. Investigate these confined spaces, these insides of cages, this outside of insanity. They all bring to mind endless corridors where doors clank open and shut on an infinite emotional obstacle course. 'Disorder' and 'Insight' start out slow and smooth, echoing Can's 'Monster Movie' pattern, but the monotonics and deviations are Joy Division's unique territory. The root causes of Curtis' lyrical 'insights' — industrial and urban decay — are ignored in favour of the end result; the noises are human and the effect is shattering, literally.

So, the brutal numbness of 'Day Of The Lords', bears a slight resemblance to the well-planned spookiness of a Bowie or an Osterberg, except that Curtis' voice conjures up a withdrawal from response and an immunity to anaesthesia. There is "No room for the weak" in this world and no cheap pity either. Joy Division are solitary men, but assured and confident.

All the material bears the mark of obsession and personal experience; it's stark, alarmingly defiant. Curtis delivers his parts with dramatic flatness, as semi-chants, matter of fact monologues, pushing out the meaning in spurts. Alongside his compelling vocal the three instruments sift through gaps on graphic frequencies, producer Hannett distorting the orthodox conceptions of sound level, balance and attack.

This fragmented logic is most evident on the closing pieces, 'New Dawn Fades' and 'I Remember Nothing', where negative stasis confronts the listener with his/her conception of ordered existence. At their most compelling Joy Division invite you to participate in their journeys to the edge of chance. Try the mental hang-gliding of 'She's Lost Control', 'Interzone' or 'Wilderness' (a blood-pulse of a streamlined account of a time traveller who witnesses the agony on the Cross face to face).

In many other hands Joy Division's relentless litanies would appear pompous, tasteless or just plan vicarious; The Sex Pistols, for example, turned out to be all three. But Joy Division are treading a different tightrope; what carries their extraordinary music beyond despair is its quality of vindication. Without trying to baffle or overreach itself, this outfit step into a labyrinth that is rarely explored with any smidgeon of real conviction. By the time they experiment with the dialogues of schizophrenia on 'I Remember Nothing', they have you convinced of their credentials.

'Unknown Pleasures' is an English rock masterwork, its only equivalent probably made in Los Angeles twelve years ago: The Doors' 'Strange Days', the most pertinent comparison I can make. Listen to this album and wonder because you'll never love the sound of breaking glass again.

This band has tears in its eyes. Joy Division's day is closing in.

Max Bell

The Manchester Music Co-Operative

Swell Chaps!?!

SWELL MAPS
A Trip To Marineville
(Rather/Rough Trade)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
A Manchester Collection
(Object)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Earcom *(Fast)*

'The Manchester Collection' contains eleven Manchester groups you've never heard of. So, for a start, what you're getting is eleven singles for less than three quid. That's a good start. It keeps good too.

The record is the best collection of a city's music I can think of.

The eleven groups are members of The Manchester Music Co-Operative, which is not as boring as it sounds. Whereas other Co-ops are used by free musicians to tickle each others' tender spots, the Manchester Co-op — perhaps because of the vision of Dick Witts who is now doing the same in Liverpool, perhaps because the Fall attended the initial meeting — grew up as a rock'n'roll society of friends. Rock'n'roll's always going to be far more relevant than free music.

Nowadays the Co-op is weighed down, with as many as 60 musicians involved, many groups using the Co-op as access for gigs and, maybe, records — and freely admitting it. But, with the release of this record, (Courtesy of Steve Solomar's Object label) the Co-op has served its purpose.

Eleven groups and 16 songs. Recorded quickly and cheaply and almost on a conveyor belt. For most of them was the first time in a studio, for many the first time playing in any kind of public arena. Side one shines on the pop. Grow Up's exquisite 'You Are The One' and the more representative, bendy 'Night Rally'. From Blackburn, the assured XTC beat bop of I.Q. Zero with 'I'm In Love' and 'We Must Obey'. Tameside's Fast Cars with 'Why?' and 'What Can I Do?' are less Buzzcocks-fixated than the group name and song titles would suggest: healthy new pop. The Mediators' 'Monotony' is a blank classic on a level with The Fall's symbolic 'Repetition' and Devoto Buzzcock's profound 'Boredom'. Fireplace shove up close to the patience and flow of the best electronic pop, just as seductive but using 'ordinary' instruments.

Side two is more the scratchy, worried sort of forward movement. Picture Chords have two promising doses of structured electronic music; not up there with Orchestral Manoeuvres but tastier than Cabaret Voltaire. Manchester Mekon twirl through a soft '60s instrumental. Property Of . . . play 'Property Of' and it's thinly hypnotic and something I'll play again and again without knowing quite why. Vibrant Thighs' 'Wooden Gangster' is the closest to orthodox punketypunk on the record, but is still a long way off from a thinline thrash. F. T. Index take their time with 'Working On The Line'; it's a clever sub-dub sort of shiver. Slight Seconds rose from the crumbs of the excellent Elite and their 'Double Me' and 'New Face' are vivid and vigorous pieces of rock. There is nothing mediocre on this record.

Fast Products are fond of messages, motifs and the meaning of slippy banana skins. Their 'Earcom' youth package takes a less orthodox route than Object to thrust even less obvious music at us.

The record features the precociously brilliant The Prats, who play real punk rock as if on combs and trays, the zestful and deceitful Flowers, who play slippery psychedelia with a deadpan electronic dribble through 'My Baby Does (Good Sculptures)' the gruff Blank Students, who could also be said to be psychedelic, and Graph, who make delicate electronic music that sounds like the vocalists are plugged in as well. They do go on a bit though. It's all at 45 rpm. It all sounds accidental.

'Earcom' is a few moments in time captured when no-one was really looking. Twenty-four minutes of music, a poster, a pink piece of card, a nice black cover. I'm sure you'll love it.

Swell Maps' 'A Trip To Marineville' is another kind of earcomic. I think that it's phenomonal. It's hilarious and it's sad and it's moving and reaches those sorts of places. Y'know?

With a passion and a purpose it deflates every single thing the rock demi-gods have been vainly struggling to keep sacred and mysterious. It was recorded in a very bookable four-track studio in Leamington Spa. It was produced and arranged by the pretty but spotty Maps themselves. It comes with a full colour sleeve, has an inner sleeve complete with lyrics, all the information you're likely to want and a free EP. It will cost you Three quid. It can be done.

And it really is magnificent. It is one of the great debut LPs, much as I loathe such fake standards. I'll even go as far as to say that it is the hardest and most urgent rock'n'roll debut of the year.

Swell Maps make a sound that will scare the living daylights out of you and at the same time make you yearn for your days of innocence. (No one's innocent). Swell Maps come from Birmingham, have been together a couple of years on and off and have released two lovely maxi-singles. Their names are Nikki Mattress, Epic Soundtracks, Phones B. Sportsman and Jowe Head, with incidental intrusions from Biggles Books and Gordon Cockrill. They use an ordinary line up of instruments to make their music, but don't pretend that there are any limitations on what they can do or where they can go. They bang and splutter and spurt and drone, keep it rough around the edges. They push their comic language and words of day-to-day survival into surreal territories that brilliantly merge the colour lust of Bolan with the ache and fret of Beefheart. They roam through very strange worlds, but I bet you recognise bits of it all.

There are 13 tracks on the LP and four extras on the EP. Each song is decisive, dramatic and in its own particular way disturbing. Swell Maps are not only one of the funniest groups imaginable — lovable, slaphappy in approach, superficially comic in song content — but they also spit along the sharp edge of concern that is about the important and strangely unkown things, with the perversity and cunning that made Faust so crucial. They care about futility and absurdity, and laugh at themselves for caring.

Swell Maps have no lack of nerve. They are abstract, committed and always on some sort of edge — balancing, crashing, stopping just short of chaos, but somehow existing slap bang in the middle of it. They move from Can a totally different way from Joy Division, via Bolan and Buzzcocks, without the cold-light precision. But the fluidity's there. And, of course, the noise.

Swell Maps say it themselves on 'H.S. Art': *"If you can see right through the chance/and never take the fun away/keep on walking to the end/then you'll see what we can do".*

Paul Morley

The late, great Gene.

Vincent: The Beat Goes On

GENE VINCENT
Greatest Hits Volume Two ***(Capitol)***

Gene Vincent: "*. . . the chances were slim, and the beauties were brief.*"

Images come and go, the beat goes on. Whatever heroes, hopes or hates we young hipsters know or have are probably mostly recent. The pictures on the wall may not even come from the rock'n'roll enclave, maybe just overlap or hint at it. You can't put your finger on what it is about someone: some pose, gesture, shadowy profile — it appeals.

Gene Vincent: hip, legs, swing, voice, sobs, stops, bop, strife, death, youth.

Whatever popular music was before the likes of Vincent and Presley were unlocked, it definitely wasn't a youth music: no fun between dangerous jazz and Doris Day, nothing white *and* right.

Gene Vincent: green light, red night, lead black, summer tight, not quite right.

Popular music got a good beating and became pop music, the soundtrack and the product of a youth rebellion. Money in pockets, love, post-war parents left at home: relative autonomy. The soundtrack acknowledged that youth did feel, want and sometimes get things traditionally denied; it rescued adolescence from being a bored, board game of repression and routines.

Gene Vincent: brand new beat language!
An immediately accessible youth language, and the rhythm and sobs made it clear what was going up and down, where, from head to heels. The music didn't articulate anything, it coincided with the new climate, and became the 'sound of' interest, thrills, mischief, and problems.

Gene Vincent: what a flirt! What a face!

People living between puberty and marriage *became* teenagers. Teenagers were accepted for the first time ever, and the music joined the dots of the occasion. The social freedoms were relative, maybe — but fun, for a change.

Gene Vincent: sweet young icon (next to a jukebox).

If you can't put a finger on what it is about this sound — it's not just 1950's rock and roll — then stop concentrating so hard. Confess to private frustration, bursting into tears, sex, conscience and doubt.

Gene Vincent: shaking, aching all over, tingling, lying, lazy, secret, physical, lonely, and gone.

Gene Vincent: charm, attention, bashful, coquette, inference, entendre, knowing, pressure and pleasure.

Gene Vincent's Greatest Hits Volume Two — 20 pure songs '56 - '60 — goes with its equal, 'Volume One', and Ian Dury's song fills in the dark side.
Gene Vincent:

Gene Vincent, like: 'Blue Jean Bop', 'Pistol Packin' Mama', 'Cruising' ', 'Git It' . . .

Gene Vincent: like Robert de Niro in *New York, New York* but substitute your own frivolous, favourite growing-up-culture image.

Ian Penman

JAMES TAYLOR
Flag ***(CBS)***

Perhaps 'Flagging' would have been a better title, because since his marriage to cuddly Carly, the once Sweet Baby has produced but one really worthwhile album — that being 'Gorilla', in 1975.

Vocally, he's still okay and his flat, nasal delivery is capable of picking up the points wherever to be made. Trouble is that they're not to be made very often nowadays, the reason being that Taylor as a songwriter is just Mr Average, a guy capable of being outclassed by a fair proportion of the acoustic strummers currently working on the British folk circuit.

On 'J.T.', his first CBS album, Taylor — who in the past has logged major successes with Carol King's 'You've Got A Friend' and Motown monster 'How Sweet It Is — reaped the akkers by re-working 'Handy Man', a 1960 hit for Jimmy Jones. And it may well be that even he has realised that his best way out is to cast himself increasingly as an interpretor rather than a creator. Whatever the reason, this time around he's opted for belated stabs at such oldies but goodies as 'Daytripper' and 'Up On The Roof', also sticking to the safety rails for a re-run of 'Rainy Day Man', the hit he co-wrote with Zach Weisner around 10 years ago.

Certainly there's no Taylored original on 'Flag' which comes within a long mud-slide of the latter. 'Brother Trucker', his anthem in praise of those who handle 18-wheelers, is just another B-side on some truck-stop juke-box, while 'Company Man' — which appears to be an analogy suggesting that a performer is owned and operated by his public in the same manner that a salesman is owned by those who sign his monthly pay-cheque — only rises to the nearly-but-not-quite category.

'Millworker', a song which Taylor has, oddly, written in the first person (thus having to relate such lines as *'My father was a farmer and I his only daughter'*) is, nevertheless, stronger lyrically than most. And the brief whiff of Soir D'Paris that is 'Chanson Francaise' is neat and pretty melody-wise. But, in all honesty, there is nothing that occurs during this album's 35 minutes that does anything to explain why multitudes of U.S. punters have gone stark raving ga-ga over 'Flag' and headed for stockists with the mindless dedication of lemmings.

The reason can't possibly be Peter Asher's production work, immaculate though that is. Nor can much of a clue be ascertained by glancing at the back-up credits, which list such old reliables as Kootch, Sklar and Kunkel, along with keyboardist Don Grolnick and singalong specialists Graham Nash, Bro' Alex and of course, the missus.

Perhaps it's just that Americans feel that anyone who's seen all his relatives make it onto record has to be an all-right guy or something.

Really, I just don't know — and probably never will.

Fred Dellar

A member of the Chic Organisation arranges herself. Pic: Paul Canty (L.F.I.).

Disco: And On And On ...

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Greatest Disco Album In The World *(WEA).*

A very tasty world! Sweatless dancing, uncomplicated sex, painless suffering. Everybody dresses nice, no-one's ugly and "boys are boys/Girls are toys/not programmed to reply", as the poet hath it. Chocolate and vanilla milkshake music delicately flavoured with amyl nitrate: a world of fashion and fun where the rich and the poor enjoy the same glossy, one-dimensional fantasy while dancing to the same records. A very tasty world!

Inevitable, I suppose: rock and roll's central fantasy was getting tepid and embarrassing to the more sensitive amongst us as too many well-heeled adults contorted themselves to look and behave like Real Kids From Real Streets. What better antidote could there be than a replacement fantasy in which Real Kids From Real Streets could be induced to try and imagine themselves as well-heeled adults? Sling Seditionaries into the dumper and bring on Halston, Gucci and Fiorucci! The haute couture answer to Crosby, Stills and Nash, natch. At last some records for Bianca Jagger to be seen dancing to!

As the economy of the Western World begins to bear an ever-increasing resemblance to a dog's breakfast, it requires more and more of a suspension of disbelief to be able to sustain the illusion that rock and roll can change anything, that we can be part of the solution. Thanks to disco, we can now submerge in a vision of hedonistic affluence and become true to ourselves by being what we always were: part of the problem. 'The Greatest Disco Album In The World' is a soundtrack by which we can fiddle while Babylon burns: the more of it I find myself liking the more corrupt I feel. Pure pleasure with a bitter aftertaste. An insidious, itchy-twitchy diversion.

Out of twenty tracks, there's only one that's completely unbearable and that comes right at the end. Boney M's "Hooray Hooray" achieves a degree of numbskulled jollity that offends most deeply; by comparison even Sister Sledge or Chaka Khan re-enacting the ancient scenario of woman - as - admiring - doormat can be tolerated even as it sets the teeth on edge simply virtue of the excellent rhythm sections. Anything is grist to the disco mill: Eddie Floyd, Bruce Springsteen, Ann Peebles, and The Creation all revibed by Amii Stewart, The Pointer Sisters, Eruption and Boney M, all re-finished with glossy veneers even thicker than a razor blade.

Yerractual disco hardcore will already have the best stuff from this album in their singles boxes, but people who've made it an article of faith to hate disco and then found themselves unwillingly capitulating to the charms of Rose Royce's 'Love Don't Live Here Any More', or the ludicrous cretin-thump Gary Glitter drumming on Amii Stewart's 'Knock On Wood' or the immaculate riff and lapel-badge sloganeering of Chic's 'Le Freak' or the old-gold soul of Candi Staton's 'Young Hearts Run Free' or the murderous rickytick hook of Eruption's 'I Can't Stand The Rain' or the swirling, sinuous jive of funkadelic's 'One Nation Under A Groove' or any of the numerous others ... well, they can slink into their local record shop when nobody's looking, stick this in the sleeve of a Costello album or something and guiltily scuttle home with it.

'The greatest disco album in the world'? Hardly, but then I've always been a sucker for the soft sell. A bag of sweets, then, tingly on the tongue and hell on the teeth, but that's showbiz and this *is* showbiz. Disco is a tendertrap disguised as a panacea. Enter freely and of your own free will.

Charles Shaar Murray

KANSAS
Monolith *(Epic)*

Rock and roll is a modern myth.

I may be wearing new blue suede shoes, but Kansas look like second cameramen for *Woodstock*, and their fourth LP sold nearly three million copies.

This isn't another simple moment in the massive, uniformly romantic rock and roll lifestyle. I'm doing this for money, and Kansas are rock and roll only by virtue of occupying the appropriate slots in press, advertising and marketing. Kansas are part of rock's system of signs — they are 'Kansas' — in name, cover art, press handout, song titles, photographs, riffs, and interviews alone. A product of 1970s affluent, middle-class, mass communications-geared American 'cultural' life, they could be anyone you wanted them to be, if you think that music only has to move you, whenever, wherever, however, for any reason — and nothing else.

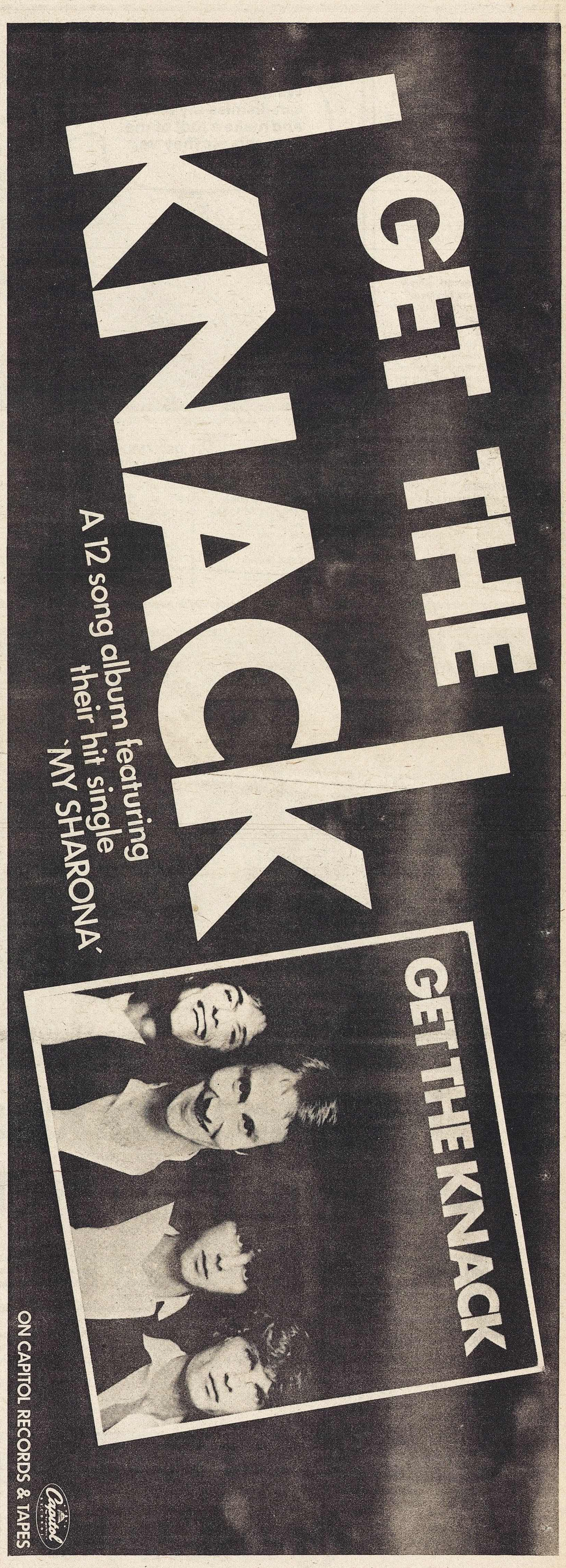
Kansas could be Talking Heads. Neither of them move me. Both are part of a larger organization of images, sounds, representations and interpretations that they have negligible control over.

Kansas fall between culture and second nature: nice guys! Kansas are too repressed to really have anything to do with rock, too old — attitude rather than age — to have anything to do with youth music, too much still stuck in their background to not leave Art out of it — and put real beat into it, and too much a product of CBS not to still be massively successful.

'The answers are simple and we all know where to look,' sing Kansas over foolish boogie sleighrides and tarnished synthi-orchestral splendour: yet another Southern fried missing link between Castenada and 'Eat A Peach'.

They want to sound natch'rl, and want to be meaningful; they're another illusory 'rock and roll' jigsaw. Should be a hit.

Ian Penman



RICK WAKEMAN
Rhapsodies *(A&M)*
The electronic Russ Conway has abandoned the pretence that his little tunes have a single thematic link. That said, though, this batch of keyboard doodlings all sound remarkably alike. The inclusion of Gershwin's 'Summertime' and 'Rhapsody In Blue' only serves to emphasise the paucity of the surroundings. No wonder this is a budget item. After four sides, it's hard to stay awake man.

STATUS QUO
Just For The Record *(Pye)*.
Young Quo fans beware. There's nothing on this album that's less then eight years old. You may not spot that, unless you read the small print of the sleeve notes. Nowhere on the front cover does it say in large print: "A load of old cut-price dross". Instead, there's a nasty misogynist pic of a lady having her face punched. A thoroughly nasty project all round.

LINER
Liner *(Atlantic)*.
Proof of the importance of Atlantic producer Arif Mardin in the Bee Gees revival. Mardin helped the Gibbs create their disco sound on the classic 'Main Course' album. Here, he's working the same trick with the remnants

Rick Wakeman sports special summer seasonal outfit.

of an ancient British pop group who used to be called Blackfoot Sue. As it happens, the result is arguably more attractive than recent Gibb product. No shrill falsettos to jar the nerves. Nifty dance arrangements in the 'Jive Talking' class. Particularly outstandling are 'Keep Reaching Out For Love' and 'Ship On The Ocean'.

ORLEANS
Forever *(Infinity)*.
Orleans have got a new line-up since their 'Dance With Me' and 'Still The One' singles. But smoothiechops Larry Hoppen is still the lead singer, and he's heard to good effect on the opener 'Love Takes Time'. Alas, one good song does not a great, etc. Still, it's a glossy forty minutes for ageing teenagers to swoon over.

GINO SOCCIO
Outline *(Warner Brothers)*.
Outline is right. Soccio's music has very little substance. Backing tracks in search of something to back. As sparse as Hamilton Bohannon used to be. 'Dancer' was the track which

The Mincer

BOB EDMANDS samples the surplus

gained passing support in the discos. If you're interested, best buy the single and save some money.

THEO VANESS
Bad Bad Boy *(Epic)*
Voyage's Marc Chantreau had a hand in this splendid piece of Frog hopping. The French didn't used to know how to make decent pop music, but all that's changed. Tracks like 'As Long As It's Love' and 'Love Me Now' are eminently hummable and danceable. Pierreless.

PETER JACQUES BAND
Fire Night Dance *(Ariola)*
Even the Italians are getting in on the disco act, and inevitably there's a certain "Mama Mia" frenzy about their exertions. The rhythm section moves at such a crazy pace that you'd tie your legs in spaghetti hoops trying to keep up. Definitely a touch of wop bop aloo bop about this one.

DENIECE WILLIAMS
When Love Comes Calling *(CBS)*.
Ms Williams appears on the sleeve as a large lady in a fur coat sitting in a phone booth. Maybe that's where she recorded the album. Despite the presence of Ray Parker Junior, this is somewhat thin fare. Deniece writes nice melodies, but undersells them something rotten.

FAYETTE PINKNEY
One Degree *(Chopper)*.
Yeah, one degree under. According to the sleeve, "after twelve successful years with The Three Degrees Fayette Pinkney has made her first solo album".

Poor Fayette. Leaving the Degrees before they joined up with Moroder is as daft as a nun turning atheist in old age.

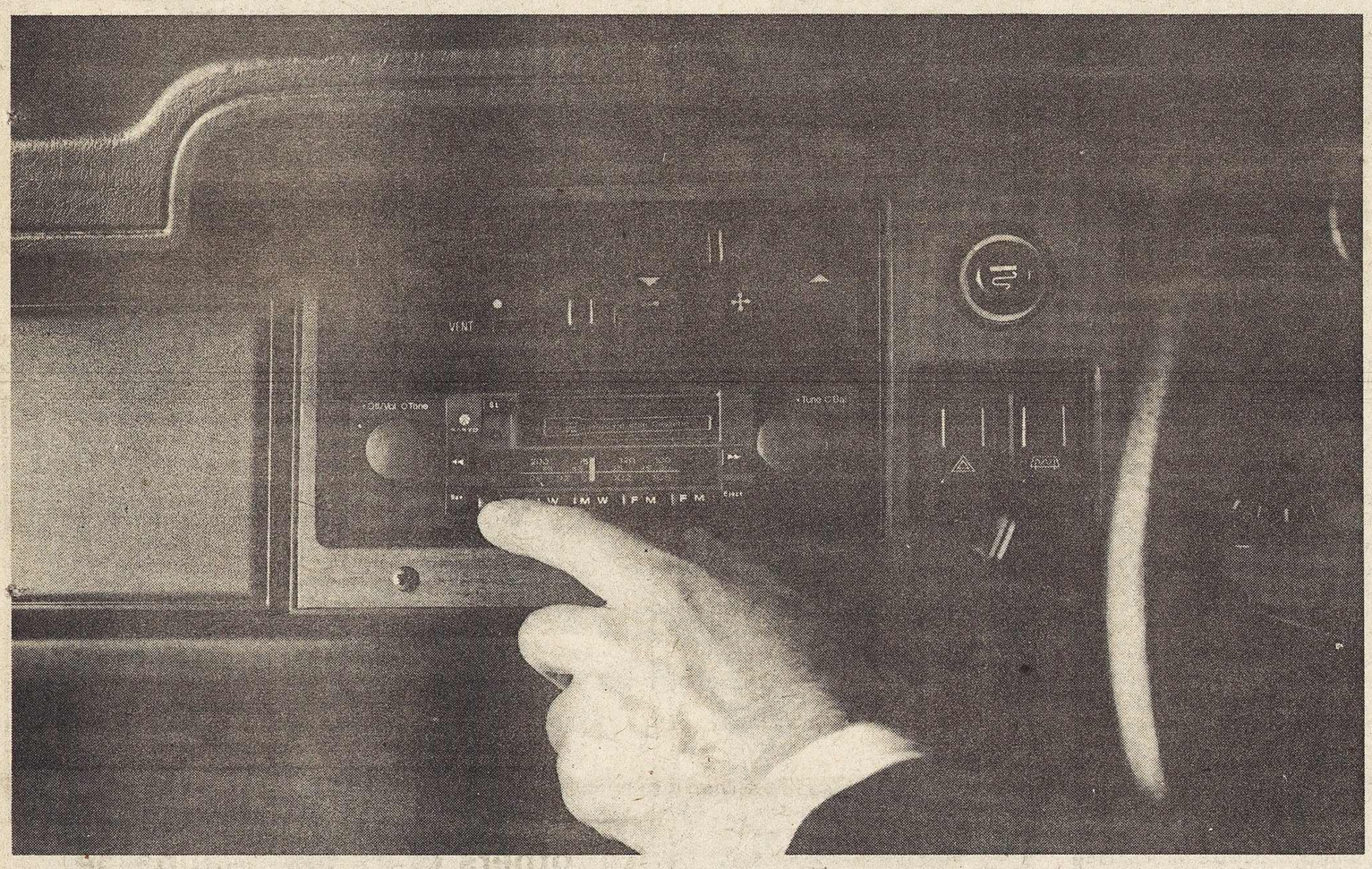
DIANA ROSS
The Boss *(Motown)*.
Played the first side and realised I hadn't heard any of it. Ross goes in strictly for Vegas musak these days, and that's the sort of music you're not actually supposed to listen to anyway. Producers are Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson and they should have known better.

HIGH INERGY
Shoulda Gone Dancin' *(Motown)*.
Further signs of Motown floundering. Inergy seem a mite enervated, and the ten minute title track is more that a mite half-hearted. It's not enough to let a tune drag on for ages and bash away the meanwhile at every percussion instrument in reach. Even disco requires strong songs and careful judgement.

RUNNER
Runner *(Acrobat)*.
Good solid butch hard rock band. Bad Company without the embalming fluid. Foreigher without the varnish. Boston without the chowder. Too good for the Americans.

FLICKS
Go For The Effect *(Ariola)*.
Some tasteful American-style '60s harmonies by a skilful little band from, er, Leicester. Must be something they put in the Ruddles.

LANI HALL
Double Or Nothing *(A&M)*
Nothing.



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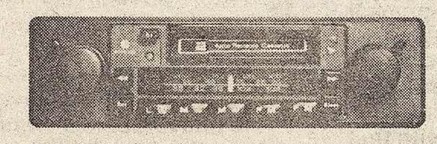
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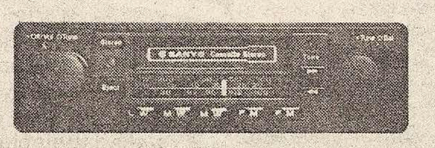
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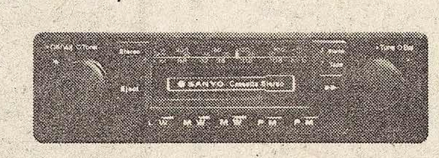
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IMPORTS

Jon Sholle's been around; played with a lot of people. Doubters can check out the sleeve credits on various Bonnie Koloc, Kate and Anna McGarrigle, Ronnie Blakely and Sonny Stitt albums — while others might remember that he's toured with the likes of Esther Phillips and even performed with the Duke Ellington band.

A 30-year-old guitarist with a style that goes further back, he's just completed 'Catfish For Supper' (Rounder), an album that finds him in company of such musicians as David Bromberg, David Grisman, Tony Trischka and David Nichtern — all fully paid members of the look back in hunger brigade. As a vocalist, Sholle is no great shakes. Low average is a rating that's rather bending things in his favour.

But he enjoys what he's doing and communicates this enjoyment — so much so, in fact, that the looneytune chant which serves as the album's title number forces the smileometer to wag high into the red zone. His instrumental work, though much more accomplished, similarly invokes this feeling of bonhomie. He appears to slick-pick his way through guitar history, a phrase from Eddie Lang here, another from Django or maybe T-Bone Walker there.

Sheer history — though it doesn't feel like a history lesson, being merely a reminder that time and fashion are for the birds when good music's being made. Cooder fans will doubtlessly understand, along with the lesser Redbone-ites and the Muldaur minions. And, hopefully, others will soon catch on.

Sneaky Peter Kleinow caught on way back — in the year that he first heard Bing Crosby singing 'Sweet Leilani' on an old 78, according to his sleeve notes on 'Sneaky Pete' (Shiloh). Checking through the rest of the reading matter, one can also ascertain that Skip Battin, Gib Guilbeau and Gene Parsons have dropped from Pete Frame's Burrito tree to add a little brotherly love to the proceedings. Now Kleinow's not my favourite steelie. He lacks the jazz feel of an Emmons or the intuitive genius of a Lloyd Maines. But he's still an inventive kind of bod and a class or two up on your everyday dispenser of Nashville weep and droop.

Bearing this in mind, it's a trifle sad to report that on 'Sneaky Pete' he emerges as a kind of hepped-up Les Paul, denoting his chosen way of things via the sleeve statement "all 'lead instruments' are played on steel guitar by Kleinow". Which means that he utilises various techniques and effects in order to sound like an organ, a string section, or even a normal electric guitar.

So often the results are a trifle too studied, with the result that you may feel you've just walked into a Fender or Sho-Bud demo show. But when Pete does loosen up, as he does on 'Oklahoma Stomp', or drops back to merely provide the right sort of fill-ins behind Connie Williams' vocals, then all is well and there's little to write to the complaints committee about.

However, those seeking a more pungent aroma of Hot Burrito might try their luck with 'Toe Tappin' Music' (Shiloh), on which fiddler **Gib Guilbeau** is listed as helmsman. Five of the tracks stem from the early '60s, when Gib was leading Swampwater, once a back-up unit for Linda Ronstadt, while the rest are of more recent parentage, once again allowing Parsons, Kleinow and Co. to show their spur-clad heels.

Fred Dellar

Keith Jarrett

A Young Chap's Guide To Current 'Jazz'

ANTHONY DAVIES QUARTET
Song For The Old World ***(India Navigation)***

DEXTER GORDON
Live At The Amsterdam Paradiso ***(Affinity)***

KEITH JARRETT
Eyes Of The Heart ***ECM)***

GEORGE LEWIS & DOUGLAS EWART ***(Black Saint)***

DON PULLEN
Milano Strut ***(Black Saint)***

Typeset firmly as 19, freckled, white and an offbeatculture kid, what do I or can I say about jazz? It's a tough picture to fathom, and tougher to talk of . . .

Different kinds of change are taking place in different parts of current jazz, and it seems plain daft to arrange them all so as to meet at, and travel through the same bottleneck definition. *Is* it all the same 'jazz'? Or ought we to shift a little further than inherited hip notions of where and what the music might definitely be?

We young 'uns, especially, should get in on the critical purchase act pronto, before the whole shop is overrun by ageing academia and slimy, Southbankish media corps. We should work havoc upon all the standing justifications, tear the roof off any premature formalism, vandalize the props and dodgy aesthetic playpens — because even the leftiest of a lotta new jazz conceals in its lowdown American loft a skeletal pattern or two of stuffy European artiness. For which read *vagueness.* Read *conservative.*

The established signs and systems are up to be scrutinised. Proceed carefully, but unconstrained by what history tells you is right, or not. Disregard, for starters, the perennial rejoinder that much new *Black* jazz is automatically valid when awarded, when fulfilling, any old Western musical criteria; a newer critical vocabulary is crying out to be developed. Let's see — we won't get arrogant about this, but why not begin by trying to point out where and when we feel people are letting themselves slip into undesirable snares. OK?

Worst, first. Don Pullen's 'Milano Strut' pineapples around a loveless list of set 'improvised' chunks. Its suite of drum/piano discordant duets is unlistenably affected: a form Cecil Taylor clouted with time and tempo years back, bouncier and bristler. The po-faced partnership echoes with titles like 'Conversation' and 'Communication', which give themselves a lot to play up to. The long, funky 'Milano Strut' burbles up as quite a surprise, beginning side two with itinerant Herb Hancock bits of boogie skittering all down the swing and slide.

Pullen wants to keep everything obvious, and roundabout, but the codex of alienating obtuse freeplay and bumpy embrocation neither shapes up nor down with the slightest suggestion of dynamics or daring. Even dynamic, daring drummer Famoudou Don Moye doesn't make a difference. Milano may strut, but ain't so potent, really.

Another European stop-off is Dexter Gordon's 'Live At The Amsterdam Paradiso', released in the UK herewith but recorded a decade past. Dexter is one respected dude in jazz squares, and a lot of it comes down to his (Bebop) roots. The Gordon equation, which works subtle harmonic invention over base aggression, gets a fairly mild calling up on this double set. The recording quality isn't exactly sizzling, and this is really one for those consumers who like to collect; interesting to hear Gordon's tenor on (hero) Charlie Parker's 'Scrapple From The Apple', but not worth forking or kniving the money box for. This works as a piece of history — *Melody Maker'll* probably go a bomb on Han Bennink in the drumming seat — and, despite the hooded pic of Dex and tenor, remains in the rack as I skip on to now, not then.

Keith Jarrett has built up quite a daunting line in reputation, rearing up from Impulse salad days to the present: Zeus the winged-fingers god. He's gotten himself canonized as the perfect, pliable host between improved and classical muses — bringing dignity to the former, and casualwear to the latter. Quite a lifeline for befuddled young critics, eh what?

'Eyes Of The Heart' is pleasantly pregnant, cautiously bevelled and occasionally elliptical; three (yes) sides of a 1976 quartet with Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian on tenor, bass, drums respectively. It is wrapped inside a typical ECM sleeve, environmental and arty, features spiritual Art/Music gatefold jottings from Jarrett, and pegs up only a bit of a minute over 50 in length. Jarrett seems to have painted himself into his *respectable* tableau with none or few qualms. His music rarely sparks, rarely whispers, seldom stares straightahead or sighs out loud; as grainy chamber music it works, wholly welded and inoffensively wielded, but as 'improvisation' it doesn't.

Jarrett isn't the isolated crusader of cultural merger, he's so frequently claimed to be. His figure fits nicely into *Rolling Stone* type specialist overviews, but — maybe no fault of his own masking — the dynamism is far from foolproof.

It all depends, really, on who else you know doing approximately similar acoustic duties in approximately similar frameworks. The younger clutch of Black American players — as represented in our peekaboo by pianist Anthony Davis and trombonist George Lewis — certainly stretch either side of Jarrett's 'idiosyncractic' technical charisma, and they don't carry any marketable moodiness in tow. Lewis and Davis, who've worked together and with a double score of contemporary name players, climb and limber up off the twin extremities of restrained composition and linear improvisation.

Lewis has a tendency to get timelocked into bleak, over-symetrical circumspection: too Classical, too well thought out and in. The album of duets with flautist Ewart is pretty average squiddely-boop, trussed up in something very ECM. What could be thrilling foundation and colour fade through forlorn formalism.

Lewis likes Anthony Braxton, and it shows. Anyone who doesn't dream of playing calculator at Carnegie Hall might find the prevalent mathematical atmosphere a trifle cold, although Jamaican born Ewart's 'Jila' and 'Save! Mon' are more hospitable.

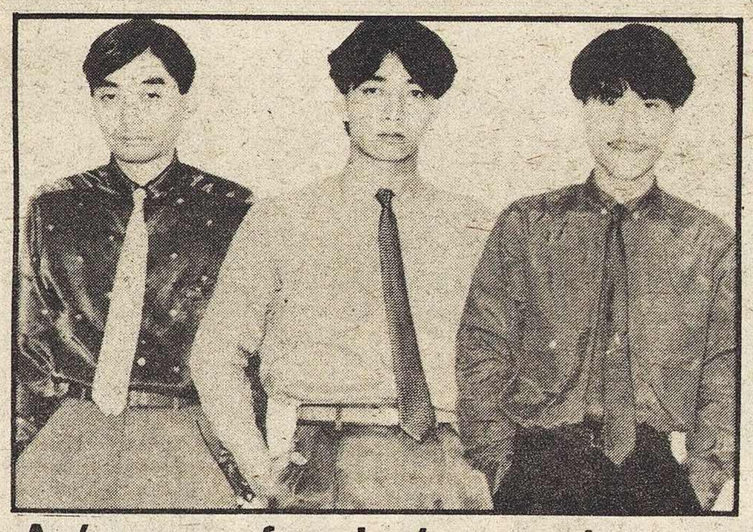
In the end, though, it's just a game — for players and not spectators. Words and associations can be licked and stuck on the side of the cultural suitcase. That's it.

The Davies Quartet comes out best from this random bunch. Ed Blackwell, Jay Hoggard and Mark Helias — drums, vibes, and bass — use control and spacing; they're all attractively adaptable within the man's call, compositions: no sprinting. This is right because there's a proper conversation, and some thrills. A balance, in love.

Bits of 'Song For The Old World' remind me of 'I'm The One' Annette Peacock, and 'Rock Bottom' Wyatt. Tender, but never finished, never sure . . .

Is it jazz?

Ian Penman



An' some of us jus' wannabe

Machines

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
Yellow Magic Orchestra ***(A&M)***

"We are the experimental people. We come from Tokyo, the technopolis. We have to transcend and use the mind and use music of Yellow Magic Orchestra, TECHNOPOPS".

So says Haruomi (Harry) Hosono, leader and producer of the YMO. Exactly what the phrase "experimental people" refers to — musical intentions or genetic history — is not explained. However, despite pictorial evidence to the contrary (back cover shows three rigorously inscrutable showroom-dummy Japs in bow-ties and yellow-tinted penguin suits clutching wires and leads), I'll take it that Harry means the former.

Harry's co-protagonists in the YMO are Ryuichi Sakamoto, a classically trained keyboard person, and Yukihiro Takahashi, ex-Sadistic Mika Band drummer. Making much use of that peculiarly Japanese gift for imitation, they've come up with what is effectively an Oriental Kraftwerk album: bland, drab wallpaper more at home on Radio 2 than the disco floor.

I suppose it's only to be expected that Kraftwerk-clones from the land of Prayers For The Company should produce a variant of *Workers' Playtime.* Unfortunately, adherence to this culturally correct adaptation of the Kraftwerk aesthetic ensures that the music is vacuous, functional and ultimately impenetrable.

It's really quite astonishing, given the disco precedent, how little the YMO's music inspires one to dance. Only 'Firecracker' has anything approaching punchiness (courtesy Takahashi), and that's ruined by the crassly ying-tong Oriental nature of the melody.

The best track, in many ways, is the one which least aspires to the status of disco, a sleazy Biba samba called 'Simoon' (sort of Sergio Mendes meets *Star Trek*) which will doubtless go down well on the car stereo systems of squash club people with MG Midgets.

Andy Gill

CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Real To Reel ***(Warner Bros)***

For this latest polishing/refining of their bluff, workaday music, bluesers, Climax took off for Montseratt, a little dot north-west of Guadeloupe in the Leeward Islands. What with CSM discerning creeping Fleetwood Mackery in their last effort and a vision of The Average White Bland strolling sun-kissed beaches with Bob Harris fresh in the memory, 'Real To Reel' (an old Love album title back to front) shaped up like a Mickey Finn in vinyl form.

The dinner-on-the-verandah inner sleeve shot indeed suggests there must be worse places to record, but there's nothing rum-punched about the results. Pete Haycock's voice is the most distinctive feature, sounding like Paul Rodgers minus the huffanpuff on 'Summer Rain' and approximating MOR Bob Seger ('We've Got Tonite' etc.) on 'Fallen In Love (For The Very First Time)'.

Unfortunately his guitar work, though apt, shows little advance on 'Fresh Cream' Clapton and can't enliven routine rockers like 'Long Distance Love' and 'Fat City'. With Pete Filleul's keyboards thoroughly anonymous, some reedy, Squeeze-like harmonies and the occasional blending of guitar and Colin Cooper's under-recorded sax provide most of the colour.

Most of the spunk and bustle comes courtesy Derek Holt (bass) and John Cuffley (drums), who could doubtless make a packet doing sessions. Holt also sings agreeably bemused lead on 'Crazy World', enhancing a blissed-out, 'Let's Get It On' groove.

But since Cooper's singing is gruff and ordinary and Climax Blues Band have nothing they particularly want to say, why is their music still modestly appealing? Why are you wearing that old coat when you've a new one in the wardrobe?

Harry George

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Pink Grease 20 Original US Hit Recordings ***(Ensign)***

An interesting little piece, this, as it presents a chance to examine how successfully the present interprets and is shaped by the past as well as an opportunity to smile and sneer at idiocies of early '60s American youth. The crushing banality and ultra-innocence exuded here is often just too much.

As with most artefacts of this type, it's a case of the worthwhile and the disposable, with enough of the former to stimulate interest but too much of the latter to make it essential. Clear winners are the tried and trusted twin packs from The Chiffons and Dion of 'He's So Fine' and 'Sweet Talking Guy' and 'The Wanderer' and 'I Wonder Why' respectively.

But there are others which surprise and please, such as 'When The Boy's Happy' by Four Pennies *("Everyday I kiss my baby just because it drives him crazy")* and the original 'Little Bit Of Soap' by Jarmels: all the sort of thing that would have bided time while the next Motown, Spector or Beach Boys release was being readied. Randy and The Rainbows 'Denise' palls against Blondie's recent version, Dion's 'Wanderer' shows Gary Glitter's the door and Jarmels firmly clout Showaddywaddy. Elsewhere 'Moulty' by The Barbarians induces various shades of nausea, as does Bobby Goldsboro's depressive, dirgeful 'Molly'. **Gavin Martin**

An' others of us jus' wanna be

Ice Creams

THE RUBINOOS
Back To The Drawing Board! ***(Beserkley)***

Once, about three years back, Beserkley had a masterplan for world domination. The world needed pure pop.

And pure pop it got.

The Rubinoos were about the safest bet. Marketed as simpering, gum-chewing, soda-pop addicts and dressed as vacational gas-pump attendants, they set out to prove that the earth's axis had jammed somewhere around 1959, and that we all ought to be pleased about it. They mixed a few Del Shannon singles with a bit of Fats Domino, Everly Brothers and original Neil Sedaka, added a touch of Beach Boys, wrapped it up in Beatle harmonies and, with the crystal production of Beserkley's resident man-behind-the-desk, Matthew King Kaufman, staked their claim with that glossy, inspired debut album 'The Rubinoos'.

That was then, this is now, and the song remains the same. The boys are still getting stood up by racey, pinball-playing teen-queens, burning rubber in Cadillacs and cruising beaches with a roving eye until some bronzed Adonis shakes them a sandandlemonade cocktail. On first hearing, you'd probably think 'Back To The Drawing Board!' *was* the first album, except this time round those age-old hooks aren't quite so sharp.

The Rubinoos don't sound like a parody of everyone else anymore, just a parody of themselves. Tony Dunbar and Jon Rubin are content to continue trotting out failsafe '50s chord patterns with all those creamy angelic choruses and triple-thick guitar frills but, drained of all their usual vitality, it starts to spread a little thin. Compare 'Jennifer' and the Lewis/Robinson standard 'Lydia' and they're almost too close for comfort.

Apart from the ultimate pop package, 'Fallin' In Love,' and the unavoidable 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend' (with its oh-so-slight reference to 'Get Off My Cloud'), you're shelling out for 45 minutes of The Rubinoos going through the motions.

Mark Ellen

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biorhythm chart, anyway."

Casale laughs. "Mark hit a car as well. He was going 25 miles an hour. He was driving a go-kart, and the throttle broke and was stuck on full. . . and he hit this car and flipped over, but we were on our way to a photo session and so he had the elbow and knee pads on and the crash helmet, and his head hit the side of the car and knocked the side reflector off but his helmet saved him. It's true!"

Sounds like a good justification for the uniforms to me.

"It is. We told everyone they were for protection. When you think about it you're just like a horrible maggot with no crustacean shell over you. It's on the inside of you. If you were the size of an ant you'd be easy to crush. You'd be like a pinchy little blackhead. It seems like everybody in Devo got hurt that month. Accident or plot?!" Another sinister laugh.

WE'RE still in the warehouse, although it doesn't seem like it. Away in the background roadies fiddle with Devo-synthesisters. I make to ask a question, and something alarming happens. Silent Bob Mothersbaugh disappears, slowly, from the head down. It's like he's shrunk or something. The Devo expressions don't alter, so I figure it's heat and ask the question.

Ever felt the need to avoid orthodox rock instruments when you put your music together? "Yeah, well we're going for it next time. There will be nothing. . . the only thing that's been stopping us has been time and money. We were going to go totally synthetic for this tour, but it will be next time. If we did it now, it'd probably miss as many people as Devo already did. We are using new instruments in this set."

Mark, unconcerned about his brother's disappearance gaily chirps: "Everyone's playing synthesisers somewhere. There's more bleeps and squeals in the new show than ever! And there's less guitar playing and next time there'll be no guitars."

Mark then disappears too, following his brother wherever. I decide it's a joke, and tell smirking Casale about how Kraftwerk were going to do a world tour in one night by having robots in every major venue in the world. "That's good. We have a similar idea. We'd like to use holograms in the major venues. I think it would be better; if I was in the audience I'd actually prefer hologram projections of the performer than the performer. I think it would be a more valuable experience. I think it's more human all the way round.

"The artist can contemplate what he will show you more thoroughly, show you something in fact better, more intense, imaginative, and not burn himself out doing so. So that his energy is conserved to give you more. When you think of it, the physical act of touring is really a punishment, it's not even twentieth century. I mean it's just so crude, to go around 40 cities in 45 days, the amount of money and crew and equipment, the logistics involved. All the things that can go wrong. It's just archaic."

Would the audience lose anything this way? "I think it's exactly what they need now. Rock'n'roll and the show and the hall now is such a cliche that it's so predictable that nothing really happens. I mean, we would like to work with anyone who is going in that direction. We'd like to extend Devo endeavours to include people, technicians, film makers, who are on the vanguard, who have the most highly developed vision."

Alan Myers disappears, but by now I'm getting used to it. I ask how the new synthetic music will sound. Will it be Germanic? "I don't think it'll be so calculated and analytical. We'll use the sounds but make songs. That's where we're going."

Brother Bob Casale disappears. There's just me and Jerry left, staring into each other's eyes. "We want a kind of synthetic mutation of everything else that is happening and bring it all back together again. Most rock'n'roll is just archaic sounding, and that's why people are turning to disco."

Modern music? "That's the difference. The form of rock'n'roll is more predictable than disco music, which is satisfying and sensual and because there's no information the rock'n'roll loses out because its lyrics are just so stupid."

But they intend and pretend to be important. "Exactly." Jerry Casale disappears, his tight smirk the last I see of him. I look around for help. And then I disappear.

CRUISE in the Cadillac along the pink freeway that you can use to get from downtown Los Angeles, a tightly packed area that is like a prepared parody of anywhere city bustle with what are easily mistaken as real people until you spy the black spaces where lively eyes should be, to the rush and swish of Hollywood. Reach Hollywood Boulevard.

"We're going to put you in a beautiful mood," smooths the voice on the radio which segues into boppy muzak that suits the sun, the sky, the Cadillac's skimming straight line and the wind flapping through the hair. What's the muzak? Dire Straits, The Police, Joe Jackson, Cliff Richard — The British Invasion!?

There's a phone in the Cadillac, and in a space of a few minutes it rings four times. The first caller is Britt Ekland. Hi, Britt. "I insist that my children get as much down to earth experience out of the Hollywood hothouse as possible. We all spend a month together in Sweden. No matter what I'm doing I try to keep that time clear for them. It is very important for Hollywood children to learn what real life is like." Ah, but are there enough people who think like you, Britt?

The second caller is Neil Simon. "California is like paradise with a lobotomy."

The third caller is Jenny Agutter. "Los Angeles is an extraordinary city — where you can do what you want. Some people want to be stars and so they begin to live like stars, which in a way makes them stars. This is a necessary part of Hollywood if stardom is what you want. No matter what you're goal is, if you really work in Los Angeles, you'll get all the best things out of it. I have some real friends in Los Angeles and that's perhaps the most important thing. I can ring someone up at three in the morning and go round and have a chat without wondering if they'll think I'm neurotic. Lifestyles are so much less structured in L.A. than they are in Europe, and that appeals to me. For all the awful things about L.A., there is always just the reverse. For everything closed, there is something open. It draws people from all over the world. It's full of new ideas. Some good. Some deplorable. As long as you can discriminate, it's fine. It's also as far west as you can go. Literally! That's always appealed to me. Living on the edge."

The fourth caller is Joe Strummer. "Once you move to L.A., people start wearing satin hot pants and the rot sets in."

In the centre of Hollywood Boulevard, where the tourists roam and the has-beens hope, where the pulse of the fantasy beats strongest, you can take a look at the footprints the famous have moulded into concrete outside Grauman's Theatre. And, while you look at Roy Rogers and Trigger's marks, and the prints of Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew, which of the Hollywood Hopeless will talk at you? Maybe one of the thousands of Scientologists who've settled in the area, piling falseness upon falseness. Or the guy who was an extra in 17 John Wayne pictures. Or the woman who'll never forget the time she gave James Mason a blow job in 1953.

Maybe it'll be this one, a short haired, smiling guy in his 30s. "You like rock'n'roll? Aw, y'know, I used to be lead singer with Kiss, you know them, yeah, back in the early days, before they made it. . . and Blondie, I know Blondie, used to mess about with them. Patti Smith Group, I worked with them. You from London? Yeah, I used to knock about with Led Zeppelin when they were doing the clubs back in '69. . I lived in London for a year. . ."

What's more sad? If he's making it up, or if he really did come that close? He runs off to drive a coach that treats tourists to the empty sightseeable lots of Universal Studios.

Really, the only sightseeing that needs to be done is to drive up at night through Bel Air to the top of the hills to Mulholland Drive. Once there, stare down on as much of the 463 square miles of Los Angeles, that stretches 80 miles between the San Gabriel Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, as you're likely to see. In the far distance, the dark shadows of mountains; all else that can be seen is a relentless sea of shapes and shadows and wires and lights. The endless sea. Man made, mighty and ready to crack. The picture fades. . .

WHAT needs to be known, though, and this is really important, is how we face up to the inevitable onslaught. Hold onto your hats? It has to be rock'n'roll, right? Devo may hate the thought of it, mock it and moan at it, but when you get right down to it, they want to perpetuate it. They talk about it enough.

Rock'n'roll! Sweet rock'n'roll! Ease us fighting into the black! People pick on rock'n'roll, but where would we be without it? Face up to the collapse with rock'n'roll. Where does rock'n'roll end up? Out in space, where else?

Down at the Whisky on Sunset Strip British rock'n'roll group Penetration celebrate the values of rock'n'roll, disregarding the heat and the pressure. But for a city where all the youngsters under 14 and the oldsters over 30 are locked away in special hideaways and only allowed out on special occasions, for a city that claims to be attempting to play a big part in the apparent shake-up of American rock'n'roll, the audience response to the ecstatic burst of resistance of Penetration is especially disillusioning.

It's at times like this you just want to cry. Penetration's lead singer dedicates 'Free Money' to familiar faces, who chuckle at the subtlety, and the group naively but passionately strip away at the layers of absurdity that threaten to engulf them and extinguish their hope. Most of the Whisky patrons sit very still, too still, and stare unmoved at the anxious activity onstage. On the small dance floor directly in front of the stage, Californians exhibit a mindless punk variation of the idiot dance.

Something has programmed these people. Devo, come out from behind those curtains!

Is this where rock'n'roll ends up? Hard feelings battling against people who've given up? Let's ask around. It does seem as though the Los Angeles guardians tolerate an underground swell, just to spread some thin hope. It hasn't got a chance under the weight of the corruption; it hasn't got a chance of resisting the flying course towards the ultimate insanity. But who has?! You'll have heard of such names as Avengers, Dils, Eyes, Germs, Randoms, Weirdo, Dangerhouse Records. These people have made their point clear.

Slash Records is an offshoot of *Slash* magazine. Its first release was a Germs EP. Future records will include a Germs LP co-produced by artist Bob Briggs and Joan Jett. Slash's Claude Bessy still seems to have fire in his eyes. "Well obviously it's (the New Wave scene in L.A. and the world over) not going to die in spite of the bastards who've really tried their best to kill it. There are a lot of people who are going to get it one day if there's any justice."

Other labels that wish to change the face of L.A. rock, a hopeless task even if you only consider its reputation, include Siamese Records, which has released The Controllers' 'Do The Uganda' and The Weasels' 'Beat Her With A Rake', White Noise Records and, smiling a little zanily, Rhino Records.

Upsetter Records, formed by Chris Desjardins, has released a sampler LP 'Tooth And Nail' featuring Germs, UXA, The Controllers, the Middle Class, Negative Trend and Flesheaters. Desjardins knows what he wants. "Upsetter Records is dedicated to presenting the hard core. By this I don't mean people who can't play their instruments, and I don't mean people who think they're New Wave because they dye their hair. I mean people who are living on the edge. Pretty soon people aren't going to be able to disco their troubles away on the dance floor. Already reality is beginning to hit individuals pretty close to home with things like nuclear scares in the neighbourhood and murders for gasoline. More and more people are going to identify with what these records are all about."

That sounds pretty good. But the voice wants to say bye bye, and what it says is closer to 'reality'.

In order to escape from this labyrinth nightmare, there must develop an awareness of both the forces and the 'choices' which have led us to this point and the choices or 'courses of action' which might lead us out. As Lewis Herbert says in Towards Liberating Technology, *"What is the liberatory potential of modern technology, both materially and spiritually? What tendencies, if any, are reshaping the machine for use in an organic man-orientated society?. . . how can the new technologies and resources be used in an ecological manner, that is, to promote the balance of nature and the full lasting development of natural regions and the creation of organic, humanistic communities?" Herbert further states that an organic mode of its inorganic components. . . would be as non-functional as a man deprived of his skeleton. What we seek then, is that transcendent state most fully engendered by Fred Flintsone: technologically sophisticated cave-men.* (Robert Lewis from an L.A. Magazine, 1972).

THE visitors take a final taxi ride. The taxi driver is telling them of his love for Benny Hill. "That guy is so funny! "A saviour. The taxi driver starts sobbing with happiness. He then spots a garage that's selling gas at a dollar a gallon and he switches to sobbing with grief. Petrol prices are tumbling skywards in America, and the people en masse refuse to believe that there's any sort of petrol shortage. They believe with a blinding intensity that the government is conning them. They exist in a dream so why not intensify it?

The visitors are nearing the airport. They feel their hearts responding, faint but reassuring flutters. Behind them, the city crumbles.

Once on the wide-bodied 747 jet trundling up the runway the visitors' hearts are pumping like they never stopped. The jet takes off, stretching its wings over the Pacific Ocean before turning back to fly over North America.

The visitors look down over what should be Los Angeles. All they see is a flat blackened mass. If they had stronger eyes, they would see five cartoon figures in silly suits playing tag. The soundtrack plays. A dense drone; the voice of the twentieth century.

HEY HEY, MY MY, ROCK AND ROLL CAN NEVER DIE.

TO ADVERTISE
PHONE 01 261 6153 Brian B.

marquee

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday July 12th
Heavy Rock Special
IAN GILLAN BAND
+ Guests & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to Members £1.75
Non-Members on the door £2.00

Friday July 13th Adm £1.25
Mod Night with
PURPLE HEARTS
+ Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday July 14th Adm £1.00
SHOWBIZ KIDZ
+ Support & Ian Fleming

Sunday July 15th Adm £1.25
Mod Night with
SECRET AFFAIR
+ Back To Zero & Mandy H

Monday July 16th Adm £1.25
Mod Night with
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Tuesday July 17th Adm £1.00
Chappel Music presents
FAME
+ Roxette & Joe Lung

Wednesday July 18th Adm £1.50
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THE RUTS
+ Guests & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 15

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday July 12th 75p
LEW LEWIS REFORMER
+ Support

Friday July 13th 75p
LEW LEWIS REFORMER
+ Support & D.J. Mandy Hermitage

Saturday July 14th £1.00
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
+ Support & D.J. Mandy Hermitage

Sunday July 15th 75p
WRITZ
+ Support

Monday July 16th £1.00
AFTER THE FIRE
+ Random Hold

Tuesday July 17th £1.00
MERGER
+ D.J. Mandy Hermitage

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Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071

dog watch

Friday July 13th
BASILDON
Double Six

Saturday July 14th
CATFORD
Saxon Tavern

Sunday July 15th
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Wednesday July 18th
WANDSWORTH
Nero's Palace

Saturday July 21st
HARROW ROAD
Windsor Castle

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SATURDAY JULY 21st
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Westway Music Present

NO SWEAT + GINO & THE SHARKS

MAYHEM STUDIOS
Patcham Terrace, S.W.8

Late Bar

Tickets from
Rough Trade and Honkey Tonk
or at door £1.00

1979 CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

27th, 28th & 29th July, 1979
Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds, Cambridge

Artists contracted so far:
RY COODER; DOC WATSON; MADDY PRIOR; ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS; BOYS OF THE LOUGH; NOEL MURPHY; TANNAHILL WEAVERS; LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III; DAVE COUSINS; LOUIS KILLEN; HARVEY ANDREWS; DAR AR BRAS; TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS; NEW VICTORY BAND; ORRIN STAR AND GARY MEHALICK; PLUXUS; EARL OKIN; ANNI CHESTER; JOE STEAD; NEIL LEWIS; JULIE MAIRS & CHRIS STOWELL; WARREN WYSE.

24-hour catering facilities and licensed bar throughout performing times. Complete camping facilities available — 20p per person. Off-site car park and bus service.

Tickets: £8.00 (weekend — including Friday evening)
£4.25 (Sunday only — no Saturday tickets)
We regret that the increase in ticket prices is due to the increase in VAT
Tickets from the Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Telephone 57851.
Promoted by Cambridge City Council

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

UK SUBS
PURE HELL
VERMILION & THE ACES

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 15th JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS

GROVER WASHINGTON JNR

Wednesday 25 July at 7·30
— WESSEX HALL POOLE ARTS CENTRE —
Tickets – £4·00, £3·00, £2·00
Theatre Box Office Tel: 02013 · 85222
and from usual agents

Thursday 26 July at 8·00
— HAMMERSMITH ODEON —
Caroline St., London W6
Tickets – £4·25, £3·25, £2·25
Theatre Box Office Tel: 01 · 748 · 4081
London Theatre Bookings Tel: 01 · 439 · 3371
Premier Box Office Tel: 01 · 240 · 2245
and from usual agents or on night

Saturday 28 July at 7·30
— CALIFORNIA BALLROOM DUNSTABLE —
(In association with ILKA PROMOTIONS)
Tickets – £3·50
Ballroom Box Office Tel: 0582 · 62804
and from usual agents

Monday 30 July at 7·00
— BRIGHTON DOME —
(In association with Brighton Soul Society)
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Theatre Box Office Tel: 0273 · 682127
and from usual agents.

VESPAS at the GLOBAL VILLAGE
Under the Arches, Villiers Street, Charing Cross

Terry Draper for Engin-Ear Productions Ltd
presents **MODS** Every Monday night 8.30 pm—3 am
MONDAY JULY 16th

SECRET AFFAIR
+ BACK TO ZERO + THE LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ D.J. Jerry Floyd
Licensed Bars and Food till 3 am *Admission £1.50*

All bookings via Will Sproule of Ronnie Scott Directions, 01-439 7791

The Mods are alright
SHADES
Green Lanes, Manor House N4
Tuesday 17th July *9—2 am*
MERTON PARKAS
+
SMALL HOURS
Adm £1.50 (£1 mem) Adj to Manor House tube
Booking: Venus 01-534 2770

HERMIT LIVE
Brentwood Youth House
Shenfield Road, Brentwood

Friday July 13th £1
WILD LIFE
+ The Welcome Return of . . .
GUTSY BRASH AND THE BLUEPOLES

Monday July 16th 50p
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday July 12th 50p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pindar
(Ex Manfred Mann and Zaine Griff)

Friday July 13th 60p
CHARLEY AINLEY & THE MISDEMEANOURS

Saturday July 14th 50p
JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND

Sunday July 15th 40p
R.D.B.
+ Charlie Bravo

Monday July 16th 50p
Mods Monday
TEEN BEATS
+ The Assets

Tuesday July 17th
PERFECT STRANGERS
+ Lowdown

Wednesday July 18th 50p
A Bridge House Special . . .
THE TICKETS
Single Release Day — Some Free Copies
+ Cockney Rejects

CAROLINE Roadshow

Friday July 13th
BRAINTREE INSTITUTE

Saturday July 14th
DREAMLAND, SEAFRONT, MARGATE

Friday July 20th
REG MAXWELL HALL CIVIC CENTRE, AYLESBURY

Saturday July 21st
RHODES HALL, SOUTH HALL, BISHOP'S STORTFORD

Friday July 28
CORN EXCHANGE, EARL STREET, MAIDSTONE

BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8pm. Bar. Admission to all Caroline Roadshows is a mere £1.50

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday, July 12th
SKINFLICKS
Friday, July 13th
TOUR DE FORCE
Saturday, July 14th
JERRY THE FERRET
Sunday, July 15th
BLIZZARD
Tuesday, July 17th
PRESCENCE

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN

Monday July 16th
COMMUTERS
+ The Numbers

Wednesday July 18th
THE LAMBRETTAS
+ THE TEEN BEATS

PETERLEE FESTIVAL PRESENTS

PENETRATION
with **WHITE SPIRIT** and **SICK NOTE**
Saturday July 14th, 4 pm and 8 pm.
At Easington Leisure Centre, Peterlee, Co. Durham.
Tickets £2 from Lissen Ear Newcastle, White's of Sunderland, Musicore Durham, Middlesbrough Rock Garden & Arts and Information Centre. Tel. Peterlee 864450.

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6 INCH PICTURE LABEL IN SPECIAL SLEEVE
FIRST 20 000 AT 7 INCH PRICE OF 96P
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WRECKLESS ERIC

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

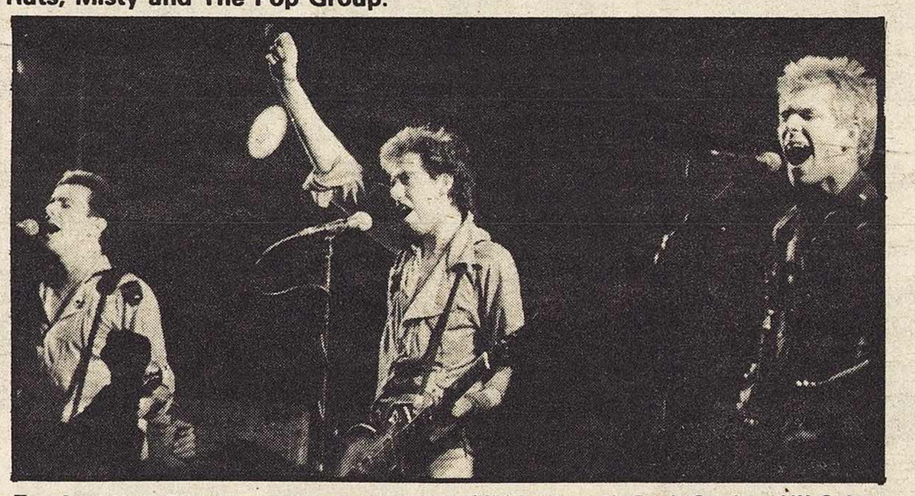
Thursday

Aberdeen Music Hall: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Tinsels / Leg Room**
Bristol Crockers: **Interference**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Rednite**
Colne Union Hotel: **Live Connection**
Coventry Civic Centre: **Voyager**
Coventry Swanswell Tavern: **The Denizens / The Wild Boys**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Money**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Sinceros**
Hull Wellington Club: **Monochrome Set / Prag Veg / Manicured Noise**
Lancaster No. 12 Club: **The Out**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Zones**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Tunes / The Donkeys**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Agony Column**
Liverpool Eric's: **Activity Minimal / The Drills / The Erected Peanuts / Modern Eon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stagefright**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Fast Livin'**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Atoms / Furniture**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **White Magic / Mike Reynolds Band / The Reds / The Pentadz**
London E.C.4 W. H. Smith Head Office Courtyard, New Fetter Lane (lunchtime): **The Barrow Poets**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Reg Laws & The Alibi**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Chris Barber Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zorro**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bobby Henry**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Kilburn National Club: **Planxty**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor / Ike Isaacs**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Gerry & The Pacemakers / Dave Berry & The Cruisers / Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders / The Fourmost / The Merseybeats / Swinging Blue Jeans**
London Marquee Club: **Gillan**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Stefan Grossman / Duck Baker / Davey Graham / Sam Mitchell**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Nicky & The Dots**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Bumpers**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Roy Clark / Barbara Mandrell / Oak Ridge Boys**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Chevrons**
London University Union: **The Good Missionaries / Scritti Politti**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Tourists**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **The Idiot Dancers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Duffo**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Tony Christie (for three days)**
Manchester The Factory: **Vibrant Thigh / Picture Chords / Units / Katches**
Newcastle Red House: **East Side Torpedoes**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Passions**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Playhouse: **Joe Jackson**
Port Talbort Troubadour: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Castle**
Sheffield Limit Club: **After The Fire**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Refugee**
Southend Scamps: **The Steve Hooker Band**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
St. Helen's Railway Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Sutton-in-Ashfield The Oval Inn: **Strange Days**
Watford Carey Place: **Media**
Wellingborough Dun Cow: **Over Drive**
Whitley Bay High School: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Twist And Shout / Girded Lions Of Rhodesia / Play Group**

Friday

Aberavon Nine Vaults: **After The Fire**
Bath Centre 69 Club: **The X-Certs / The Review**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **The Distrainers**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) The New Inn: **Ferrari**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bogart's: **Sneak Preview**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Joe Jackson**
Birmingham Elizabeth Days: **The Traitors**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Topaz**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Roxoff**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **Thieves Like Us**
Bracknell Folk Festival (for three days): **Ar Log / Bill Caddick /Tony Rose / Tim Laycock / Cosmotheka / Pete & Chris Coe / Nic Jones / Muckram Wakes / John Foreman etc.**
Brighton Centre Country Music Festival: **Frank Jennings Syndicate / Jennie Denver / Poacher / Brian Golby / Down Country Boys / Little Ginny**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Golinski Bros / The Parrots**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers / Dave Berry & The Cruisers / Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders / The Fourmost / The Merseybeats / Swinging Blue Jeans**
Bristol Crockers: **Interference**
Carlisle Wigton Market Hall: **UK Subs**
Chelmsford City Football Ground: **Dafne & The Tenderspots**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge:**Pressure Shocks**
Chester Arts Centre: **Step**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Gary Holton's Gems**
Doncaster Danum Hotel: **The Diks / Helsinki 5 Below**
Dudley JB's Club: **The Kidda Band**
Dundee Bloomers: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Kay Russia**
Guildford Star Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Hitchin College: **Straight 8**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Simple Minds**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Graham & Eileen Pratt**
Leeds Grammar School: **The Mess**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Lincoln AJ's Club: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool Eric's: **Chelsea / Vermillion & The Aces**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Mayhem Club: **The S-Haters / Vitzkronikuak / The Passion-Killers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Writz / Seven Year Itch**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Charlie Ainley Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Young Bucks / The Little Jimmies**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Swell Maps / Last Words / The Glass Torpedoes**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **The Crooks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's HD Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **The Blues Band**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Geneva**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Blast Furnace**
London Islington Merlin's Cave: **Morrissey & Mullen**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff & The Three Degrees**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Pete Townshend & Friends / The Ruts / Misty / The Pop Group**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John Critchenson Quartet**
London Victoria The Venue: **Planxty**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Passions / Johnny G / The Modettes**
Manchester The Factory: **Joy Division**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Wythenshawe Forum:**Chris Sievey & The Freshies**
Melbourn College: **Chris Barber Band**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Saxone**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Newport The Village: **Voyager**
Northampton Racecourse Pavilion: **The Russians**
Norwich Whites: **The Runs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Adverts**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Tubes / Starjets**
Ramsgate Van Gogh: **The Ignerents**
Reading Caribbean Club: **El Seven**
Retford Porterhouse: **Adam & The Ants**
Redcar Folk Festival (for three days): **Vin Garbutt / Silly Wizard / Alex Atterson / Roy Harris / Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise / Fred Jordan / Kitsyke Will / Quorn etc.**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Sinceros**
Sheffield University: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Southend Top Alex: **The New Atmosphere / Steve Hooker Band**

THE CLASH (below) headline a benefit for RAR at London Rainbow on Saturday, with The Members and Aswad among the supports. At the same venue on Friday, Pete Townshend & Friends top, aided and abetted by The Ruts, Misty and The Pop Group.



Turnford New River Arms: **Sta-Prest**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Specials**

Saturday

Birmingham Barbarella's: **Cowboys International**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Relay**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Sinceros**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Anniversary**
Bournemouth Rooftop: **Refugee**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Cambridge The Alma: **Mad Chateaux**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Rockabilly Wildcats/Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **The Adverts/The Photos**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Runs**
Cold Norton Three Rivers Country Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Monochrome Set-/Prag Vec/Manicured Noise**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Tradition**
Evesham Arts Centre: **Medusa/Leviathan-/Sinner**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Mud**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Volunteers/The Vapors**
Hungerford The Plume: **Thieves Like Us**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leeds Staging Post: **Dirty May**
Leicester Aylestone Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Eric's **The Specials**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reg Laws**
London Camden Music Machine: **Duffo/The Carpettes**
London Camden Whittington Community Centre: **Rednite**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H—D Band**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Dog Watch**
London Chiswick John Bull: **First Aid**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Trimmer & Jenkins/Rubber Johnny**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Crooks/The Mods/The Small Hours**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Speed-O-Metors**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Roy Hill Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Crass-/Poison Girls**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Lies All Lies**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Clash/The Members/Aswad/Bongo Danny**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnight Express**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Cliff Aungier / Major Minor**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts's: **Atlantis**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Atlantis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Swell Maps/Last Words/The Glass Torpedoes**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **UK Subs**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Newcastle Trent House: **The Proles/John Lee Forbes**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Gary Holton's Gems**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Zones/Art Failure**
Ormesby Royal Oak: **Chris Barber Band**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Interference**
Poole Wessex Hall:**The Tubes/Starjets**
Poynton Bramhall Hall: **The Hughes Bros-/Galadriel/Pete Royle/Heather Whittaker**
Purley St. Mark's Hall: **Kay Russia**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Scabs**
Retford Porterhouse: **Joe Jackson**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **The Com-Sat Angels/The Negatives/The Squad**
Salisbury St. Edmunds Art Centre: **Maddy Prior**
Swanley Recreational Ground (open-air): **The Plugs / Air Mail / The Chevrons / Homicide**
Watford Mex's: **Biston Wishy Band**
Wavendon Folk Festival: **The Dubliners-/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley/Earl Okin-/Brandywine Bridge/Joe Stead etc.**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **After The Fire**

Sunday

Amersham The Crown: **Little Fish**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Crack**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gerry and The Pacemakers / Dave Berry and The Cruisers / Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders / The Fourmost / The Merseybeats / Swinging Blue Jeans**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **Zorro (for three days)**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Interference**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Lies All Lies**
Dumfries Stagecoch: **The Sinceros**
Farncombe Three Lions: **Thieves Like Us**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Pretenders / Interview**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters**
London Camden London Musicians Collective: **The Door And The Window**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Charing Cross Pier (river cruise departs 6.30 pm): **Jabula**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Skinflicks**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Monochrome Set / Prag Vec / The Modettes**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey & Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Acre**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Wall/Cockney Rejects**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Writz**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Subs / Pure Hell / Vermillion & The Aces**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Kevin Coyne & Dagmar Krause**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **The Fixations**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **After The Fire**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
New Romney Open-Air Show: **Peacefull Experience**
Norwich Whites: **The Running Dogs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Tubes/Starjets**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Maddy Prior**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Wally Whyton/Tickawinda**
Sheffield Wincobank Club: **Strange Days**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Out**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Tinsels**
Chester Smartyz: **The Specials**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Sinceros**
Farnham Redgrave Theatre: **Heathcliffe**
Glasgow Countdown Club: **Trax**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Method/The Teemsters/Repetition**
London Charing Cross Vespas at Global Village: **Secret Affair/Back To Zero/The Little Roosters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lowdown/White Rabbit**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Gulliver Smith**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Merton Parkas/Refuge**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Brainiac Five**
London Kensington The Nashville: **After The Fire/Random Hold**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maddy Prior**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Kevin Coyne & Dagmar Krause**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Extras/The Wall**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Billy's Club: **The Passengers**
Preston The Pear Tree: **The Accelerators**
Purley Tiffany's: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Reading Caribbean Club: **Monochrome Set/Prag Vec/Manicured Noise**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**

Tuesday

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Passions**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots/The Chefs/Smeggy & The Cheesey Bits**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Lies All Lies**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Denizens/This Is It!**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Dirty Max**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival with Herbie Hancock/Chick Corea/Leon Redbone etc.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fairport Convention**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Perfect Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Monitors/Verge Of Insanity**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Fabulous Poodles/Red Lights**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sussex**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Beast**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Les Elite**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Merger**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Psychedelic Furs/Lonesome No More**
Newport The Stowaway: **Lone Star**
Norwich Boogie House: **Tradition**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Sinceros**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fabulous Poodles**
Sheffield The Marples: **Clock DVA/Stunt Kites**
Southend Zero Six: **Monochrome Set-/Prag Vec/Manicured Noise**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **After The Fire**

Wednesday

Beverley Memorial Hall: **Void/The Odds**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Zones**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Brixtol Crown Cellar Bar: **Eye On Youth**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **C.S.A.**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Spasm**
Gosport John Peel: **Mark Andrews and The Gents**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **The Cheaters**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **Kay Russia**
Leicester Scamps: **Black Gorilla**
Liverpool Romeo and Juliet: **Mistress**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival with B B King/Muddy Waters,**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fairport Convention**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Tools**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Tickets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Piranhas**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Fabulous Poodles/Red Lights**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Toyah**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Hi Speed Grass**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea/Arthur's Dilemma**
London Tooting The Castle: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Leon Redbone**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Monochrome Set/Fad Gadget-/Manicured Noise**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Rockin' Dopsie and The Cajun Twisters**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Accelerators/Those Naughty Lumps**
Newport Stowaway: **Adam and The Ants**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **After The Fire**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Beast**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Tribesman**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Mike Absalom**
St Helens Railway Hotel: **Lies All Lies**

B.B. KING (left), HERBIE HANCOCK (Centre) and MUDDY WATERS are among the stars taking part in the first two days of the Capital Jazz Festival being staged at the Alexandra Palace in North London. See under Tuesday and Wednesday.

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THE CROOKS
THE MODS
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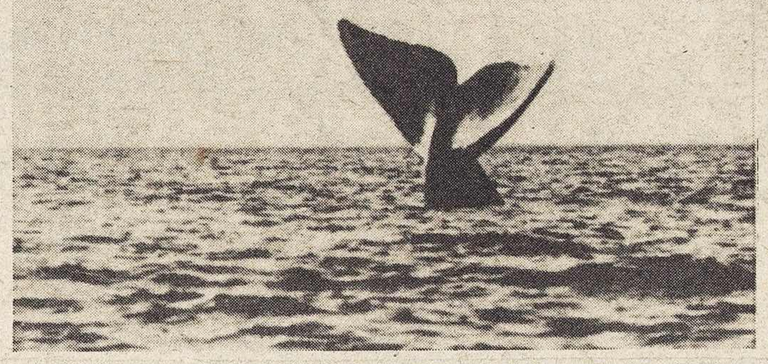
Doors open 7pm. Licensed Bar. Tickets £1.50

WHALES ARE DISAPPEARING.

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PLEASE HELP NOW.
To stop the whales disappearing altogether, we need money urgently.
Please be a friend to the whales and give generously.
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Please make cheques payable to Friends of the Earth.
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RISING RUTS

■ From page 8

Burning', their first release for Virgin.

They say they signed to Virgin, whose roster seems to feature another new wave band every other day, not for the money but for their attitude, which they say is like theirs — organised chaos.

Says Segs: "They had faith in us whereas there was UA and CBS who kept saying, 'Hang on, hang on'. The mere fact that they fucked us about made us think that they thought we were just another band."

An album is planned for late summer/autumn release. Meantime the gigs keep on coming. Says Owen: "We want to be known, but we want to be known for what we do 'cause we think our gigs are exciting and we want them to come to our gigs and be excited.

"Let's face it, it's a show business thing. I'd rather be famous from doing gigs, from working hard, than being an individual who happens to have a bit of charisma. People go, 'Oh look, it's Malcolm Owen on the front of *NME* again'. I want to be famous for going out there and doing it so that people say, 'Have you seen The Ruts, man? They're a really good time'.

"We want to keep with our audience. We want to keep with the people out there. If you lock yourself away and say we'll do one gig here and one gig there at these big venues you lose contact. You go home to write a number and you write, 'Oh yeah, I was really out of it that night, man'. The kids don't want to hear that. Let's face it, we're having a good time. There's a lot of kids who go out to work six days a week and when they go out they don't want to hear about your fantasies. They want to hear something they can relate to.

"Neither do they want to hear 'Oh, I've been on the dole so long'. What they want to hear is everyday occurrences and that's what The Ruts are doing.

"We're really quite blown out that people are going out and buying 'Babylon Burning' 'cause face it, it's not a really nice trendy record. Originally it was called 'London's Burning' but that's the name of The Clash's song. 'Babylon's Burning' was Paul's idea. That's the whole world. The shit's going down. People are so anxious; they're burning everywhere. You must have had that feeling where you're frightened some time and you can't think why."

Ruffy: "I don't think there's another band like us. We play fast numbers. We play slow numbers. We play reggae and we play good music and yeah, we're very punky."

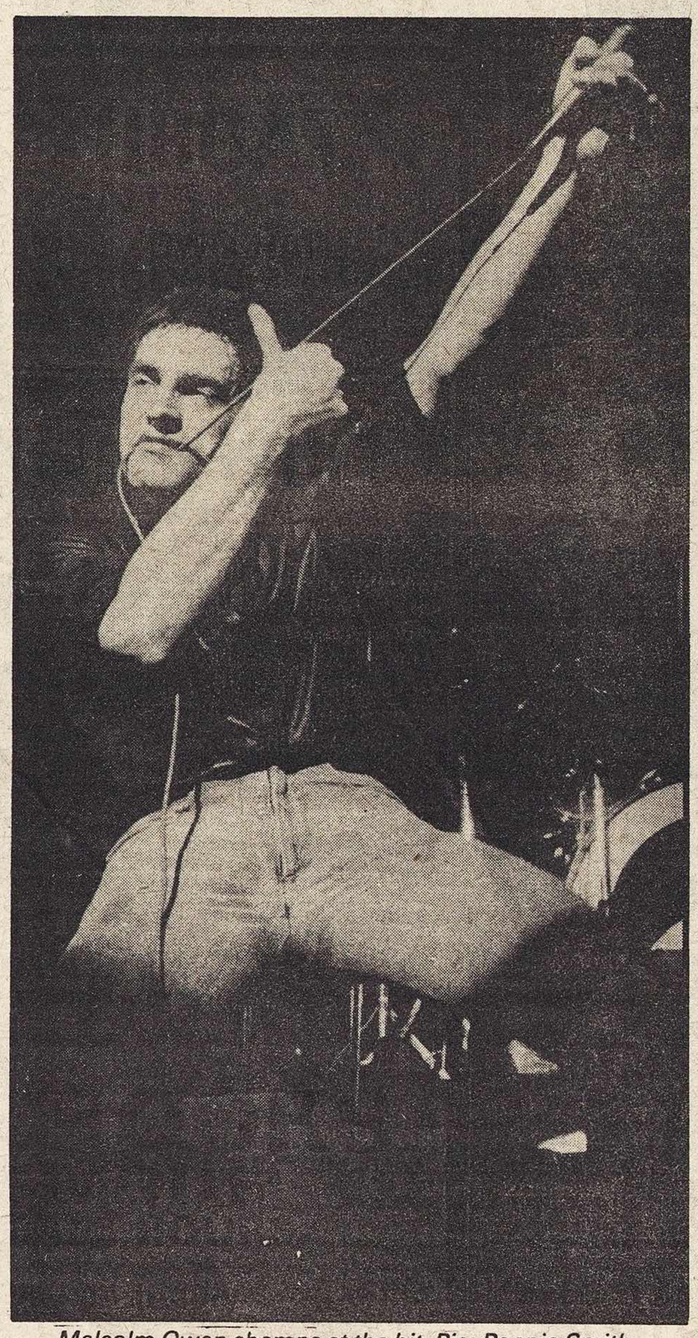
Owen: "At the time when punk first started I was into the whole 'The music isn't important bit'. I used to put 'Anarchy In The UK' on and jump around the room really aggresssively going ARRRGGGGH! I used to go on the streets with stupid little sun glasses on all tied up just to outrage people: "Look at you, I'm not like you. And after a bit the old bondage gear just falls off. I put my old jeans on, be myself 'cause I've gone through all that.

"I know Steve and Paul pretty well (Jones and Cook, of course). They've come through the other side and it's all gone for them — the visual punk thing. They're just into the buzz now.

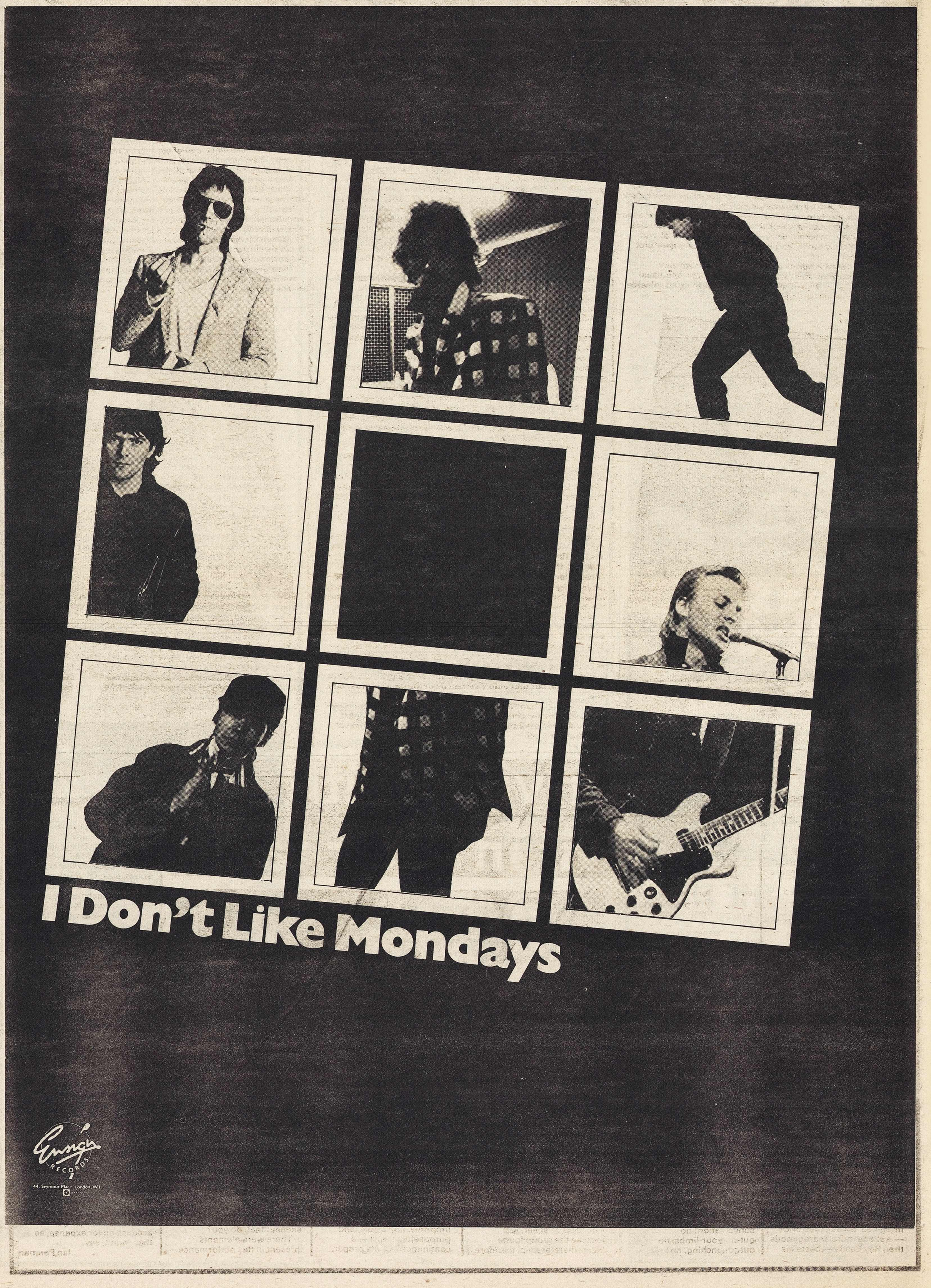
"I'd hate you to put that in there 'cause Steve'll beat me up. I knew Vicious as well. I had a fight with him one night. I won't talk about this . . . broke my knuckle on him. But he was the punk in the band — he obviously was. But he was totally fucked up.

"He was such a lovely guy. You could see it in his eyes. All of a sudden when you were beating him up or he was beating you up he'd just stop and go 'I don't really want to do this'. And it was the smack and the pressure and the . . ."

The Ruts have all the ingredients for a great rock'n'roll band. They're debauched hedonists, subversive, crude, outrageous and even write songs that show they care. I hope their aggression stays on stage where it belongs.



Malcolm Owen champs at the bit. Pic: Pennie Smith.


I Don't Like Mondays
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LIVE!

B-52s

Lyceum

Sunday was hipper-than-hip night at the Lyceum, which meant that the girls plastered up their curls into various bouffant permutations and wore their tightest fitting dresses, while the boys slicked back their hair, wore shades and played at being Montgomery Clift.

The purpose of this near-religious attention to style was — beyond indulging in a jolly bout of posing — to strut down and see The B-52s who 90 per cent of these people had probably never heard one note of beforehand. The remaining ten per cent had heard the US import single 'Rock Lobster': an intriguing slice of dada-meets-rock-a-boogie whose zany pizzaz had fully warranted the rave reviews in New York.

More importantly, most of the audience had latched on to the accelerating media coverage. It was this hot press that landed the combo a major record deal — Warner's in the US, Island over here with bossman Chris Blackwell producing their first album himself.

Completed over a month ago and already ecstatically reviewed by most of the rock rags, Island — with their usual sense of timing — were unable to release the thing to coincide with this, the band one London gig.

Even so, a surprisingly large crowd did gather for the show; enough to create a good atmosphere without being uncomfortably packed out. Even the celebrities present — Howard Devoto, Jah Wobble and Philip Rambow — were unhindered by either sycophants or the usual obstreperous berks.

But before The B-52s backed up all the critical fanfares, two home-grown bands were up for appraisal.

Delta Five I missed, but Paul Rambali (a man of considerable taste and insight who first championed The B-52s) was impressed by the fragment of their set he saw. Which is more than can be said for Fashion, a Birmingham three-piece.

It's fairly wretched and often unfair to lambast bands who've probably yet to locate their bearings, but here I must make an exception. Boasting a boiler-suited skinhead Devo-clone for a guitarist (all manic strumming with no dynamics, direction of interlocking pulsebeat) and a black leather draped androgynite with a nuclear explosion of dyed blonde hair whose attempts at bass playing and some keyboard gadget diddling weren't one fraction as intriguing as trying to ascertain this character's sex (male, I think, though I wouldn't swear to it), they perfectly lived up to their stupid name.

None of the songs performed boasted one good hookline or a semblance of substance. Instead, the three instruments consistently failed to interlock, while the basic, clumsy wares made an absolute mockery of the term 'minimalism'.

The real joke is that these jesters probably believe that theirs is the music of the future. Unfortunately for them, Fashion will be the first to go if the much mooted slashing away of chaff from the wheat that the 1980s threatens takes place.

It would not merely be far too easy but downright irresponsible to juxtapose the phoney filigrees of Fashion against the ingenious pulsebeat of The B-52s to show how America's hot bands are trashing our native talent.

But one important point was hammered down when The B-52s hit the stage: they are desperately concerned about holding down a conventional four-to-the-bar rock action beat. Like The Cramps, The B-52s are, above everything else, a dance band; a *great* dance band.

This factor in their aural blitzkrieg is supplied by Keith Strickland — who is up there with Charlie Watts for straight ahead hyper-drive rock drumming — and Ricky Wilson, a superb rhythm guitarist utilising several different tunings but still slicing riffs and chord progressions that sound like Keith Richards on four-wheel drive crossed with former Magic Band guitarist Zoot Horn Rollo.

They provide a beat so fearsomely gorgeous that if your feet fail to respond, then you're dead.

Above this the three others work. Kate Pierson utilises a bass synthesizer and a cheap electric piano/organ to create an eerie texture to which she wails in strict harmony — her style recalling the legendary South American opera singer Yma Sumac, renowned for her stunning vocal range. Cindy Wilson plays bongos, occasionally rudimentary electric guitar (as does Kate) and sings more aggressively than Kate, at times recalling the best facets of Patti Smith's voice.

And finally there's Fred Schneider.

He looks sleazy with a nerd-like moustache, is nervous, sings lead vocals and jitterbugs and frugs incessantly. He is the band's main lyricist, influenced mostly by Beefheart; although where the good Captain gets overtly gonzoid, Schneider tends to be pithier, wittier and more in touch with planet Earth.

Unfortunately Schneider's lyrics can't be deciphered over the power-drive, but that didn't detract from the band's thrust one dint.

Not having heard the album I was as unacquainted with their songs as the rest of the audience at the Lyceum (the largest venue the 52s have played, apparently causing a bad state of pre-show nerves).

But they began with 'Planet Claire' (a sort of exquisite hybrid of 'Jungle Rock', an African warchant and a Martian hop), and carried on through '52 Girls', 'Moon In The Sky', '606 0842', 'Dance This Mess Around', 'Hero Worship' (boy, those girls can sing), 'Devil In My Car' (as yet unrecorded), a volcanic 'Lava' and the inevitable closer, 'Rock Lobster'. Encores were 'Private Idaho', 'Strobe Light' and a third number whose title escaped both Mr Rambali and myself.

But not knowing these songs beforehand didn't matter. The pulsebeat (try to imagine Beefheart's classic Magic Band playing 'Pipeline'), the idiosyncratic touches (Kate's Yma Sumac pitching; the dips and dives of the organ just for starters) and most of all, the sheer unfettered joyous ingenuity of The B-52s sound had everybody on the dance-floor. It's hard for me to recall leaving a concert more elated.

Ironically, just before the 52s took the stage about five guys approached me. Their spokesman claimed they were the *original* B-52s, a London based band who disappeared as the US group set off on the media ascendant. They were well riled by all this fuss over the Americans and are regrouping to show these damn Yankees who were the *real* B-52s.

Then the band came on and blitzkrieged the place.

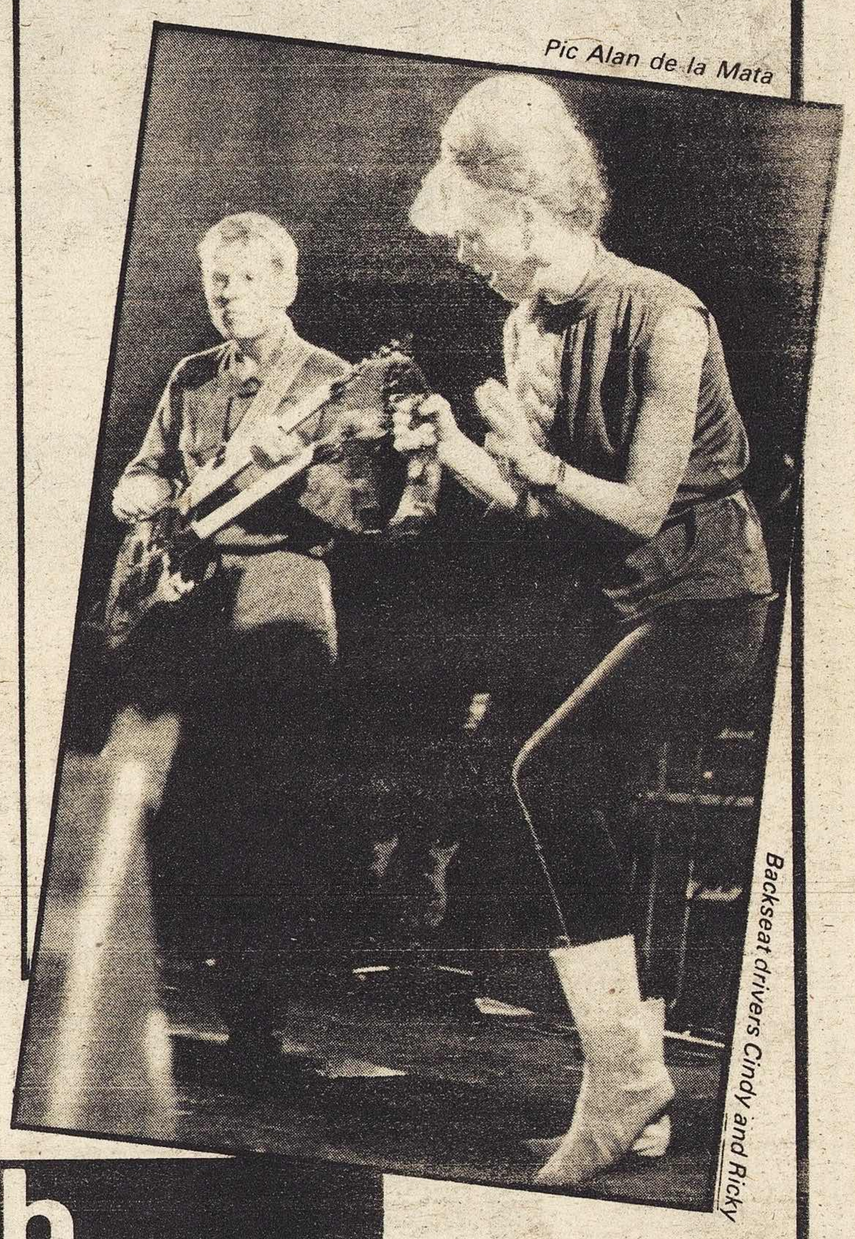
Methinks the 'originals' will think long and hard before taking on that name.

Nick Kent

Pic Santo Basone.

B-52s' driver Fred Schneider.

Pic Alan de la Mata



Backseat drivers Cindy and Ricky

Driving with a devil in their tank

Weather Report

Hammersmith Odeon

The clock struck ten, and . . .

Saturday night was without a drink, uncomfortably sat in a modern entertainments cavern, watching - shocked - Joseph Zawinul being enclosed within dry-ice clouds, a battery of banal tape effects and a sensurround drop of Hammer Horror technicolour thunder 'n' lightning.

Heavy weather, man.

Two nights of Weather Report at the Hammersmith Odeon, but there is no new product and last year's lineup of Zawinul, Shorter, Erskine and Pastorius is still intact.

A taped orchestral march builds up from muzak to domination, blotting out such a marginal audience activity as conversation and booming shut only upon the division of the big red curtains: presto! Showtime!

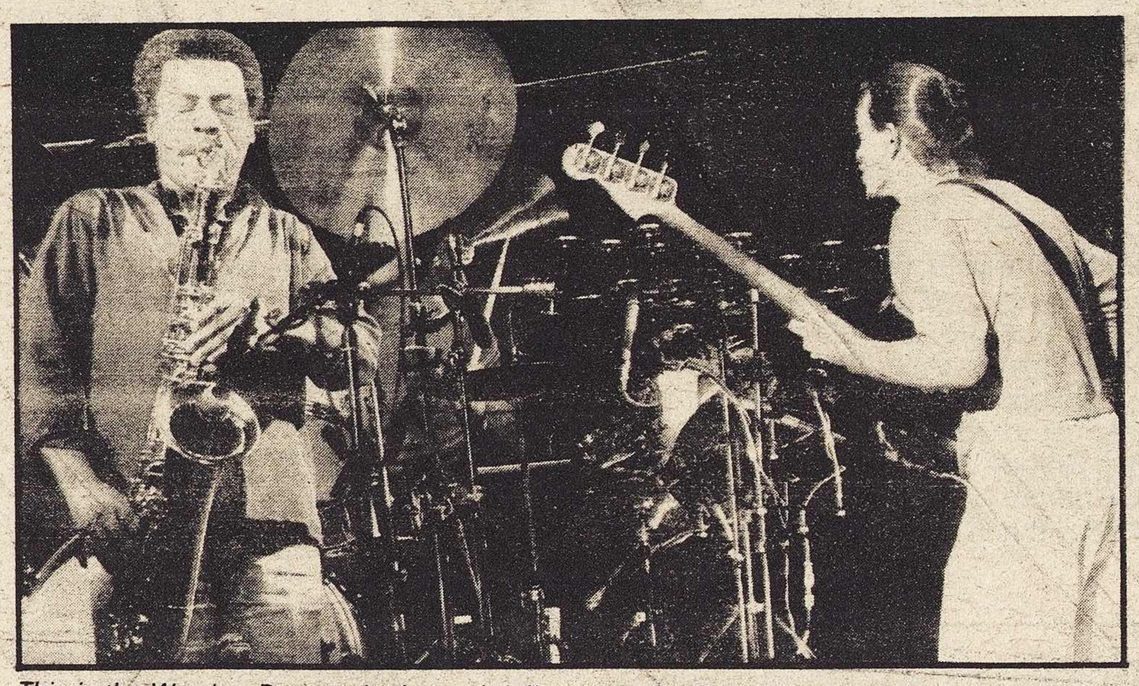
Zawinul is propped behind stalls of keyboard business (but for the hip prayer-cap it could be Mission Control) and to his left, similarly Lone Star, is Jaco Pastorius where Pete Erskine should be, drumming. This is presumably to let us know that He Can Play Drums Too, and is even more of a Poly Talented Guy than we imagined. Swoon. Pastorius — a shade more androgynous than Roy Castle — beats his er, drum, for a few minutes.

Back with an axe, and his buddies, the group take five . . .

The opener is tinny and tight, funk mortar and electric-jazz pestle. Zawinul is using a synthi-mouth treatment — Bonjeala for the body electric? — and bits of tape; Erskine is fast and furious; Shorter cool; Pastorius forever Mr Perperutal Motion, coke-leg-shaking, fingers bobbing around speedy bass lines, crisply and snappily like services off Wimbledon turf.

It dissolves gracefully into the fan-familiar 'Black Market' intro, generally into an oncoming set of calm precision and little dancing. Greatest hits spin deftly off an invisible centre, a centrifugal auto-changer, solemn to funky, Individual Technique and Group Technique.

The team image looks like carefree rapport — the ancient and truly wonderful across-the-stage eye-to-eye acknowledgement — but it's all obviously a *tactical* conversation: no out-on-your-limbs, no out-to-lunching, no love.



This is the Weather Report: dry-ice and dull periods. Pic David Corio.

Renditions of things gone by — 'Teen Town', Birdland', 'Mysterious Traveller', 'Boogie Woogie Waltz' — don't hint at their original context, and provide fuel for such fools as sneer, just because the group found wider (therefore hip, therefore easy) listening acceptance. And that's choosing not to recall what Weather Report used to (and could?) do.

On top terms, Weather Report meant an intimate, unformal, accessible, and purposeful project — a continuous 'fusion' proper, which didn't make you think in terms of historical terms gone by. Like the Soft Machine at their best, an unaligned, democratic party (for heads and feets); and you don't sneer at that, do you?

There were elements present in this performance — the elliptical, sexy, African 'Black Market' and Shorter's blue notes for Ellington in 'A Remark You Made' — but once all the showmanship snowballed on, my token nice nostalgia diminished sharply.

Trading technique *per se* off as bad showbiz is what I expect from any other 'fusion' name but Weather Report. Pastorius' electronic blueprint bass boomerang solo (we're all just puppets on his strings) has altered little since last year, and solo spotchecks from all else concerned don't make it either. Whatever happened to the old group motto: 'everybody solos, nobody solos'?

Points touched on film-score slush, specious cosmic slop and car-chase dynamics. I shouted "Wally!", my bowtie fell asleep, and after a perfunctory single encore, the curtains rejoined to the immediate 'good riddance' goodbye of another set tape. Their last number ended on a predictably aggressive peak.

That's when you know they've left teen town, when it's as in sync with your current way of live performance as a night at the opera: well scored and scratchless entertainment.

But then, there's no accounting for expense, as they (don't) say.

Ian Penman

A RATHER SPECIAL EVENT

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This is quite simply the most important music exhibition on the calendar. So why haven't you heard of it? Well it used to be known as the British Musical Instrument Trade Fair, and it was only for the trade, but we've changed the name and made the whole thing bigger and better—hence the need for a larger venue, i.e. Olympia.

The list of exhibitors is to say the least, impressive and the array of instruments and equipment on show positively mouthwatering; here's just an appetizer: Kramer guitars, Park amplification, Maya electric guitars and banjos, Moog synthesizers, Kawaii guitars (the new lines), Sonor drums, Blessing Brass (American imports, number one sellers in the UK), Sovereign range of studio instruments, the new range of Marshall amplifiers, Gibson guitars a new Yamaha electronic piano and Gretsch guitars and drums.

And it's not just the gear that'll be grabbing the limelight—a pretty amazing programme of live music has been arranged with guest appearances by: The Stan Reynolds Big Band, The Blowers—featuring Johnny Mars and other guest harmonica players, the Morrissey/Mullen Band, an "All Star" Rock Band, Harry Stoneham and Bruce Bolen—and that's just on Friday! Saturday you can bend an ear to Gordon Giltrap, the L.P. Latin American Session, Pete Stanley & Brian Golbey, the Midland Jazz Youth Orchestra, a Trumpet Spectacular and the Georgie Fame Band. John Dankworth will open the Show at 10.30 am on Friday the 27th July—why don't you join him!

A rather special event you can't afford to miss!

Guest names correct at time of going to press.

Locked in a cellar with a ghost of the '70s

Simple Minds

Marquee

Simple Minds serve a purpose, but it's not one I admire much.

They have a familiar tired but modern world-view, and try too self-consciously to regulate the music they used to frame it. They lay claim to a host of mid-70s influences (Bowie and Ultravox being the most blatant), which gives their sound a basic, reassuring immediacy that makes a welcome change for those who believe that 'experimental' bands are a dime-a-a-dozen but haven't the patience to prove themselves wrong.

Hence their 'Life In A Day' album is selling well, especially in Germany where the craving for keyboard monopoly is as insatiable as ever.

It takes very little to recognise all Simple Minds' idioms, it takes even less to see how thoughtlessly they're put to use. Everything the band attempts with such obvious confidence and conviction seems eventually to turn against them.

They have a blueprint — slow rock chords in sets of four, bedrock drums, dependable bass, thick, uneventful guitar and galleries of shimmering keyboards. To achieve momentum, they simply wind it up to a faster pace, leaving all its interactions intact and unchanged.

They aim for an atmosphere of breadth and space; freedom to allow full rein to Jim Kerr's tenuous, despairing vocals. But they achieve the opposite — a constricting, stifling, overwhelming mass of sinister sound.

I should imagine it's like being locked in a basement with a broken water main.

Really, the band are scoring very easy points. Once they've lulled their audience with a hypnotic, cardiac backbeat, those flashes of red light, those austere black stage clothes — all the ingredients that spell 'enigma' to the impressionable mind — the sheer richness of their textures is just thinly attractive icing over some age-old cake.

I'm exasperated by the dragging routine of their arrangements, and can only picture all the different moods they *could* create with the resources they've got, when instead they only produce one sound, one motion.

I could list a few titles but it's hard to make a distinction between them, except for the compelling opening sequence to 'Pleasantly Disturbed' that soon falls into another predictable pattern, and Lou Reed's 'White Light/White Heat' which sounds almost raunchy amongst such drab company.

Simple Minds serve a purpose, but take very few risks.

If this is the Brave New World, then include me out.

Mark Ellen

Protex
The Zips

Belfast

Things certainly change alot in six months. The Zips are proof of that.

When I saw them at Xmas they were completely unattractive. But now their set begs a second listen; their soon-to-be issued single 'Don't Tell The Detectives' appears to be a reasonable proposition; and I can see their brand of musical inventiveness gaining national acclaim.

So Protex are back in Belfast for tonight's gig before they move off to London and do the things required of a band who've just signed a deal with a major label.

The Protex universe presented in their 45 minute set is still as exciting as ever. Like The Undertones, Rudi and The Ruefrex, Protex prove that making music is not a grand secret: it's an effortlessly shrewd and instinctive business.

After spending their teens as consumers separating the cream from the crap, it became obvious that the cream wasn't out of their reach. Having decided they had something original to offer, Protex formed and have blossomed into a combo of clarity and effervescence with that certain intangible 'something' that makes them *special*.

A brave part of tonight's stint is new to me, and even familiar numbers have undergone sly reconstructions and improvements which make those hooklines crystal clear, the harmonies more crucial and engaging, and the music and lyrics an inseparable, glorious noise. They could still probably spice their guitar work with a dash more flair and style; too often the dual rhythm chops sound flat and mundane.

But my main worry is that their obvious selling points — looks, youth and a bit of flash which at present are natural — will be marketed in the same clinical and calculated way employed by other bands to disguise synthetic music. Protex are wise enough (I hope) to avoid that trap. Certainly the strength of their songwriting doesn't need such base and ultimately self-debilitating tatics.

Curiously the set opens with 'Popularity', the flip of their new Polydor 45 which ponders the pitfalls of fame. 'Strange Obsessions' (the song which opens the film *Shellshock Rock,* featured recently in *Thrills)* is about a voyeur, and it shows their ability to investigate and tackle a sturdy piece of musical trickery without losing the thread of the song.

Predictably the crowd is very responsive and the band are in top form. The atmosphere is rightly one of celebration because the group deserve nationwide exposure and they will genuinely enrich the airwaves.

Make no mistake, national radio will be a home from home for Protex; but that's not to say their songs are cliched tumbles in a comic book world of teenage life. On 'Smile And Say Goodbye' David MacMaster proves he is developing an ability to handle a song of lyrical deftness and considerable melodic strength — which bodes well for their future.

Surprisingly the group just repeat three favourites for the encores: a vastly improved, faster and punchier rendering of their first single on Good Vibes 'Don't Ring Me Up'; the chartbound 'I Can't Cope'; and 'Strange Obsessions'. I'd like to have heard them do 'Teenager In Love' or 'Jeepster' their two early cover versions, but the rest was fair compensation.

When you listen to Protex you may consider they live in a parallel universe to SLF, but they don't. It's just that people have to enjoy themselves in Belfast too, and it's not being greedy to accept both.

Soon Protex will be as much a part of your world as ours. I hope you handle them with care, then maybe one day you'll get the marvellous Rudi or The Ruefrex and you really will be spoilt for choice.

Gavin Martin

A Simple Mind. Pic Santo Basone.

GP&R
Rachel Sweet

Santa Monica

She's a cross between temptress and American cutie, but there's nothing 'sweet' about her.

One minute she was running her hands down her inner-thighs and playing provocatively with a silk scarf; the next she was flouncing about the stage, tossing her hair and giggling like a cocksure Shirley Temple. Neither act was convincing; both were intensely irritating.

But to this American audience Rachel Sweet is the ideal post-pubescent schoolgirl.

Her singing was as unimpressive as her acting and there was nothing to compensate. The lyrics and musical arrangements make up flat, predictable tennybopper rock, including such unimaginative numbers as 'Who Does Lisa Like', 'Spellbound' (dedicated to all the *bad* boys in the audience), and 'It's My Nerves' — "I'm so noivous on my first American tour," she simpered.

Graham Parker And The Rumour's supreme performance deserved a better support.

They played an immaculate

The Cure
The Ruts

Lyceum

You'd think it was perverse, sadistic pleasure, or simply inane mis-management, but some of the bills these promoters concoct just defy belief. Ruts fans at a Cure gig — is this a conspiracy?

There's an unsettled edge to the crowd that the abysmal Ruts soon compound into a seething, phlegm-infested frenzy.

I last saw this bunch six months ago when they were raucous and inept; they're now raucous and uncomfortably tight. They exhume the '76 punk ethic, strap it onto a blinding powerdrive axis, add lyrics that bulge with meat-head politics, and soon leave you gagging on their tedious pace and proficiency.

I like this music when it's unrefined, anarchic, ragged and flexible, but The Ruts I cannot abide.

Looking (would you believe) even younger with their new blow-waves and chic, modish togs, The Cure troop out to another sheet of Rut-induces gob. My stomach churns; I sympathise.

The Cure's apparent inconsistencies seem to work strongly against them; they are always at the mercy of analysis. Vastly misconstrued by some as the trailblazers for the '80s, they trade more on their acutely sensitive rearrangement of rock music's components (structure, style, instrumental roles) than actually create a new and positive context. To include on their album Henrix's 'Foxy Lady' and its final snatch of 12-bar blues, is not just ornamental — it's fundamental.

The band create a tension between the simple, predictable rock patterns they adapt amd the cautious, unsettling textures, unorthodox frills and distant, fragile lyrics that they apply to this basis. It's the kind of tension that you either find intensely attractive, or else soulless and synthetic.

I love it, though I recognise (and accept) their faults.

I'm well aware of the pretentiousness of The Cure's vision (like introducing 'Grinding Halt' as a song "about being in England"); their deliberate attempts at obscurity (check all the lyric references to *mirrors/reflections . . .")* and even their sense of self-importance. But they have more than enough wit and imagination to compensate. All this 'confusing' packaging is just part of it.

What comes over strongest in their taut, compact set is their marvellous ability to colour all the space they've cleared for themselves. With a sound so close to their album's that it's uncanny, and some powefully contrasting lights, they trace every song with sparse, understated details, giving them, on one level, a clear definition, and, on another, a very vague and alluring haziness.

There's a few new inflections: Michael Dempsey's beautiful bass solos and harmonics; Robert Smith's syndrums impersonation in 'Do The Hansa'; way-too-much smokescreen in 'Subway Song'; and a furiously paced encore of '10.15 Saturday Night'.

"It's been good, despite the gob", Smith concludes.

They don't come much better. Three imaginary boys — take them at face value or don't take them at all.

Mark Ellen

Just Stop Your Gobbing

Ruts' Malcolm Owen tries to swim in the phlegm. Pic Pennie Smith.

Wire

Stafford

Sunday afternoon in Stafford: outside, a pale sun sort of shines while I sit in a dimly lit comfortable club.

A languid audience is spread around small tables to watch seven groups assembled by the students' union of the local college.

Pyramid start the proceedings. Full and faintly funky with tastefully tuneful keyboards, they are easy to listen to and not very new.

Obsessions send a smattering of their supporters spinning out over an empty dance floor. Punk as it is played in many towns and cities, I suspect. And that wasn't supposed to sound patronising.

The Nurses fail to stimulate my circulation. They walk on clad in white like aspiring house doctors and come complete with (you guessed) A Nurse who shimmies about a bit and then sits down and looks sadly self-conscious.

"Sexist!" shouts a heckler. "She likes it, actually." More fool her.

And the sound? Very Strangulated. 'Semi Turned On Music Lover' is pure cornball. Groups that employ cheap gimmicks must expect to be judged by them.

"This one's called 'Stars Today'. It's about us," smiles X-Offender's spry singer. They play unpretentious punk-pop that thickens the crowd at the front and sets the fringes spasmodically skipping. They are nothing too special, just young and good-natured and slightly gauche: music for pleasure.

Eliphits are unusual. A jerking sound is tugged about between bass, off-key guitar and striking, strident female vocals. At times this threatens to lapse into scratchy irritation but the flat back-beat of the drums ensures that it is intrusive and when the rhythms click it is insistent. Interesting, yes?

More good news from Manchester: Manicured Noise are dominated by Stephanie Nuttall's distinctive drumming that is amongst the most successfully expressive I've ever heard. It is complemented by Jodie Taylor's equally effective bass. Steve Walsh's guitar adds flesh to the fine bones and Peter Bannister's saxophone stretches from skin-thin to the stutteringly sweet. Owen Gavin is white and wasted and sings.

Jungly dance-hall, always one step removed, the music needs movement. It demands that you shuffle and shake and sway — and a few do.

Wire's first song is a frozen, shivered scream.

You have to strain to see the four men cropped like convicts. Bright bars stripe the cheap patterns of the club's back-drop making it futuristic; with a dull red glow below, the shadowy figures are lit only at the edges,

'A Question Of Degree' spirals up and off at an angle. Other numbers, all new, include 'Relationship', 'Two People In A Room', 'I Should Have Known Better', 'Safe' and something slow and slurred with dainty drumming.

Performed live, the shades of the songs are primary rather than pastel and much more glaringly garish.

Colin Newman, briefly animated, announces " 'Swim, Swim, Swim.' This one's for dancing. It's not called that actually." After which Wire walk off.

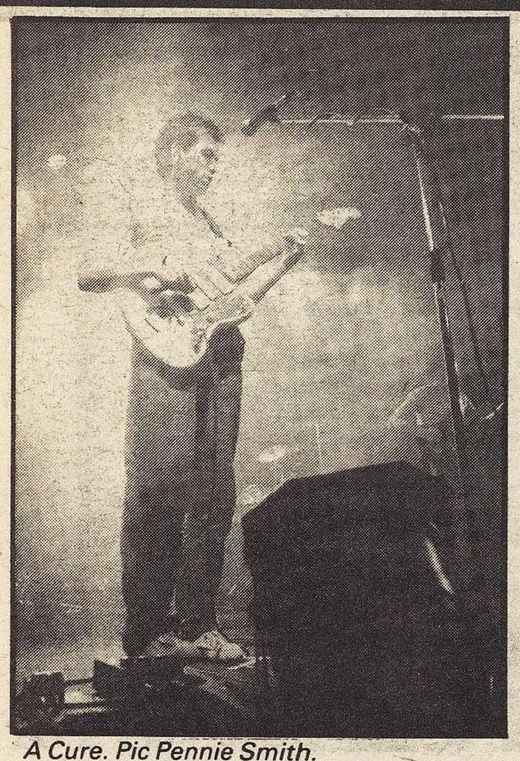
The audience stands there stunned and bemused. What can I say?

Their records are layers of surreal song-poems that float thinly and sting like soap in the eye. Dark snatches from a cold, blue nightmare that stain the brain like the after-image of a shocking photograph. Innocent, elusive and experienced, they can produce real pain and the clearer perception that is its consequence.

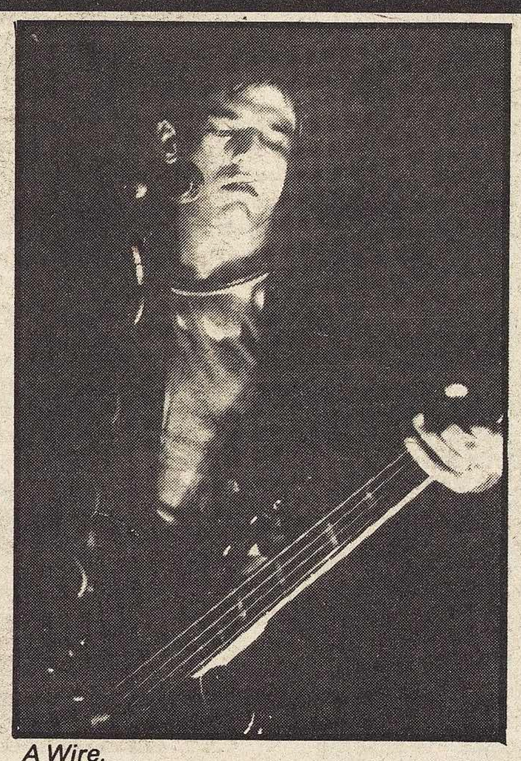
Tonight I understood nothing and Wire wouldn't help me. Try as I might, I could hear no message in their menacing miasma, find no way into their musical maze.

Disappointed? I could have cried.

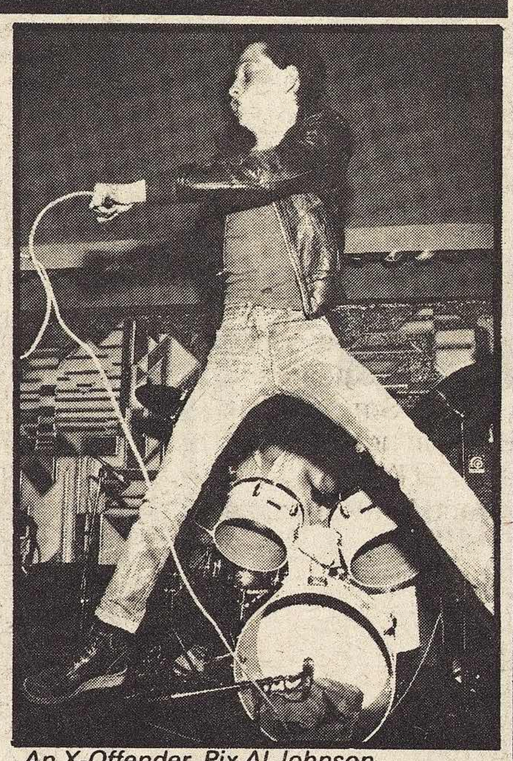
Lynn Hanna



A Cure. Pic Pennie Smith.



A Wire.



An X-Offender. Pix Al Johnson.

set dominated by Brinsley Schwarz's zealous, unflagging energy and expertise on guitar. And there were going to be no repetitions of their last, very coolly received US tour. The set was planned and practised to the last note and *still* the immediacy was retained.

But this time the punters had come as fans not curious spectators, and GP&R received a standing ovation before picking up their instruments. Even so, it still took a few numbers before band or audience *really* warmed up, and most of the driving swing of their third number, the single 'Local Girls', was lost.

The insistent drum beat and fusion of Schwarz's guitar and Bob Andrews' keyboards on 'Don't Get Excited' got the adrenalin flowing though, and the audience followed Andrews' customary lively antics as the sound took possession of him.

However, the crowd were back in their seats for the reggae-beat first album title track 'Howlin' Wind' due to a mixture of bouncer persuasion and a general mistrust and unfamiliarity with reggae here.

But GP was quick to assess the situation: he yelled at the bouncers to get out of the way and ordered everyone up for 'Heat Treatment', which the band aggressively slammed into. The spotlight hit GP, and the punters didn't sit down again.

'Mercury Poisoning' — which didn't get the expected reaction, "You must know *somethin'* about it," said GP — climbed to a pitch, with Schwarz coming in on keyboards. And then the pace dropped with the slow, aching melody on 'You Can't Be Too Strong' with only acoustic guitar, bass and keyboards.

This was Parker alone, standing out uncharacteristically as a sad, soulful figure. And this same mood was intensified with 'Passion', the beautiful guitar riffs cutting across Steve Goulding's heartbeat drumming.

Singalong numbers 'Don't Ask Me Questions' (in which Belmont took lead) and 'Saturday Nite Is Dead' added a few more sparks to the proceedings, with 'Protection' coming in between.

Appropriately the encores were dedicated to R&R and to "the best rock and roller and slide guitarist America has ever had", a tribute to Lowell George who'd died the previous day.

Three encores and the crowd were still rocking and demanding more. Pity they missed out first time round . . .

Deanne Pearson

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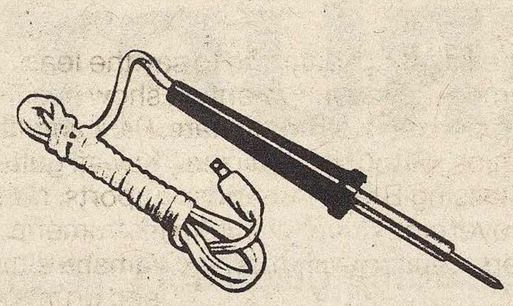

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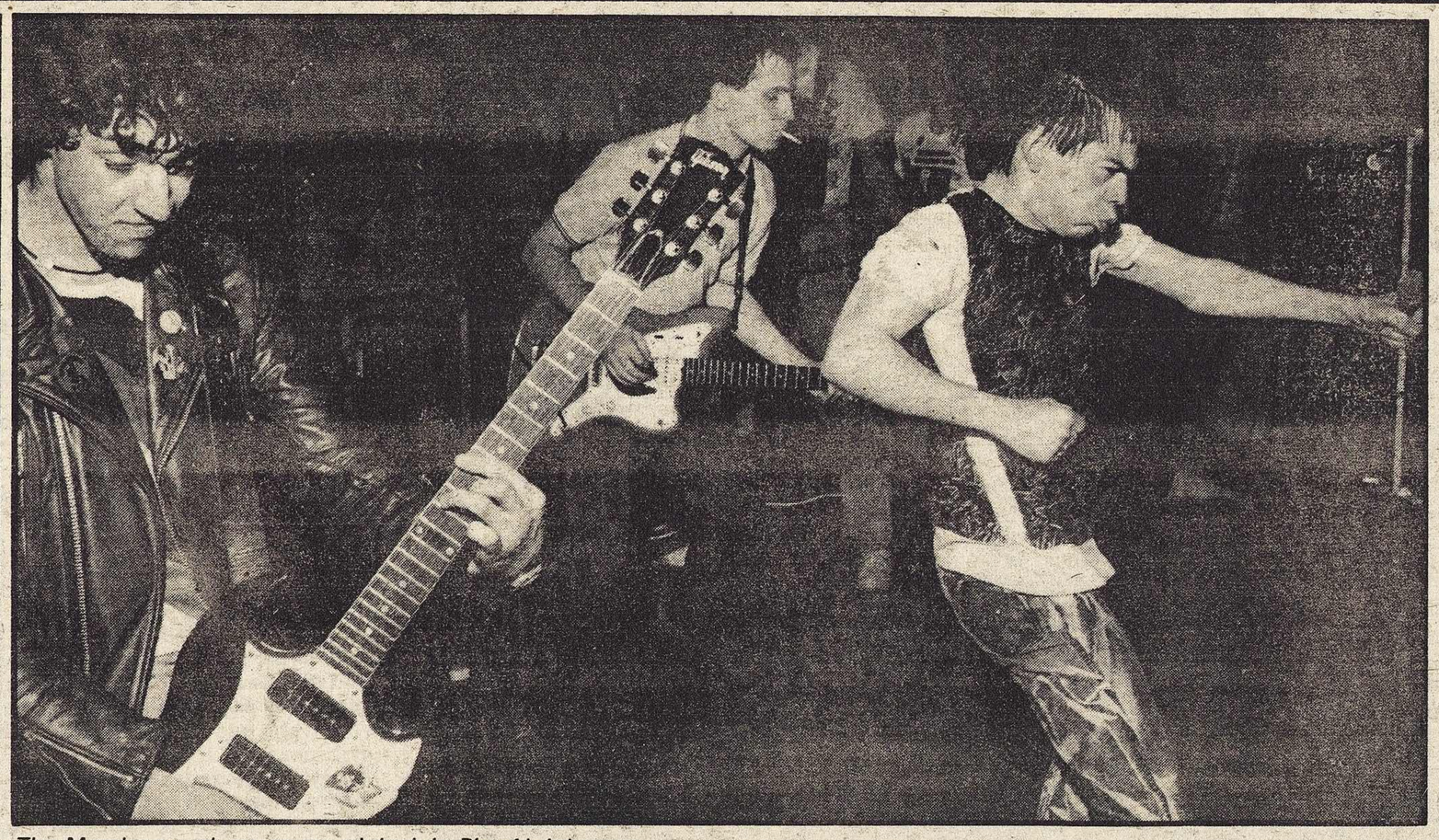

The Members rush an empty nightclub. Pic: Al Johnson.

Alone at the top

The Members
Sussex

Leicester

Sussex play clean, clear pop: close harmonies, scudding bass, fresh guitars. Polly Perkins (male) sings lead vocals. They have only been together a matter of months and now need a little longer to fully develop their sense of direction. At present, some of the edge is knocked off good songs by overlong instrumental interludes.

I'm informed at the door that because it's Leicester's traditional holiday fortnight, the hall is far from full. For The Members it must be like playing host at a party when only half the expected guests arrive.

They wage an extraordinary war against an empty atmosphere.

'Off-Shore Banking Business' and a lovely, loose 'Stand Up And Spit' leave plenty of room to move. Then there's a string of new numbers that sound just as resilient and demonstrate that The Members still write serious songs that make you smile.

Loneliness and launderettes meet in 'Killing Time'. 'Normal People' is dedicated to "the wonderful life of a normal person."

Nicky Tesco is hit on the head by the only plastic glass thrown this evening. (There's always one idiot.) He stares fiercely in the direction from which it came.

"If you don't like my face, come and see me after the show, son."

'Police Car' tears out from a blue drenched stage. Tesco's tirade is interrupted by his wickedly accurate mimicry that sounds tonight more like hate than humour.

'Don't Push' sets him jiggling with frustration. What sounds almost a singalong on vinyl is rubbed raw in the flesh.

Compassion without sentimentality, anger without self-righteousness, pain without self-pity, it comes of really caring.

'Love In A Lift' evokes the awkward desires of adolescence. Nigel Bennett plays gleaming guitar, Chris Payne is back on bass and Adrian Lillywhite's subtle percussion is driving but delicate.

Still feeling a little naked in all the unaccustomed space, the audience starts to shift with 'Soho-A-Go-Go'. Then, staggering sometimes and shining with sweat, Tesco's hurling about the stage as if elasticated.

'Chelsea Nightclub' has the crowd joining in as a freshly cropped J.C. fakes guitar heroics. Tesco wanders over to where he's playing wildly out of tune. "'Scuse me, where's the toilet?" he whispers in his ear.

They encore, of course.

'Solitary Confinement' probes the pain and makes it, paradoxically, that bit more bearable.

They come back again with 'G.L.C.' for the thin, avid audience.

The Members are about anger and humour, love, sex and pain; they are about being young.

Go and see them while they are still so accessible.

Lynn Hanna

Berlin Blondes

Glasgow

Berlin Blondes at the Mars Bar. It's the best pub gig in town. Simple Minds played here. Nowhere else would have them. Soon it will change its name and go disco because of external commercial pressures and internal financial considerations; according to rumour.

The Berlin Blondes look great. They sound like The Velvet Underground playing songs from 'Low'. Steven Bonomi sings like Lou Reed if Lou Reed was immortal and didn't care about all the things which made him sad and bitter. Steven will be famous one day. Lots of people think so, not just me.

Now he's nervous and awkward and talks very quietly on the phone. He writes lyrics. The songs have names like 'White Visions', 'Around The Dome' and 'Citadels For The Dead', but you can still whistle the tunes.

The others are David James (keyboards), Robert Farrell (guitar) and David Rudden (bass). Sometimes they play quite badly, but it's good not to be proper musicians just now. It means they can do things they're not supposed to do. I hope they can survive what will doubtless be enforced sophistication. If they can they'll be very special. But then I'll remember them the way they are now, when they had to work on instinct.

I'll have to compare them with Gary Numan now: Tubeway Army are Fireball XL5 and the Berlin Blondes are a Roger Zelazny story.

They do things because they read in the papers that's what modern groups should do. They are young and impressionable, innocent and fragile. They need sensitive, sincere people to help them make good choices. Bruce Findlay, grand vizier of Zoom Records and a nice man, is sponsoring them for the moment, so it should be okay.

And for Eno or anybody: it's only five hours on the train from London.

Glenn Gibson

Bram Tchaikovsky

Nashville

On record, Bram Tchaikovsky is an able light metallist with a clutch of fair-to-splendid tunes in his knapsack. Live, he belongs to the 'double-the-volume, triple-the-guitar-solos' school of thought, but his skills still surface.

It's the songs that save him, mind. Together with Dennis Forbes, a newish acquisition from Gary Holton's Gems, Tchaikovsky pulled enough silly faces to last Rick Neilsen a year, but not one solo sticks in the mind. When Micky Broadbent moved from bass to guitar for 'Nobody Knows' the improvement seemed hardly coincidental.

Consider that last sentence a nasty slur on my part, as Bram promptly showed his true worth on "a country and western number" (it wasn't really) and 'Girl Of My Dreams', both packing loads more identity than the set's amped-up staple fare. Bram hates glib comparisons by immature journalists, so I'll pause but briefly to say that 'Girl' was dead Byrds-y and heaps of fun.

After that 'I'm A Believer' plodded and 'Robber', dedicated to manager Richard Ogden, merely chugged. But a diversion was at hand in the form of a chalk-faced Brian Robertson, who traded licks on Jimi's 'Red House'. It was really quite listenable.

Coupled with the excellent 'Sarah Smiles', 'Lullaby On Broadway' proved the perfect vehicle for this band's premier virtues of racy harmonies and gliding guitars. That they should close with a 'Johnny B. Goode' of quite numbing pointlessness merely underlined their earlier misuse of resources.

Tell Tchaikovsky the news, someone.

Harry George

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The Extras

Sheffield

I saw The Extras in London last January, and they were *great*— sharp, precise, punchy, fairly crackling with promise. Back in Sheffield to do a benefit for the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, they're another band altogether, and I have great difficulty reconciling the current incarnation with my six-month memory.

Admittedly, it wasn't all their fault: the new Poly hall could have been designed by an architect without ears and is only suitable for echo-timing experiments; certainly not for The Extras' six-piece "wall of sound".

This aside, blame must rest squarely on their shoulders for a performance that was at best messily extravagant and at times downright painful.

Their entrance, a mad cacophony of blowing, banging and thrashing, teeters tentatively between the humorous and the annoying for a minute or two before settling into the foreboding martial stomp of 'Big Business'. It's quite rivetting really and apart from the sound quality, fairly classic Extras.

Which only makes the ensuing developments that much more disappointing.

A bitter pill tastes nastier in a sweet mouth . . .

It's to be expected that a band changes — only the selfishly nostalgic would wish otherwise — and it's obvious that after a year's absence from Sheffield, the change in The Extras will seem fairly radical. But it has not been a *progression* so much as an exercise in increased complication, a headlong rush up the cul-de-sac of complexity.

Like so many modern bands, their roots lie in pre-'77 glam; but whereas today's successful young lions filtered that influence through the "less sometimes *does* equal more" approach of '77 and after (viz. Devo's "deconstruction") and took good note of continental developments (viz. Human League, Siouxsie and Tubeway Army), The Extras opted instead for a cluttered, top-heavy combination of Deaf School and Roxy.

The London gig I mentioned was one of their first with bassist Mike Cartwright, and its success was largely due to his injecting some much needed spring and punch into their hitherto dense, sluggish sound. That vitality has all but evaporated in the intervening six months.

The shock of finding themselves with a full roster of capable and inventive musicians (Cartwright, like drummer Mark Anderson, is jazz-trained and *very* useful), combined with an, uh, ongoing regular-rehearsal/infrequent gigs situation, has resulted in a virtual orgy of elaboration.

The few old numbers retained in their set have been extensively revamped — in most cases to their detriment — and in the majority of the newer songs possess multi-sectional arrangements of almost Prousian complexity (where Borgesian brevity would have been more in order).

They leave no stone unturned, no space unfilled; they seem to want not to win you over, but to bludgeon you into submission.

They enervate.

But there is the occasional nice moment: 'The Magic Of D.I.Y.', for instance, has some snappy unison guitar/keyboard passages; and the ethereal shuffle-strut opening to 'Could I Lie To You?' is well-nigh perfect. (The frantic thrash which follows, however, is in desperate need of alteration or amputation).

The only *wholly* successful songs, though — and the obvious candidates for single release — are also the most straightforward. Both 'This Could Be The First Time' and 'War Of Words' hang naturally round their hooklines, free from the abrupt, tangential changes in pace and direction so prevalent in the rest of the set.

'War Of Words' in particular is an unforced germ, from the infectious mid-tempo funk-strut intro right through to the fluid, logical guitar climax. At the side of this, their other numbers seem like Heath Robinson constructs for the ear: over-elaborate, pointlessly indulgent and dangerously close to the excesses of art-school rock.

Despite it all, I still believe The Extras have it in them to make some truly *classic* records, given half a chance. But before they do, they'd be well advised to rethink, strip down and de-coke.

I mean, who needs a glam-funk Styk?

Andy Gill

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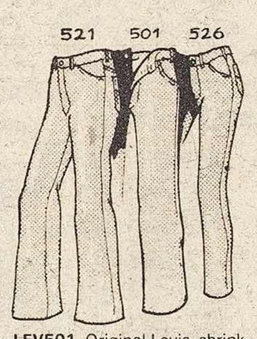

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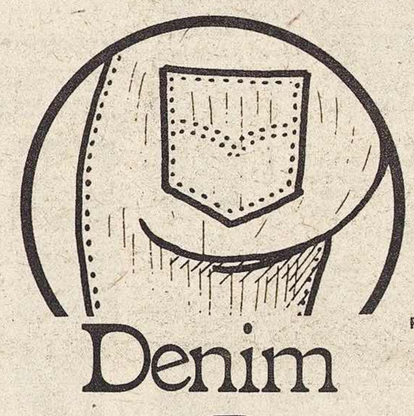

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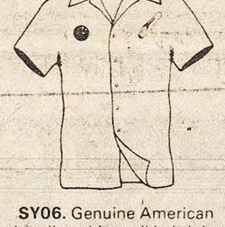

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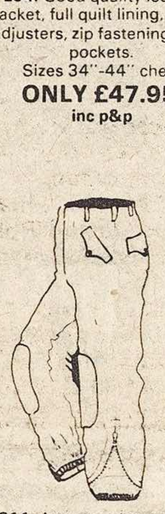

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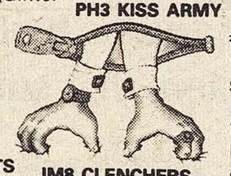

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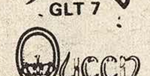

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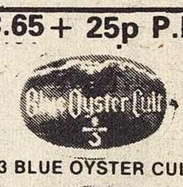

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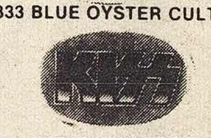

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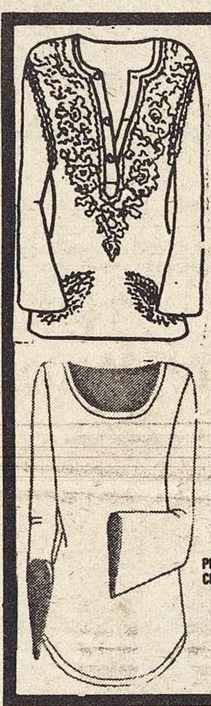

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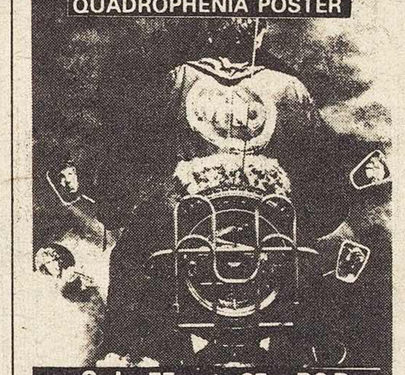

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Fur enough vision

Psychedelic Furs Cuddly Toys

Music Machine

I'm not all that sure there's still a market for satin jump-suits and space-boots, but Cuddly Toys look game to find out.

Five years out of time, and then some, they carry this Ziggy fixation to the extent of coming on like Mick Ronson doppelgangers. They're even cutting an album with Woody Woodmansey. And titles of the 'Brain Saviour' or 'Alien' variety, for all their prefabricated angst, must only encourage such altogether unhelpful comparisons.

Who'll love Aladdin Sane in '79, when so much fresher and truly original music is to be had from so many alternative sources?

Images as implausible and sounds so derivative as those of Cuddly Toys (formerly Raped) could invite dismissal or ridicule. And that's something of a pity.

For all their smoke and coloured lights, their defiantly precious glam-rock narcissism (or, as we doctors term it, 'posing') as well as their chunkily pre-punk rock'n'roll flash, Cuddly Toys occasionally betray some inventiveness.

Nowadays a five-piece they're much the better, I'd opine, for the added keyboards of Billy Surgeoner.

Especially evident on 'Astral Joe' and 'Guillotine Theatre' and, intriguingly, on an unrecorded Bolan-Bowie number called 'Madman', there's a certain talent that lacks self-conviction (whatever star-trip smokescreens they might erect). So why dress it up in a cast-off costume?

They ended it all with a creditable 'You Keep Me Hanging On' (more akin to Vanilla Fudge's version than The Supremes') and finally, less impressively, with 'Wham Bam'. No thank you, Ma'am.

Second up were Psychedelic Furs, a strange, six-strong assortment of iced pose and warm weirdness. I found them strikingly good.

First to register is singer Richard Butler who patrols the stage, squirms and jerks. Under heavy mannerisms, languidly Jaggered or a shade Geldof, his act is a hard one to ignore — as he'll ensure by draping around any soloing instrumentalist.

It's a pulsating sound, but a coolly restrained one at the same time. The two guitars seem subdued and rarely intrude; instead they riff steadily and leave space for Duncan Kilburn's sax-playing. A Velvet Underground likeness is inescapable, and several songs (particularly 'We Love You') appear in debt to 'Waiting For The Man' or, in their slower moments, to something like 'Sunday Morning'.

Not that the Furs' individualism should be under-rated. The more distinctive pieces, such as 'Imitation Of Christ', reveal them as being among the most interesting and visionary bands about

Paul Du Noyer

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Alisdair Mackenzie, their songwriter, shows strong talent. I'm sure he could take chances successfully.

Visually there's nothing except Hector the swot, and Euan trying to subdue his Lydonesque impulses. Dressing up and moving about is for poser bands. Besides, you'd feel daft, everybody's looking at you.

Glenn Gibson

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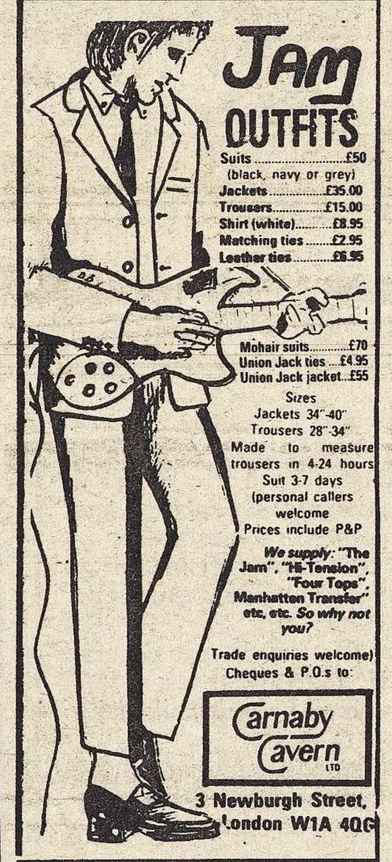

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Manfred Mann's Earth Band

Hammersmith

The Manfred Army. A disturbing phenomenon — regiments of young people, many of them barely out of their 30s, chanting *"Man-fred! Man-fred!"* with Nuremburg repetition. Towards the front — that hard-core element in his following, outlandishly attired in frowns and spectacles; belligerently they brandish their Kia-ora cartons. I see black goatee beards and Laura Ashley dresses (though not generally on the same individuals). And I want to go home.

Uh-huh, it was the Man-freds. And tonight, make no mistake, the Odeon Hammersmith was theirs and nobody else's ... least of all this reviewer's.

Having the misfortune to sit behind Pavlov's Dog in person (smoke-bombs "WOOH!"; gee-tar solo, "WOOH!"; "uh, a Bob Dylan number ...", "WOOH!") my own sense of un-belonging is probably matched only by the reputed contempt of Mr Mann up there for us parasitic scribblers anyway. Our photographer fared better: they wouldn't let him in at all.

But, conscious only of this paper's unique reputation for fair-mindedness, I take due note of the performer's unquestionable achievement.

For, beginning again in an age quite changed from that in which he had his first career, Manfred Mann constructed a whole new market for himself — and has sustained it with output of, by its own lights, unvarying excellence.

It was clear throughout the set, which featured a mixture of the newer 'Angel Station' numbers and a spread of earlier Earth Band successes, that Manfred's men have secured a devoted body of adherents, and one of sell-out dimensions at that.

Waves of acclaim met 'Davy's On The Road Again' and 'Chicago Institute', as well as their two Springsteen pieces 'Blinded By The Light' and 'Spirits In The Night'. Similarly well-received were present favourites 'Don't Kill It Carol' and Dylan's 'You Angel You'.

This is a band bulging with competence, rippling with proficiency. For the technically-minded, they make extensive use of electronic thingies, as well as a whatsisname and the occasional doo-dah.

Mann himself, of course, is at the keyboards and, save for the odd foray stage-centre bearing tambourine and grin, keeps his characteristic low-profile. John Lingwood drums and Pat King basses, while Steve Waller weighs in with guitar and vocals. But still very much to the fore stands Chris Thompson, also on guitar and vocals, prompting one to wonder how the Earth Band will fare after Chris' already-announced departure.

They encored with a you-can-all-join-in 'Mighty Quinn', prefaced with an organ intro built around 'Pretty Flamingo' — one sharp reminder that, whatever my indifference to his '70s product, Manfred *has* staked half-a-dozen claims to pop immortality in his time.

Maybe best of all, though, were the animations projected onto the backstage, mostly in witty correspondence to the music.

You want symbolism? Well, one of them showed this clown, y'see, and he was on a treadmill, trudging through a cartoon-surrealist landscape. Ha ha!

Paul Du Noyer

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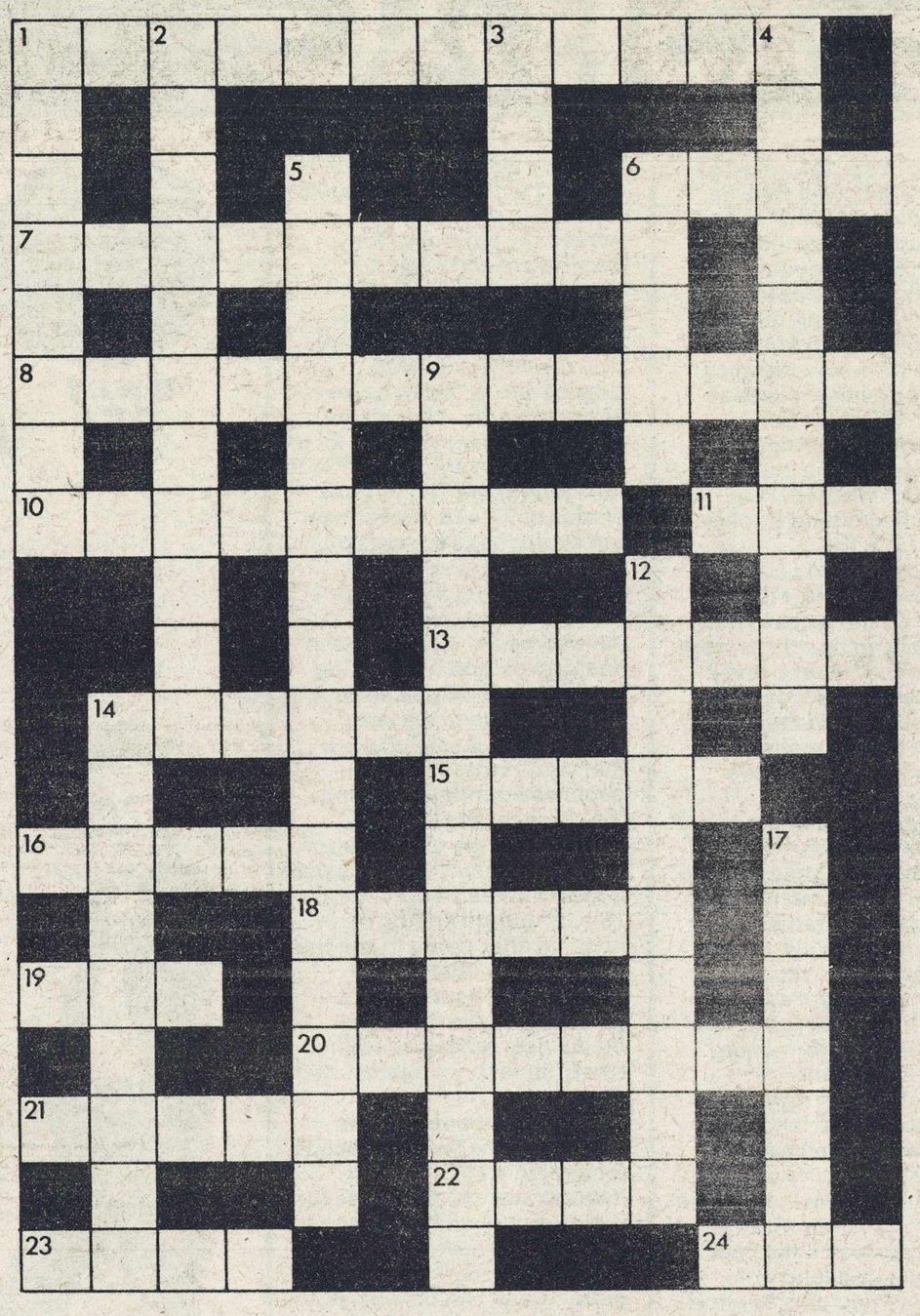

ACROSS

1 Sired 'Old Siam Sir' (That's a yolk folks!) (4,2,3,3)
6 & 12 Beach Boys classic, absolutely nothing at all to do with the revived 'Oh Boy' *(This is a red herring — Ed.)*
7 *TOTP* said 'no, ta' to their 'rubbers in the pocket' (4,2,4)
8 RAR, hog allergy (anag, 2 words)
10 Disco star embracing an undergarment!
11 & 15 '1-2-3' and 'Like A Baby' were his '60s hits
13 1957 vintage Richard Penniman hit
14 Could lead on to something else! *God, this is awful! — Ed.)*
15 See 11
16 Populist Brit pop combo whose trademark was their lack of grammar
18 Dylan formally
19 Pre-Independents, one of the all-dominating majors
20 Dec 6, 1969, the day peace and love came to an abrupt end on a speedway in California
21 Formerly Feld
22 Currently charting, among the stars of recent RAR tour
23 & 17 MOR country star who regularly tops UK album lists and sounds like a casualty of anorexia nervosa!
24 No, not Faith, not even Eve's old man, this is the punky geezer.

DOWN

1 Follow up to 'Hot Stuff' (3,5)
2 Roxy's fourth LP (7,4)
3 'Wild West ----'
4 Critic, singer, writer of the frequently-quoted *Revolt Into Style* etc (6,5)
5 By EWF + The Emotions, sounds like a Utopia for Status Quo freaks! (6,10)
6 The Gruntin' One
9 Continental rockers — or a bedtime tale told by Ma Zimmerman to 18 across!! (6,3,5)
12 See 6 across
14 Jelly boil (anag. 2 words)
17 See 23

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Replicas'; 4 '(Sunday) Girl'; 7 'Up The Junction'; 9 Herbie Hancock; 10 Beat; 12 'American Pie'; 13 Nils Lofgren; 17 'The Lone Ranger'; 19 Sting; 20 Bo Diddley.

DOWN: 1 Rough Trade; 2 Peter Green; 3'Sunday (Girl)'; 5 Ron (Mael); 6 '(Rhythm) Stick'; 8 Joe Jackson; 10 Berry Gordy; 11 Alan Price; 14 Island; 15 Francis (Rossi); 16 'Rhythm (Stick)'; 18 Elton (John).

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GASBAG

I have just been informed of the death of Lowell George. The simple fact is that we've lost one of the very finest songwriters and guitar players that rock has ever known, the focal point of a band which, when hot, was happy to blow anyone out of sight — no-one who was at their first UK gig at the Rainbow in the spring of '75 will ever forget the mangling the almost unknown Feat gave the headlining Doobie Bros, nor will the already-converted packed in the front rows forget the disbelief on the faces of the band realising that there were people in the UK who loved them, knew the words to the songs, and shared their vision, at that time almost uniquely Lowell George's vision.

We're all aware of the problems that came later on with splits in the band and the dry patch Lowell ran into but, as your writer noted a few months back, the live album isn't as duff as we thought it was, and the recent solo album, 'Thanks I'll Eat It Here', is a beautiful performance, though Lowell's own compositions run right to the edge of a deep melancholy.

So now we await a final message in the form of what was in any case destined to be the band's last album. Lowell was sorry to lose Little Feat, and it must be a long time before anything gets as good as 'Feats Don't Fail Me Now'. As so often, we must thank the record company for their lack of commitment and belief and the radio programmers for their lack of perception and courage. As so often happens, we will look for the release of live material and out-takes known to exist, and as so often the accountants will deny us even this. Lowell George did not have a good experience of record companies in his life time — reportedly mixing the tapes of the various Feat bootlegs himself at a time when Warner Bros. really didn't want to know — and, like Tim Buckley, I'm afraid he won't be well remembered by the company now he's gone.

Lowell's tragedy is over, and we must send our condolences to his family and friends. Although it saddens me every time the list gets longer, the pain is particularly acute when, as with Buckley, and as with Gram Parsons, it's not 'just another muzo'(?) gone down but one of the masters, whilst to the vast majority, being both ignorant and uncaring about the artist's true stature, the fact of his extinction matters not a jot. Nonetheless, those of us privileged to have approached Lowell George through his music must at this time grieve at the loss of a very good friend, and a loss that we can ill afford.
GRAHAM SANDERS, Croydon.
Seconded — CSM.

A question for the editors of the *NME*. Do we really need statements such as this: "Music to maim Mods by", and "Once the summer's over and the skins turned Mod have had their fun bashing the Punks", to fill the pages of the best rock-weekly going?

Surely we get enough of this sort of thing from the likes of the *Sun* already. I personally am sick of the nonchalant and even downright provocative attitude of the British press towards tribal violence, and I don't want to see *NME* degenerate to the same level as the tabloids. After all the *Sun* must already have a lot to answer for, in enforcing (if not instigating) the Ted vs Punk battles of 77—78. While they ran centre page spreads on Punk and London's Super Ted, they were giving their readers all the necessary stereotypes to recognise and conform to, and by so doing they were helping to enforce a conflict between the two groups. And it seems to me that some writers for your paper seem intent on doing the same for the Mods.

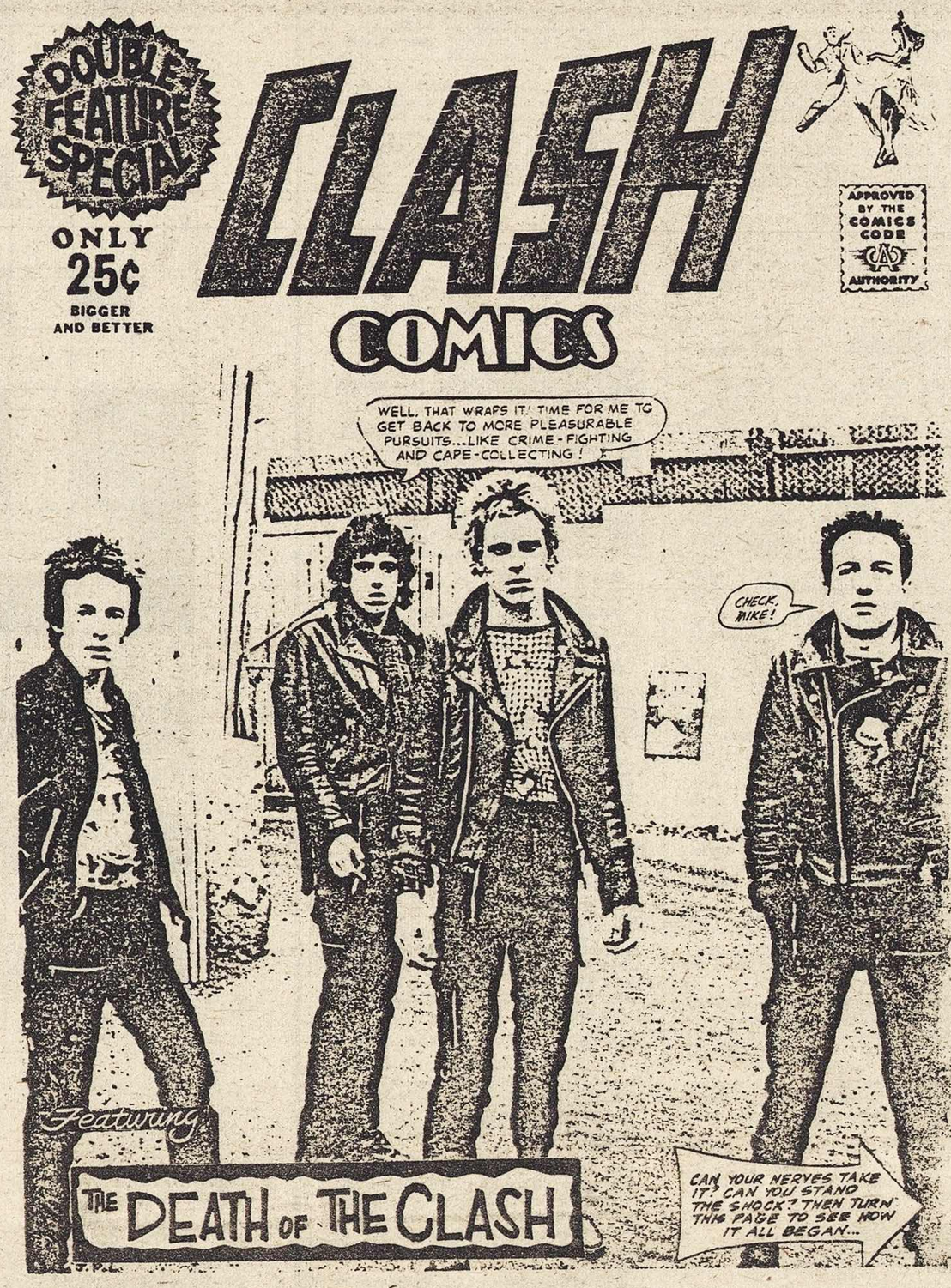
In the end the only result of the Ted vs Punk thing was that it meant some 14 or 15-year-old kid ending up in hospital after going to see the Buzzcocks or whatever. It appears that as soon as one lot of battles die down the media gets hold of another two groups to set against each other.

Of course it doesn't take long for a new teenage faction (or a middle aged one) to degenerate into an excuse for just another bunch of drunken shitheads to have a punch-up, with or without the help of the gutter press. But do we need your paper to add fuel to a fire that's already smouldering in the '79 Mod movement? These days see the swelling of the ranks of the Mods (something to do with the football season being over I wonder). And so we've got another set of stereotypes to live up to, beat the shit out of, or run away from, depending on where you stand and how many stand with you at the time. But the trouble is that people get hurt and get their lives fucked up by this kind of petty bloody-mindedness. And as always somebody has to pay the price or pick up the pieces long after the sensationalists have got bored with the current shock-horror topic. The sensationalists, won't, as usual, have said or done one constructive thing towards dealing with these problems.

I realise that this violence isn't restricted to the Mods, but goes on amongst Disco kids and Status-Sabbaf fans, etc, etc, as well. And the hardy perennials such as Hells Angels plod on their peculiar path of destruction. This kind of tribal violence when taken as a whole can be seen, quite rightly in my view, as a reflection of the state of our society as a whole. With youth today growing up with the unrest, failures, and evils harboured by previous generations not prepared to bring them out into the open and acknowledge their existence, it seems hardly surprising that they grow up without any sense of social responsibilities. So the violence reflects and represents this social and spiritual non-awareness in our society.

So I can fully realise that your paper is going to report on violence at gigs, but to present the facts or feelings, in the same way as those quotes that I gave at the beginning of this letter is, I feel, wrong. Those very quotes can be seen as enforcing the stereotypes and encouraging the violence that goes with them.

So come on *NME*, we need objective and constructive reports on these problems; not the "I've passed the *Sun* Aggro Test" sensationalism and provocation that only infects an already very open wound in our society.
GEORGE SHEARSDON, no address given
Much as we hate to admit it, you are well correct, squire. If we fall asleep at the switch again, give us a shout. — CSM.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Dear Nick Kent, It seems that most letters that mention you are less than complimentary. So just to redress the balance in my small way, I am writing this letter of thanks for setting me straight on a certain point of fact. I refer to your article on Brian Jones in the June 30th issue. You mention, ". . . Sam Cooke's 'Little Red Rooster', the Stones' most ethnic blues workout to date . . ." To think that if I hadn't read that I would still be labouring under the misapprehension that the song was written by Willie Dixon.
IAN THORNE, Harrow, Middlesex
'Rooster' was written by Dixon and originally recorded by Howlin' Wolf, but Cooke's subsequent re-recording of the song was the best-known and most popular version prior to the Stones. Okay, smartass? — BLUES CREDIBILITY DEPARTMENT.

How cringingly embarrassing it was to watch J. Rotten on *Juke Box Jury* last Saturday conform to every stereotype anybody has ever held about him. We know it's certainly not *his* Public Image to give reasoned or reasonable criticism of anything, beyond it being 'rubbish' or 'awful' but did he really want to come across as a reticent schoolkid who only listens to, wait for it, 'decent' music. Lord God! Even Noel Edmunds squirmed under his collar and tie. Worse was his playing up to an audience that would have been better suited to *Crackerjack*. Having exhausted his eloquence he indulged the audience's opinion of a record — of course it was 'rubbish', what else? Yeah, sure is the Blank Generation, Johnny. Better stick to your Image, kid. There's safety in conformity.
BARRY COOPER, Bristol.

Aarrgh! What's this — the one time future of rock and roll holding up hit and miss cards!?! Oh, Johnny Johnny . . .
EM, Belfast.
Don't go away, there's more — CSM.

I have must watched the BBC's latest farce — *Juke Box Jury* — with J. Lydon trying to regain some of his lost notoriety and failing dismally. His performance was a joke, a feeble attempt to play it cool and show everyone that he still has something to offer (which he hasn't). Any relevance he ever had to anyone has now disappeared along with any respect anyone ever had for him out of the window. Lydon has degenerated into an incoherent moron who finds it difficult to construct a sentence of more than five words. If he feels he should go on shows like that he is just another delinquent moron (which is what he proved himself to be).

He says he doesn't push his music down people's throats but he does just that with his pathetic 'I'm so heroic' image. Okay, the music was crap, but that's still no reason to refuse to comment on the records. If he is incapable of criticism of any worth he shouldn't go on shows like that. The act of getting up and leaving before the end was not an attempt to snub the pompous jerks running the show but the pitiful act of a sulkish child.

How can people expect Punk/New Wave to be taken seriously with such a cretin as a prominent member? It is about time people looked at Lydon and saw him for the hollow fake that he is.
MARK, Cheltenham, Glos.
Ho, ho, very amusing and perceptive I'm sure — A LYDON CLONE.

Well, Kent does it again! It's been a few years (so who's counting?) since an *NME* article was so good that it hurt (namely those two fine glimpses at the lives and deaths of Syd Barrett and Nick Drake), but 'Brian Jones' set the feelings going again. Thanks, Nick, for trying to help us understand why Jones could never be understood.
STEVE BUSH, Sheffield.
Well, don't keep us in suspense . . . — CSM.

"When I should have been weeping for my own sins, I wept for Dido." — St. Augustine (OK, Latin 'A' Level candidates?). I'm weeping for Brian Jones.
RAYMONE, Abingdon, Oxon.
Brian died for somebody's sins, but not mine — ROBERT JOHNSON.

Graham Lock is becoming an ongoing pain in the dong situation.
MALCOLM MALCOLM, Edgware, Middx.
Sexist! — CSM.

I will come straight to the point. What the hell is wrong with Gillingham? It becomes apparent each week while reading your paper that the beautiful town of Gillingham comes in for a certain amount of . . . well . . . piss taking. At the risk of repeating myself, what is wrong with the place? I don't buy the paper to read some smart-arsed bastard taking the piss out of my beloved birth place, I buy it to read the excellent sport and cinema reviews with the occasional sex perverted tit bit and to see what is on TV. Any more remarks about the most 'in' place in the British Isles and I will send you two cheap day return tickets to exciting breath-taking Gillingham.
SEAN FAHEY, Gillingham, Kent.
The reason that Gillingham holds such a place of honour in *NME* mythology is that Minty Smoff lives there. Yes, that's right: *lives* there and loves it. Play Spot-The-Monty at your local pub and all will be revealed. — CSM.

This is this.
D. HUNTER, Derby.
What's what? — CSM.

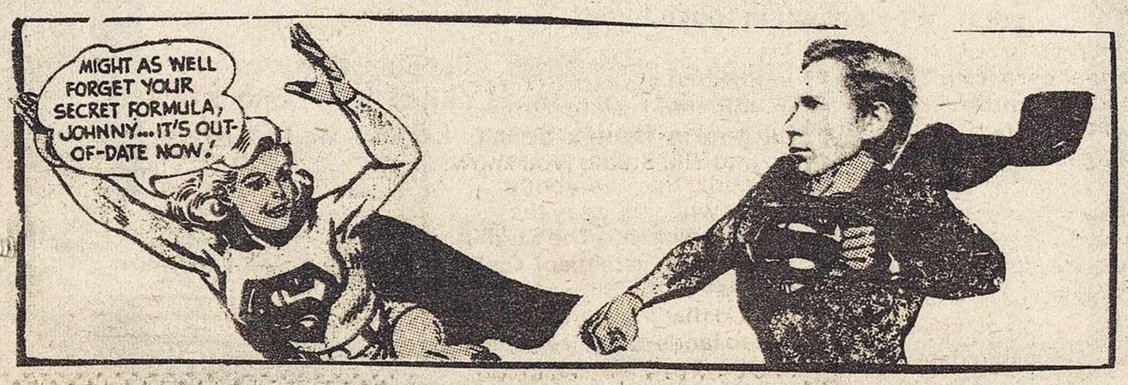
Did you know that Harrod's the posh store in Knightsbridge, are selling Sex Pistols T-shirts with the word 'Piss-up' included on them?
A VERY DISGUSTED PERSON, Rochdale.
Yeah, sure. Did you know that the T-shirt in question is an unauthorised reprint of a page from *NME*? — A VERY DISGRUNTLED EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE.

Bag fed and cared for by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY, 5/7 Carnaby Street, Swinging London W1V 1PG

I'd just like to say that I haven't got the kettle.
JIM, Hydebank.
Phew! I thought we'd lost it! — CSM.

On Friday June 29th our local radio station, Pennine Radio played 'Are Friends Electric' by Tubeway Army and then went straight into a commercial for cars 'hand built by Robots'. You gotta larf aincha.
STEVE WILD, Batley, W. Yorks.
S'pose so (yawn, belch, scratch, niagaras, look for next letter, etc.) — CSM.

Please note the absence of bad language in this letter. Some of us are articulate enough to write without resorting to all that shit . . . Oh Sod!
R., Shropshire
Upyerasswi Nobilgaspal — CM



T-ZERS

Though it may be a wrench of well-nigh undendurable proportions, O Gentle **Reader,** raise your bleary, red-veined eyes from these pages for just a tiny millisecond and train the gaze heavenward. If you strain everso, you may just see a large chunk of space junk (known once upon a time as **Skylab)** slowly wending its way towards this planet. As any well-informed paranoid could inform you, something the size of a three-storey building and travelling at approximately 15,000 miles per hour is going to splash down into the Atlantic (it is hoped that it'll land in the Atlantic, that is) as a monument to the wonders of technology. As the chronic worriers amongst us place gloomy bets about the likelihood of the peripatetic rustpot taking out St Ives, let us now view the following potpourri of pop trivia in a slightly more rational perspective...

Did we say 'rational'? We certainly did, and we'll say it again when referring to the climax of **The Clash's** two-day secret-warm-up-type thingy at the Notre Dame Hall, when in the midst of a "White Riot' encore — shy, retiring **Sex Pistol Jimmy Pursey** erupted onto the stage in the midst of a large entourage of fairly short-haired chaps and took over what was left of the set. "That's the last time we ever play that," quoth a disconsolate **Mick Jones** to a dot nestled comfortingly on his lapel...

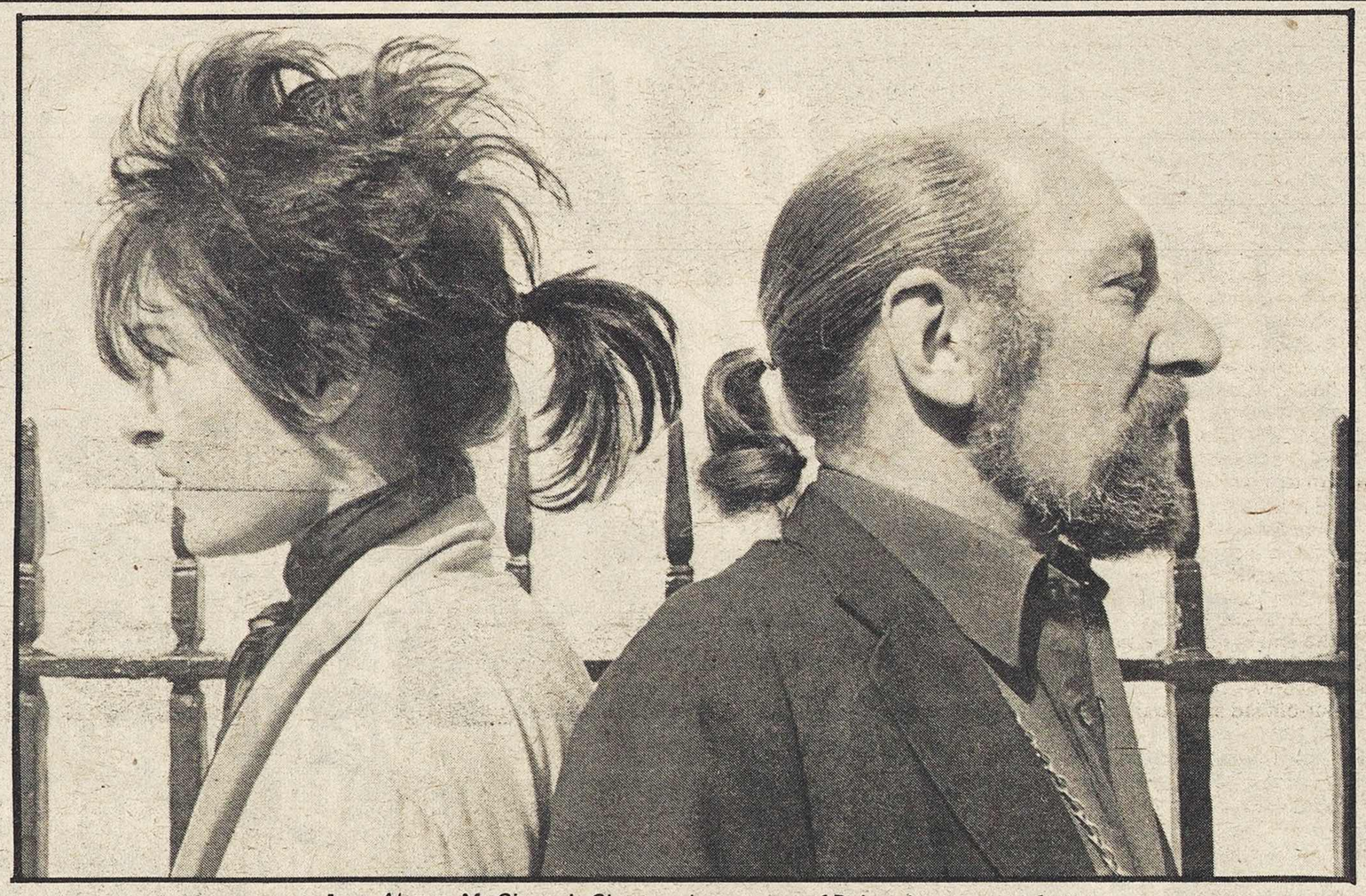
The gig previewed several new **Clash** works as well as re-interpretations of old material, both showing strong influences from roots rhythm'n'blues and reggae, and making an impressive step forward in the Clash canon of great noises. Support act **The Modettes** supplied pretension by announcing all their song titles in 'O' Level French, and style by employing a be-hatted malchick trio on vocal back-up.

First news filtering through about the next **Bob Marley And The Wailers** long-playing artefact suggests that said artefact will be entitled 'Survival' and that the sleeve will feature the flags of all the 49 independent African nations, a graphic display not entirely unconnected with the thematic content of the music...

And while we're on the subject of titles, please be advised that Island's final **Burning Spear** album before the Spear switches his base of operations to EMI will be a compilation of Great Moments From Previous Efforts pleasingly and wittily entitled 'Harder Than The Best'. Furthermore, **Ian Dury** will sooner than soon be back in your hearts with a single called 'Reasons For Enjoying Yourself (Part III)' which is as flimsy an excuse as any (if any were needed, which it ain't so why are you all staring at us like that) to hip you once again to the frankly absurd Blockhead Of The Year competition to be found in next week's heartstopping ish...

The pace hots up (or does it?): **The Stranglers** will be occupying that all-important Number Two slot on **The 'Oo's** Wembley gig...

Now it can be told: why **John Cooper Clarke** didn't appear at Glastonbury. The backcombed bard confessed: "As soon as I got there I found meself in a time warp. **Mighty Baby** were playin' a belter of a set onstage and I ended oop int' acid casualty tent, loitering within tent in a pink fog." We're sure that hippies all over England will sympathise with this unusual man's horrifying plight, just as the dots themselves were moved beyond words when they heard that the very famous singer and composer of popular songs known throughout the civilised world as **Elvis Costello** had been forced to leave a very fine clothing emporium in Kensington when a gaggle of starstruck teenagers began watching him sifting through the jackets ...



*Above: Ms Siouxsie Sioux and some sort of Bohemian type compare ponytail fashion notes for the camera of Ms Pennie Smith. Below: Caught in the glare of the celebrity spotlight at one of those simply **wild** affairs you plebs are always reading about — one and only 'Basher' Lowe, quite obviously unable to contain his mirth at being told that fellow Pop Star Bob Geldof has to resort to cutting up old tablecloths in order to have something suitably cool and dashing to be seen in. "Blow in his ear and he'll follow you everywhere," muttered a spiteful Mouth.*

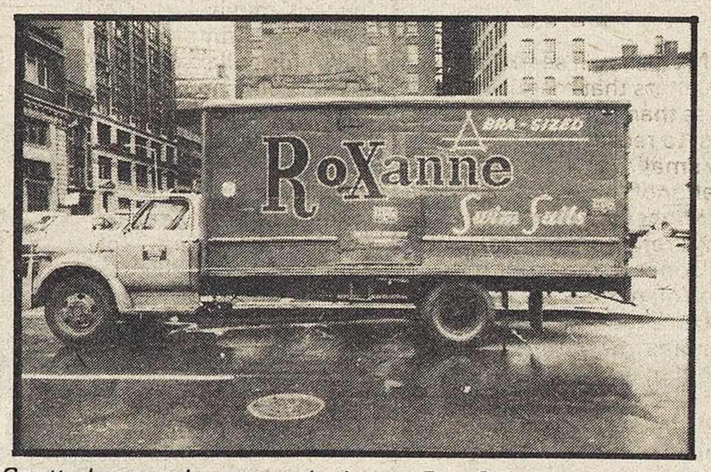
Generation X — you will be glad to know — are ecstatic at the reception they garnished from the fun-loving pop kids of Japan when they followed in the footsteps of **Cheap Trick, Elvis Costello** and **Tom Robinson** and took a newish wave sort of vaguely modern style of beat to the Land Of The Rising Yen. They did considerably better than **The Lurkers** did in New York, where it was decided that it wasn't exactly Next Stop Madison Square Gardens for God's Lonely Men, even though the Very Famous **Johnny Thunders** got up and 'sat in' (or should that be 'slumped in'?) for a few catchy chunes. Other dynamic, exciting Occasions To Remember on the New York sleazo circuit occurred when **Robert Gordon** bellowed a few ditties with his former partner **Link Wray,** and Gordon's current guitarist **Chris Spedding** renewed old links with the **John Cale Band**...

Question: what was the surprise charity gig that **The Boomtown Rats** were supposed to be doing this week, and why didn't they do it? To turn to lighter matters, **Modest Bob** hisself was seen last Sunday at the 'Save The **Whale**' demo in Trafalgar Square. Our dot on the spot lets it slip that the painfully shy Bob, 25, had an anguished frown upon his countenance as he moved through the teeming crowds, but reverted to a Beaming Smile Mode when taking to the platform and regaling the assembled company with an unbelievably convoluted anecdote about witnessing a confrontation with a Russian whaling vehicle during his younger days in Canada. It is reported that there wasn't a dry eye in the square by the time he'd finished ...

Also saving the whale was **Lew Lewis,** simultaneously promoting his fine new product 'Save The Wail' with a charity all-star harmonica jam when anyone who had a harp showed up and blowed up at the Hope & Anchor deep in the heart of Islington. Full roll call and earwitness thing neck squeak.

Talking of which, you may have spotted that our promised **Lowell George** obituary is not to be found in this week's ish. This is because research into the period immediately preceding L.G.'s death is still in progress and the results will be with you — awwwwww, somwone must've told you...

And it's **Purseymania** once again! The indefatigable one put in another of his surprise guest shots when **Angelic Upstarts** played the Nashville last Thursday (the day before his **Clash** gatecrash). Pursey performed **Sham's** 'Borstal Breakout' and the Upstarts' own 'Police Oppression' and promised the punters another farewell Sham gig in London.



Spotted somewhere near the Lower East Side: a truckload of The Police's top-secret new promotional gimmick, which follows hard on the heels of their current jolly promo wheeze (see page 14) and comes with a choice of three (count 'em, three) cup sizes.

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Can nothing stop this man? *(Probably not — Ed.)*...

This is getting silly: two days after **Bad Company** played the Kemper Arena in Kansas City (that's in America, by the way) and two days before **Yes** were scheduled to do the same, the roof fell in. At last! A building with taste!...

Bigtime MOR record producer **Richard Perry** has signed **Woody Allen's** cinepartner **Diane Keaton** to his record company Planet Records, who also represent **The Pointer Sisters,** and just to prove that California is just as out to lunch as it always was despite the fact that **Paul Morley's** been there, and for no other reason than to prove this fact, **The Jacksons** hired a bank vault in Beverley Hills as a location for a party held to celebrate the fact that 'Destiny' has just gone platinum ...

T-Zers is thrilled pink by *NME's* continued conquering of *Private Eye's Pseuds Corner* but finds the latest addition of a snippet from **Paul Morley's Ian Dury** piece a trifle cynical. Morley himself was merely bemused. "I've been trying for ages to get into *Pseuds Corner,"* said the big softie, "But why that got in I don't know"...

Correction time (and we've been so good lately an' all): last week's *Thrills* referred to a movie allegedly entitled *Comin' Out.* The akshul moniker of the flick in question is *Steppin' Out.* Sorry 'bout (cough) that ...

Meanwhile, punk band **Crisis** are well cheesed off by a report in a London-based rock paper to the effect that they incited a fight at their recent RAR gig at the Acklam Hall by telling the audience: "If you wanna fight c'mon." Lies! Crisis inform the dots that the barney in question started when four skins trashed some innocent unfortunate in front of the stage, and that their van was badly mashed in the scuffles outside ...

The mysterious **Stiff Little Fingers / Glen Matlock / StarJets** coalition referred to in these pages quite recently is turning out less and less interesting as more info seeps in. Apparently all that these fun people intend to do is to go into The Studio (you know, the studio that everybody means when they say that they're going into The Studio) to cut a punk version of **The Archies'** 'Sugar Sugar.' A lot of good that'll do 'em when Skylab lands on their heads and they're all picked up on SUS...

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2	A.K.A.	(3)
3	Ruts	(2)
4	Clash/Police	(5)
5	Jam/Tube Station	(9)
6	U.K. Subs	(7)
7	All Mod Cons	(8)
8	Sex Pistols	(—)
9	Siouxsie Gauche	(—)
10	S.L.F	(6)

New Releases: 20p Specials AKA. Rude Boys, Radioactivity, Computer Rock, Bye Bye Turbin, I'm An Upstart, Swell Maps, Edge Downhill, The Chords, Shoes For Industry, Mo-dettes, Spiz Energi, Energi Crisis, Cramps, Mod Stinks.
25p Rock Contre Le Travail, Spherical Objects, B-52's, Nosferatcher.

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